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A SAILOR GOES FARMING

1840 — 1956

The account of Henry Frels and Catherine Mandler, and their descendants covering over one hundred and fifteen years in the New World.

CLARA H. FRELS PAYNE, Co-Editor
LOUIS D. HAUBERG, Co-Editor

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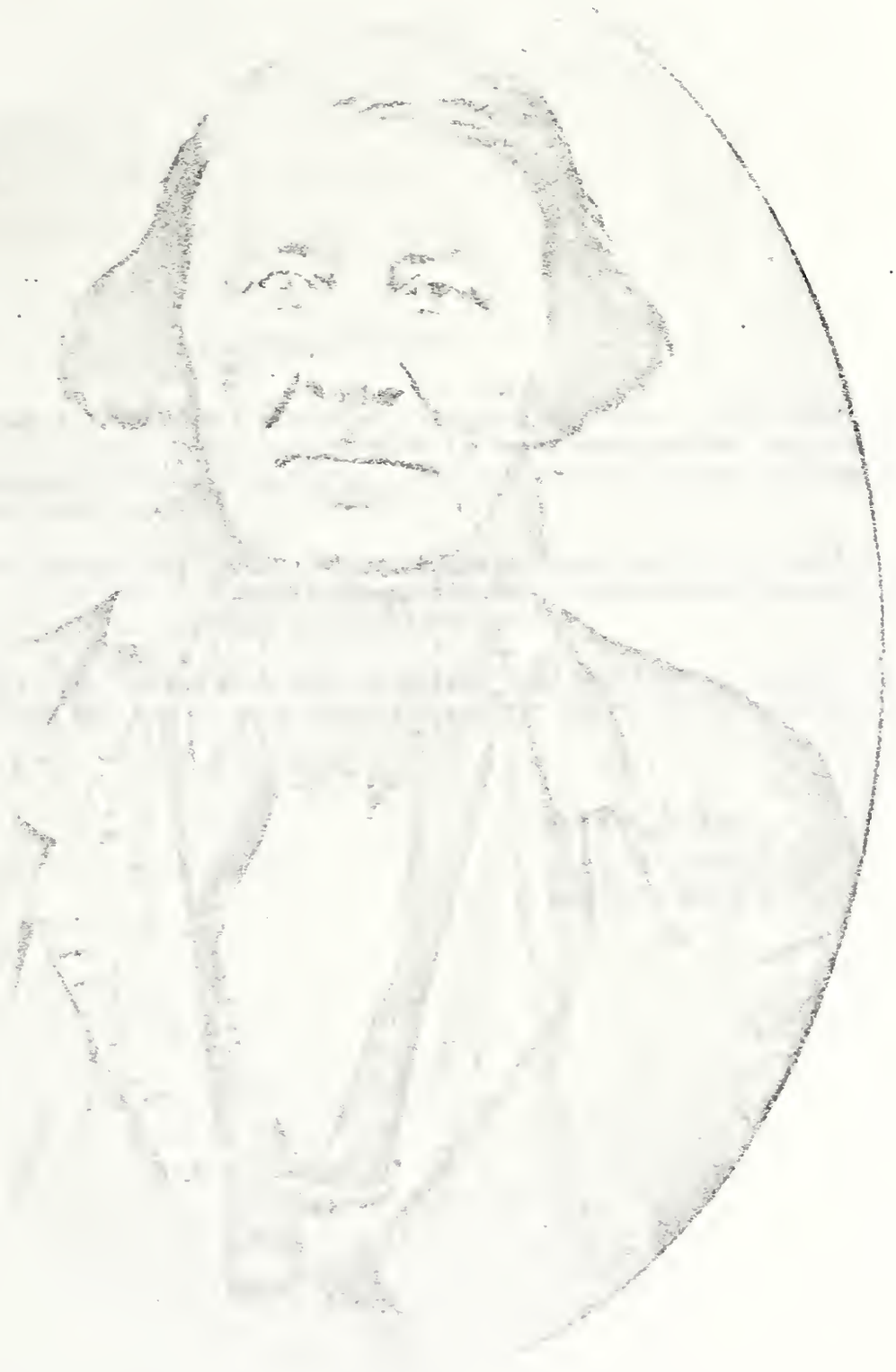
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By

Louis D. Hauberg
Port Byron, Illinois

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HENRY FRELS
January 2, 1816 - March 30, 1880

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Even the casual reader will see that a book of this sort requires a large amount of effort from a large group of people.. The editors wish to thank everyone who contributed autobiographies, biographies, articles or pictures. Without these contributions the book simply would not have been written.

Special thanks is due Marguerite (Peggy) Pierce and Mae Pierce who (with Clara Payne) spent many hours compiling the index. Special thanks is also due Marguerite (Peggy) Pierce for her stenographic work and proof reading of completed copy.

We venture to predict that in years to come "A Sailor Goes Farming" will prove to be a most valuable reference book for the Frels descendants and for Henry County and Rock Island County historians.

The Co-editors

Clara Frels Payne
Louis D. Hauberg

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FAMILY GROUPS

This volume is the outgrowth of the life of Henry Frels and his descendants from the year 1840 through 1956. We have attempted to tell a simple and straight-forward history beginning with the oldest child in the second generation followed by the members of the third, fourth and fifth generations. Following is a list of pictures and important events in the order of their appearance in this book.

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Descendants of Henry Frels and Catherine Mandler

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- Amelia Hauberg Schmoll and Will Schmoll
  - Hazel Schmoll
- Emma Hauberg Fairhurst and Albert L. Fairhurst
- Anna M. Hauberg
- John H. Hauberg and Sue Denkman Hauberg
  - Catherine Hauberg Sweeney and Edward C. Sweeney
    - Susanne D. Sweeney
    - Edward Teddy C. Sweeney Jr.
    - Philip M. Sweeney
    - Harriet Sweeney
    - John Henry Sweeney
  - John H. Hauberg Jr. and Anne Guild Hauberg
    - Faye Westbrook Hauberg
    - Sue Bradford Hauberg
    - Mark Denkman Hauberg
- Rosena Hauberg Furland and Eli Furland
- Louis D. Hauberg
- Elnora Hauberg Lyford and Edward Hall Lyford
  - Helen Lyford Simpson and Virgil Simpson
    - Edward Simpson
  - Ada Mary Lyford Burke and James R. Burke
    - Cynthia Burke
    - Janet Burke
    - Frederic James Burke
- Ada Hauberg Furland and John E. Furland

II. Mary Frels Gernant and Adam Gernant

Emma Koch Gernant (Second Wife)
- Martha Hohenboken Gernant and Henry A. Gernant
  - Herbert William Gernant
  - Maurice Henry Gernant and Margaret Angeline Magerkurth Gernant
    - Sandra Marie Gernant
  - Joan Lucille Gernant Sears and George Steven Sears
    - Randy Charles Sears
  - Viola Caroline Gernant Chrisop and Kenneth Thomas Chrisop
    - Arlyn Herbert Chrisop
    - Karen Jean Chrisop
  - Everett Adam Gernant and Dorothy Ann Frank Gernant
    - Robert Everett Gernant
    - Judy Kay Gernant

Amelia Gernant Hohenboken and John Hohenboken
Vernon Arthur Hohenboken and Marguerite Louise Peterson Hohenboken
Nadene Marie Hohenboken Kalchbrenner and George J. Kalchbrenner
Verneil Lester and Phyllis Elaine Paulson Hohenboken
Matthew John Hohenboken
James Findley Hohenboken
Jacqueline Lee Hohenboken
Bernice Marie Hohenboken
Mahlon John Hohenboken
Ruby Caroline Hohenboken Nelson and Carl M. Nelson
Lowell Dean Nelson
Mildred Amelia Hohenboken Painter and George Painter
Judith Ellen Painter
George Charles Gernant and Pauline Anna Erdman Gernant
Eldon Arthur and Marybelle Simmons Gernant
Joyce Elizabeth Gernant Mahs and Gilbert Mahs
Linda Marie Mahs
Elmer Floyd Gernant and Gertrude Humbert Gernant
Betty Jean Gernant McCann and Edward McCann
James Lawrence Gernant and JoAnn Pristhard Gernant
Wilbert Roy Gernant and Agnes VanHyfte Gernant
Gerald George Gernant
Lawrence George Gernant and Mary Opal Swanson Gernant
Lucille Genevieve Gernant
William Lawrence Gernant
Charles Dennis Gernant
Esther Marie Gernant Vandeveire and Raymond Vandeveire
Richard Raymond Vanderveire
Harlan Wilbert Vanderveire
Rosena Gernant Stenzel and William Stenzel
Hilda Carlson Stenzel (Second Wife)
Myrtle Stenzel Firch and Elmer C. H. Firch
Dorothy Marie Firch Greenwood and John L. Greenwood
Wende Sue Greenwood
John T. Greenwood
Lucille Myrtle Stenzel Klemmer and John Klemmer
Mickel Paul Klemmer
Jay Douglas Klemmer
Lois Irene Firch Nelson and Virgil J. Nelson
Gregory Arthur Nelson
Thomas Nelson
Roy Albert Stenzel and Margaret Swanson Stenzel
Joyce Stenzel Rickman and Wm. K. Rickman
Deborah Kay Rickman
Royce Allen Stenzel and Sharon Barritt Stenzel
Laura Stenzel Shaddinger and Alvin Shaddinger
Rosene Shaddinger Krause and David Krause
Harry Shaddinger
Harold Gustof Stenzel and Lula Marie Swanson Stenzel
William Harold Stenzel and Janet Marie McKenzie Stenzel
Jeffrey Lynn Stenzel
Sharon Lee Stenzel
Annette Marie Stenzel DeGeeter and Robert DeGeeter
Dianne Kay DeGeeter
Minnie Recca Gernant Maeltzer and Henry J. Maeltzer
Mabel Elizabeth Maeltzer Miller and Earl Miller
Janice Loraine Miller and Bob Rasmussen
Randy Bruce Rasmussen
Carmen Renee Rasmussen

Marlene Marie Miller Lewis and Royce Lewis
Rodger Joe Lewis and Gary Allen Lewis
Donald Henry Miller
Boyd William Maeltzer and Marjorie Moline Maeltzer
Shirley Mae Maeltzer
Ronnie Maeltzer
Nancy Jean Maeltzer
Daniel Boyd Maeltzer
John William Gernant and Martha Sarah Elizabeth Madtzold Gernant
Marie Minnie Gernant Gustafson and Lester Claus Gustafson
Robert Maurice Gustafson
Mary Ann Gustafson
Gary Lester Gustafson
Marvin William Gernant
Henry Edward Stenzel and Amanda Bertha Gernant Stenzel
Irene Caroline Stenzel Schneider and Maxwell K. Schneider
Carol Eileen Schneider Hier and Wayne Hier
David Brent Hier
Pearl Bessie Stenzel Ratcliffe and Pyrl Roy Ratcliffe
Clayton Dean Ratcliffe

Descendants of Emma Koch Gernant and Adam Gernant
Lillian Marie Gernant Morgan and Tracey Burton Morgan
Audrey Mae Morgan Taggart and Robert Taggart
Shem Lee Taggart
Michael Taggart
Lewis Adam Gernant and Dora Rumler Gernant
Lewis Gernant and Margaret DuMars Gernant
Sandra Lee Gernant

III. Henry Frels II and Elizabeth Stindt Frels
Emma Mary Frels Henninger and Arthur Henninger
Bessie May Henninger Gerhardt and Fred Gerhardt
Barbara Gerhardt Searle and Rodney Searle
Bruce Gerhardt Searle
James Gerhardt
Stephen Allen Gerhardt
Frederick William Frels and Maude Passmore Frels
Arthur T. Frels and Lena Wright Frels
Edith Van Aukin (Mrs. Arthur Frels)
Lester Frels and Bonnie Jean Cain Frels
Ronald Allen Frels
Marvella Frels
Clara Helen Frels Payne and Frank Payne
Wilson Frels Payne and Elizabeth Rogers Payne
Chester Harry Payne and Eunice Mary Patricia Hinds Payne
Christopher William Payne
Pamela Susan Payne
Lydia Ann Frels Erickson and Paul O. Erickson
Lois Pauline Erickson Hoelzle and Robert M. Hoelzle
Gale Ann Hoelzle
Roberta Pauline Hoelzle
Herbert Lief Erickson
Amanda Henrietta Frels Cunningham and Oscar James Cunningham
Henry J. (Harry) Frels III and Myrtle L. Savage Frels
June Ilene Frels Eddleman and T. Hubbert Eddleman
Shirley Ann Eddleman
Donovan Harry Frels and Dorothy Swisher Frels
Henry Frels IV and Della Nelson Frels
Henry Frels V
Catherine Frels

Mae.Fredericka Frels Pierce and Ira Nels Pierce
Charles I. Pierce and Marguerite M. (Peggy) Bishop Pierce

IV. William Frels and Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels
Walter Frels and Bertha Louise Coffin Frels
Gladys Genevra Frels Behrendt and Alvin Charles Behrendt
Laverne Frederick Behrendt and Dorothy JoAnn Drewes Behrendt
Diana Lynn Behrendt
Darlene Behrendt Gapenski and Thomas Gapenski
Tamera Marie Gapenski
Edna Emma Frels Mohr and Joseph Mohr
Regina Vint Mohr
William C. Mohr and Mary C. Cresson Mohr
Joseph Paul Mohr
John Albert Mohr
James Patrick Mohr
Ida E. Frels
Viola Anna Frels Hanna and Ray Hanna
Donna Mae Hanna Fulscher and Raymond Frank Fulscher
Gary Vincent Fulscher
Leslie Noel Fulscher
Thada Sue Fulscher

V. George Frels and Nettie F. Golden Frels
Emma Eberley Frels
George Erdman and Genevra Frels Erdman
Leslie Erdman
May A. Frels Thatcher and Melvin J. Thatcher
Melville G. W. Thatcher and Virginia Leach Thatcher
Jacquelyn Thatcher
Jane Thatcher
Romayne F. Thatcher and Gladys Angie Thatcher
Robert Edward Thatcher
Marion S. Thatcher and Faye Dean Thatcher
Sandra Faye Thatcher
Janet Leonare Thatcher
Joan Eloise Thatcher
Dale A. Thatcher and Arline Griff Thatcher
Benjamin Dale Thatcher
Betty Marie Thatcher
Goldie Irene Holke and Albert Holke
Fred Holke (Second Husband)
Kenneth A. Holke and Shirley Oberle Holke
Collin Kent Holke
Linda Jean Holke
Karan Ann Holke
Christine Marie Holke
Benjamine A. Frels and Stella Wilma Redman Frels
Lola Belle Frels Johnson and Cyril Johnson
Steven Kent Johnson
Lynn Johnson
Donna Mae Frels Hanford and Wm. Hanford
Kristine Frels Hanford
William Hanford
Romayne Frels and Norma Oltman Frels
Julie Ann Frels
James Frels
George Royal Frels
Rilla Blanch Frels

Mildred Frels Roesner and Arthur A. Roesner
Otis Haymes and Cleora Marilla Roesner Haymes
Roy Swank
Karen Ann Haymes
Rita Jean Haymes
Claude Warren Roesner and Marguerite O'Neal Roesner
Allen Scott Roesner
John Arthur Roesner
Myrle Arthur Roesner and Lucille Ledfort Roesner
Richard Roesner
Ronald Roesner
Robert Roesner
Roger Roesner

VII Frederick Henry Schmoll and Henrietta Elizabeth Frels Schmoll
Walter E. Ruark and Elnora Marie Schmoll Ruark
Eloise Elizabeth Ruark Homer and Dr. John A. Homer
Glenn George Schmoll I and Ellen Nero Schmoll
Ruth Rebecca Long Schmoll
Phyllis Margaret Schmoll Morey and Walter Morey
Mary Beth Morey
Julie Ann Morey
Carol Beth Morey
Marion Elizabeth Schmoll Mitchell and Harry Mitchell
Glenn Dale George Schmoll II and Anna Dudlak Schmoll
Glenn George Schmoll III
Clarence Frederick Schmoll and Barbara Findley Schmoll
Perry Schmoll and Rose Firch Schmoll
Donovan Schmoll
Kathleen Schmoll Kelley and Wendell Kelley
Dennis Kelley
Stephen Kelley
Carl William Schmoll and Pearl Irene Reed Schmoll
Russell Reed and Dorsin Allred Schmoll
Richard Schmoll
Valarie Schmoll
Richard Carl Schmoll
Bernice Irene Sylvia Schmoll Anderson and Melvin LaVerne Anderson
Roberta Anderson
Loretta Anderson
Robert Dean Anderson and Marlene Shambaugh Anderson
Lynetta Kay Anderson
Suzette Anderson

FOREWORD

A SAILOR GOES FARMING

This book is the story of Henry Frels and his descendants and relatives. Its beginning dates back to 1816 when Henry was born at Altenburg in the state of Oldenburg, Germany. By the time that Henry was eight years of age both of his parents had died, and he was left an orphan and reared in the different homes of his relatives. During his life here in America he always referred to Elsfleth as being his home town. His parents owned a farm and his relatives were farmers, but for some reason Henry was not sent to school to acquire an education. However, this lack of schooling didn't dampen his success in life. Like many boys of his day he went to work on a sail ship when he was fourteen years of age. The rugged experience of a sailor for five years on the ocean gave to him a strong body and a determined will power to succeed in life.

During this period of our World's history, America loomed up brilliantly as a place of settlement for European emigrants. Henry joined this "Trail of the Emigrant" and landed at Norfolk, Virginia in 1835. Winding his way westward, he went to work on the Ohio River steamboats where he remained a couple of years. When ice prevented river traffic, he had no desire to loaf, but went to work at a salt works. The following winter he worked at a place where clay bricks were made.

Germans streamed toward the Mississippi Valley, Henry joined the procession and got work on the steamboats of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. From St. Louis to St. Paul was the extent of his travels on the Mississippi. Traffic on the Missouri would include trips up into the Wild West. Three summers on these boats and two winter periods were spent working at the lead and zink mines at Galena, Illinois.

At the end of this five year period of steamboating, the "Sailor Goes Farming" near Hampton, Illinois. He worked with his brother John Gerhard Frels and his neighbors for two years. This gave him knowledge of farming methods in this area. In 1842 he again rode the steamboat to St. Louis where he married Miss Catherine Mandler. They returned to Hampton where Henry bought forty acres of timber land on which they built a log cabin. During the early life of their marriage Henry learned to read and write. A weekly newspaper from Chicago kept them informed on State and National news. In the course of twenty years, nine children were born to this union, three of them died in infancy. This couple worked diligently to maintain a comfortable household and to increase their land holdings for their growing family.

They cooperated in establishing the projects that made for good citizenship, the school, the church, a flour mill, and he developed a coal mine on his farm, giving employment to several men. His three sons married and operated farms, his three daughters married farmers. The children of these sons and daughters have been meeting together for a number of years in the form of a reunion. The descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frels now number 348 persons, living in 17 states of our Nation. Many of these descendants have wandered from the footsteps of farming and have entered into many of the professional walks of endeavor. The third and fourth generation of this family have now become interested in the geneology of the Frels family. Like the Israelites of old, we are descendants of Adam and Eve.

For a thousand years we have failed to have a historian to record our lineage to date. We are at a loss to know from just what tribe we descend. For a period of years the family record was neglected. The life story of Henry and Catherine Frels as they lived and told it to their children has been relayed to the writer, and the life story of their descendants for a period of 115 years, plus the story of other relatives and friends will now be written and published in book form for the present and future generations.

Chapter 1

Life Story of Henry Frels

In writing the story of our Grandfather Henry Frels, who was born 140 years ago and lived most of his life over 4000 miles from the place of his birth, we don't have an abundance of information regarding the early life of his boyhood.

We who have visited the area from which the Frels family came, know that it is a low level land with the water table quite near the surface. Small ditches are required around the house, yard and garden, and larger ditches are required to drain the water from the fields.

Young Henry, being a son of a farmer, we know was surrounded by folks that worked for a living. These folks had livestock to be cared for. Sheep was a must on most of these farms, because they are easily grown and mature earlier than any other livestock, and mutton is very good eating. The main purpose of sheep raising of that day was the wool that they produced. This wool was carefully cleaned and spun into yarn. It seems that most every home in Europe had a spinning wheel. When any of them emigrated to this country, they brought their spinning wheel along. So much of the wearing apparal and home furnishings could and was made from wool.

The family cow or a herd of them was essential to supply the home with milk, butter and cheese. Some of these products could be sold for a cash income. Its likely that cattle were used for farm work and for transporting products to and from the farm.

Geese was another necessity. No fowl is more economical to raise than a goose. They will do well on grass and water with very little grain supplement. The John Hauberg family, Frank and Clara Payne, Charles and Peggy Pierce and Louis D. Hauberg all testify to the comforts of the German feather bed. Many of those Germans, when coming to America, brought their feather bed ticking along. There was just nothing like them. They had no field fences on this farm land. Therefore, when livestock and geese were let out of the barn yard it had to be herded. That was a job for boys and girls. No doubt Henry did his share of that herding.

This farm land was too low and wet for the raising of corn but it did produce good small grain such as wheat, barley and rye. Wheat and rye was ground into flour which was used extensively for household use. To this day rye bread is relished as much as wheat bread. Barley was used mostly to feed livestock, pigs and cattle. Sugar or cow beets was another cow feed. Garden products were potatoes, rutabagas and a number of smaller vegetables, such as are grown here. This is not an olive oil country, this is the country where swine are raised. Ham, bacon, ring sausage, sausage balls and lard is produced and used extensively.

Boys and girls who couldn't assume more strenuous labor, could help care for the various things that have been mentioned. We learn to do by doing. Learning to do things early in life is just as important as learning the three R's in school. Growing up in idleness is a poor policy. We here in America are reaping the results of such a policy for the young. Many of us inherit the ambition to earn a living. This ambition can be strengthened or lessened by those who have charge over us while we are young.

Henry Frels was born at the village of Altenburg near Bardenfleth in the state of Oldenburg, Germany. He is the third son to be born in the family of three boys. While here in America on the farm he always spoke of Elsfleth as being his home town. His parents were farmers, and as is the custom through Europe, farmers lived in a village. Your writer visited three Frels farms. They lived in the village and their farm of 40 or 100 acres extended out from the home place.

It was indeed unfortunate that these young boys were left orphans at so young an age. Henry was but four years of age when his mother died and four years later his father also died. The boys were then separated to live in the homes of their relatives, with one relative for awhile and then with another. We think there was quite a large relationship among the Frels in that day. Henry Gode who came to America in the 1860's. He was a cousin of Henry Frels, and later became a brother-in-law and lived in Clinton, Iowa. Mrs. Rastead,who lived near Albany, Illinois with her three sons, Henry, Otto and Fred, and a daughter, was also a cousin. She and her brother Henry Gode came from Elsfleth. While I was at Los Angeles in 1953 I visited Mr. and Mrs. Herman Frels. Herman informed me that his father and Uncle came from Oldenburg, Germany and settled in Colorado County, Texas. Later their place of settlement was named Frelsburg, Texas.

After Henry was married he told his children that all he had to eat when he was young and living among his relatives was potatoes and buttermilk. Both of these foods were nourishing but there wasn't much of a variety. I think it is quite safe to mention that we Americans, on the most part, practice the other extreme, --TOO MUCH VARIETY, and often lacking in quality. I happened in a Keil Bank to get a check cashed at the noon hour. All the employees, 20 or more, were just partaking of their noon luncheon which consisted of a bowl of noddle soup. At a Rotary meeting at the Hague we had soup with dumplings and bread, butter and jell. At a private home at Rotterdam, the mistress made inquiry as to what the Americans like. For breakfast I had grapefruit, cereal and cream, fried eggs and toast, butter, jell and tea. It seemed to me that the ambition of those Hollanders was to please people.

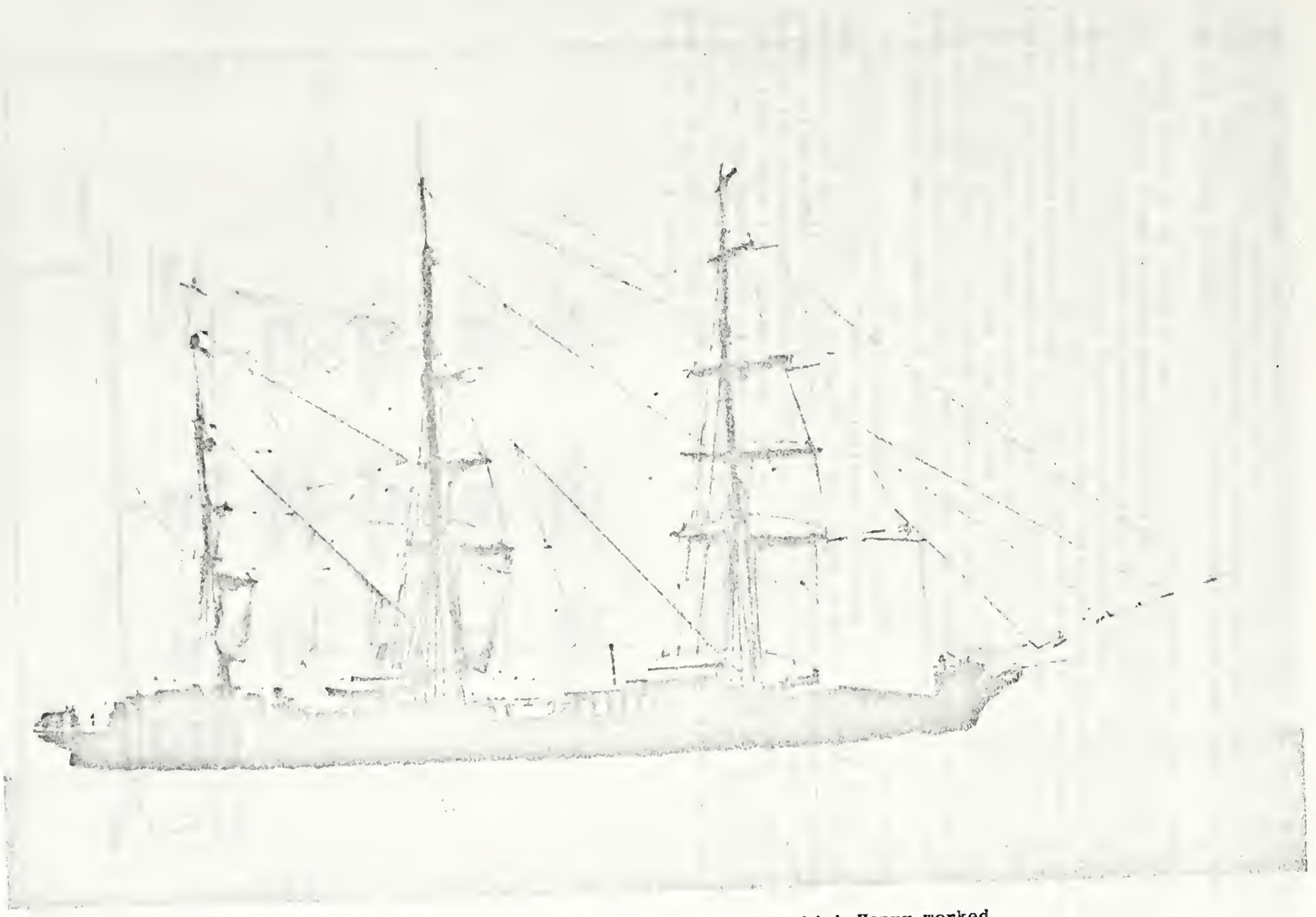
Henry was 26 years old when he was married at St. Louis. My mother told us that he could not read nor write at that time for he had no schooling. It's likely there was no school in the village in which he lived. David Sears, a prominent pioneer of Rock Island says: "Just to make your mark is no disgrace." Being surrounded with people who work and do things will instill in any young person a desire to DO things for themselves. Farm boys and girls are not reared in idleness. There is always something to do for every age. Thou shall not work before age 16. No such laws in those days.

If a German can have a garden, a variety of beautiful flowers is a must in a portion of that garden. The ditches are farther apart in the pastures and fields. Small grain and root crops are grown in the fields. I noticed that Carl Frels at Elsfleth was feeding his cattle beets. He run them through a chopper before feeding. Hogs, sheep and chickens are kept in a barn more there than here. Cows and horses are turned out to pasture occasionally.

The Weser River which flows through the state of Oldenburg is 440 miles in length. The main channel flows about a mile east of the village of Elsfleth. An arm or slough of this river borders the edge of the town. A 15 or 20 foot high dike is built at the edge of town to prevent high water from flooding the town. From the top of the dike and from the third floor of the homes one may see ships on the Weser enroute to Bremen or Bremerhaven. Boys and girls like to play in water if they have a chance, and there is plenty of chances around Elsfleth. I watched young boys 10 years old put small sail boats 20 inches long in the water and let the wind blow their boat across to the other shore. They would pick up their boat, take it back to place it in the water and let it sail across again.

Boys on our Western Plains have no desire for boats. It's broncho busting with a six shooter for them.

To be sure, many of the boys and men of Elsfleth 125 years ago worked on ships to construct them, and to sail them on the rivers, lakes and ocean. Sailors returned home and the stories of their adventures were eagerly listened to by young and old. New ports were visited, and new people of different colors and shades, some neatly dressed, long haired, short haired, full beard and mustach, bare headed, hooded men, men clothed in gowns, bare feet, shoes or moccasins, tall and short and some 99% unclothed. New products to be seen and handled, beautiful cities, beautiful scenery, schools of fish, large and

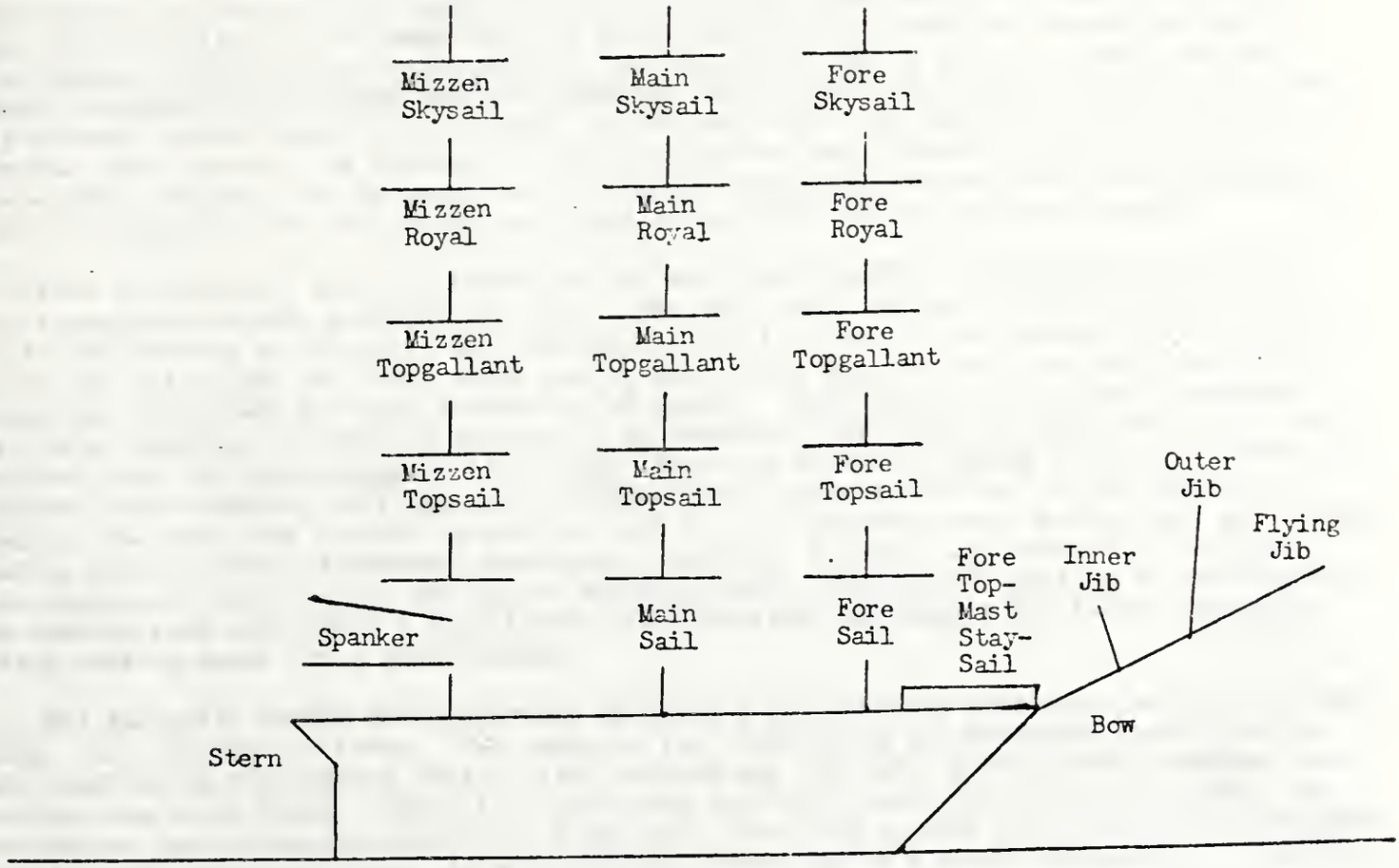


A three masted ship similar to the one on which Henry worked

small. Who would ever tire listening to one of those sailors of the sea, relating his experience as a sailor, whose skin was coarse, wrinkled and brown from the exposure to all kinds of weather. Surrounded with such an environment boys could easily be encouraged to work on a sail ship and have that thrilling experience which most every boy likes.

Young Henry at 14 years of age leaves his foster parents and goes to work on a sail ship. We think it was a three masted ship similar to the one here pictured. We can readily see that a goodly number of men would be required to keep a ship of this size in running order. Climbing the rope ladders to the different booms. Working on these booms some of which extend over the edge of the ship to adjust and replace sails. It isn't likely that young Henry was a stranger to the duties on a ship for they passed in view of Elsfleth day by day, and most of the operating rigging of those ships were on top of the boat and in sight. We have no report that his foster parents were rude or rough with him and that he was driven to this type of work for a more congenial surrounding: BUT YOUNG LIFE LOVES ADVENTURE and he leaves home with no regrets. Boys of his age were constantly doing the same thing so why not go and have the experience of other sailors. Many a boy at 14 years of age is capable of assuming considerable responsibility and work.

Learning the ropes on a sail ship wasn't accomplished in a day. There were miles of ropes of different sizes. There were pulleys and blocks of different sizes. The sails of canvas are made of strips of canvas 30 to 36 inches in width. These strips are sewed together to form a sail, and these sails are different sizes and shapes. Learning the use of okum and tar to stop water leaks. Skipping up and down the rope ladders to adjust sails or change them, sails like cloths would wear out and need to be replaced. Replacing wouldn't be too bad when the weather is nice. But think of the weight of one of these sails when it is wet, or when it has a lot of frozen snow and ice stuck to it. Then walk out on the boom 50, 75 or 100 or more feet high, and work 20 or more feet beyond the edge of the ship. That is part of a sailor's life.



The above is a diagram of a full rig three masted sail ship with the name of the different sails. Square sails were used on this ship.



We land lubbers know very little about the work on sail ships, or the construction of one. I sent to San Antonio, Texas, for the book where I read this very fine account in a library. I'm quite sure our Grandfather Frels did work on the ship similar to what I'm writing. This account happened in 1834 to 1836 on a ship trip taken by Mr. Richard Henry Dana from New York to California around Cape Horn. He writes:-

"The Captain, in the first place, is lord paramount. He stands no watch, comes and goes when he pleases, is accountable to no one, and must be obeyed in everything, without question. He has the power to turn officer off duty, or make them do the work of sailors in the forecastle. The chief mate is the active superintending officer. There is the Prime Minister, First Lieutenant, Quartermaster, Boatswain, and Sailing-master. His orders come from the Captain. He keeps the log book and looks after the insurance and delivering of the cargo.

The second mate is proverbially a dog's berth. Neither officers nor men respect him as an officer. He is obliged to go aloft to reef and furl topsails, and put his hands in tar and slush with the rest. He is dubbed Sailors' Waiter. He must furnish them with spun-yarn and marlin, and other needs of their work. He works with them, but his wages are double the amount of the sailor. He eats at the second table and gets what the captain and chief mate have left.

The steward, the captain's servant, has exclusive quarters where no one is allowed, except the captain. He is the enemy of all.

The cook is the patron of the crew. His friends get their mittens and stockings dried, or their pipe lighted in the night watch. The carpenter and sail-maker stand no watch, but work all day and sleep all night unless all hands are called.

The crew is on and off (deck and below) every four hours. Dana writes, The question often asked:- Are not sailors very idle? What can they find to do? In the first place, then, the discipline of the ship requires every man to be at work upon something when he is on deck, except at night or on Sunday. You will never see a man, on a well ordered vessel, standing idle on deck, sitting down, or leaning over the side. It is the officers duty to keep them at work, even if there is nothing to be done but to scrape the rust from the chain cables. In no state prison are convicts more regularly set to work and more closely watched. No conversation is allowed among the crew at their duty, and though they do frequently talk when aloft, yet they always stop when an officer is nigh.

When I first left port and found that we were kept regularly employed for a week or two, I supposed we were getting the vessel into sea trim, and that it would soon be over, and we had nothing to do but to sail the ship. But I found it continued so for two years, and at the end of the two years there was as much to be done as ever. As has been said, a ship is like a lady's watch, always out of repair. When first leaving port, studding-sail is to be rove, all running rigging to be examined, that which is unfit for use to be got down, and new rigging put in its place. Then the standing rigging is to be overhauled, replaced, and repaired, in a thousand different ways and wherever any of the numberless ropes or the yards are chafing or wearing upon it, the "chafing gear" must be put on. This chafing gear consists of worming, parceling, rounding, battens, and service of all kinds--both rope yarns, spun yarns, marlin and seizing-stuff. Taking off, putting on, and mending the chafing gear alone upon a vessel would find constant employment for two or three men during working hours for a whole voyage.

All the small stuffs which are used on board a ship such as spun-yarn, marlin, seizing stuff, etc. are made on board. The owner of the vessel buys up incredible quantities of "old jung" which the sailors unlay, after drawing out the yarn, knoting them together, and rolling them up in balls. These rope-yarns are constantly used for various purposes, but the greater part is manufactured into spun yarn. For this purpose every vessel is furnished with a "spun-yarn winch" which is very simple, consisting of a wheel and spindle. This may be heard constantly going on deck in pleasant weather. And we had employment, during a great part of the time, for three hands in drawing and knotting yarns, and making spun yarns.

Another method of employing the crew is "setting up" rigging. Whenever any of the standing rigging becomes slack (which is continually happening), the seizing and covering must be taken off, tackles got up, after the rigging is bowsed well taught, the seizing and rigging is replaced, which is a very nice piece of work. One rope can seldom be touched without altering another. You cannot stay a mast aft by the back stays without slacking up the head stays, etc. If we add to this all the tarring, greasing, oiling, varnishing, painting, scraping and scrubbing which is required in a long voyage, and also remember this is all to be done in addition to watching at night, steering, reefing, furling, bracing, making and setting sail, and pulling, hauling, and climbing in every direction, one will hardly ask, What can a sailor find to do at sea?

If, after all this labor--after exposing their lives and limbs in storms, wet and cold, the merchants and captains think that they have not earned their twelve dollars a month (out of which they cloth themselves), and their salt beef and hard bread, they keep them picking oakum. This is the usual resource upon a rainy day, for then it will not do to work upon rigging. When it is pouring down in floods, instead of letting the sailors stand about in sheltered places and talk and keep themselves comfortable, they are separated to different parts of the ship and kept at work picking oakum. I have seen oakum stuff placed about in different parts of the ship, so that the sailor may not be idle in the snatches between the frequent squalls upon crossing the equator. Some officers have been so driven to find work for the crew on a ship ready for sea, that they set them to pounding the anchors (often done) and scraping the chain cables. The "Philadelphia Catechism" is:

Six days shalt thou labor and do all thou art able,
And on the seventh -- holystone the decks and scrape the cable.

I have seen the decks washed down and scrubbed when the water would have frozen if it had been fresh. All hands kept at work upon the rigging when we had on our pea-jackets, and our hands were so numb that we could hardly hold our marlin-spikes.

On another occasion the captain told the mates to keep a bright lookout and if they saw lightning in the Southwest, to take in sail at once. I was walking in the lee gangway and thought I saw lightning on the lee bow. I told the second mate, who came over and looked out for some time. It was very black in the Southwest. In about ten minutes we saw a distinct flash. The wind, which had been southeast, had now left us. It was dead calm. We sprang aloft immediately and furled the royals and top gallant sails, and took in the flying jib, hauled up the main sail and try sail, squared the after yards, and awaited the attack. It came upon us at once with a blast, and a shower of hail and rain, which almost took our breath from us."

Quoting farther from Hawthorne Daniels book, "These ships were heavily constructed and had considerable width, the shape of a watermelon, and were not so fast, but safe. Sail ships have been in existance for 8,000 years. On the most part sailors were paid a small wage, but the captain of such a ship with a precious cargo to deliver made as much as $30,000 to $50,000 or more annually.

My mother often told us how her father could recite the different points of the compass. There were 32 points in number, and he knew them all perfectly. The points on a mariners compass are North, North by East, North North East, North East by North, North East, North East by East, East North East, East by North, East, East by South, East South East, South East by East, South East, South East by South, South South East, South by East, South. We are now half way around. South by West, South South West, South West by South, South West, South West by West, West South West, West by South, West, West by North, West North West, North West by North, North North West, North by West. The compass was a must for all mariners. I was recently told by a Swedish navigator that the most scientific development for ship navigation will sometimes fail under extreme conditions. Then the old reliable compass must be depended upon.

The prevailing winds of the North Atlantic and the Gulf stream made sailing East from America to Europe much faster than going West from Europe to America. The average time crossing Eastward was 23 days while the Westward journey required an average of 40 days. So says one authority.

I read that some of these ships of our Grandfather's time took cows along to supply the crew with dairy products. Sheep, swine, ducks and chickens were taken for fresh meat along the way. The use of these products would prevent Scurvy among the crew when on long journeys. Frozen foods and canned goods were not thought possible those days. Salt pork with beans day after day would be a monotonous diet. The drinking of lime water would prevent scurvy.

For light on the ship a wick was stuck in a pot of whale oil. Sky lights wouldn't let light into all portions of the ship.

Progressive people in all walks of life are constantly endeavoring to improve their methods of operation for greater comforts of life, happiness and profit. If a cook stove is an improvement in a home over the fireplace for cooking, lets have the kitchen range. If the riding plow provides as much work and more comfort than a walking plow, lets ride. We know that electricity adds greatly to our profit and pleasure, so why continue with water power. Navigators discovered thatgreater speed in ships brought more business and profit. More sails gave the ships greater speed.

In October, 1853, the sail ship, The Great Republic, was launched at Boston. It was 335 feet long, 53 feet wide. Its masts were attached to its keel, and had the thickness of a dining room table. They reached skyward 237 feet. The spars were 120 feet in length extending over the edge of the ship 33 feet. It had acres of canvas. (A ship similar to this had 7 miles of canvas). This Republic crossed the Atlantic from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in 11 days and 11 hours. Favorable wind made this record possible.

Wind is the power to move a ship, also to turn a wind mill on a farm. It doesn't cost a thing. We just need patience at times to wait for it. Sail ships have remained in port for days just for a lack of wind to move them out. They have stood still in mid-ocean with no wind to move them onward.

No doubt but what Henry came in port at Elsfleth occasionally to visit his brothers, foster parents and friends, to get the news and relate to them his experience as a young seaman. Rest assured he would have plenty to tell of what he had seen and learned.

Was it intuition among the three brothers that brought forth their decision to go to America? Our guess is that they met occasionally and had a mutual understanding to go to America. Even if Henry couldn't read or write at that time, he and his brother John had correspondence between them. They were both in Cincinnati, Ohio, and they both came to Hampton, Illinois. We have no record of the elder brother, but we do know that he existed and was in America, for his brother Henry tried to locate him after Henry was established at Hampton as a farmer. Maybe some day someone reading the pages of this book will meet descendants of that elder brother.

While Henry was approaching 19 years of age, and getting a wage of clothes, room and board for five years, he was living a life quite similar to the "fowls of the air and beast of the field". He was a human being and had ideas for the principles of freedom, to achieve something for himself, and not be subject to a boss to tell him when, where and what to do.

Don't think for a minute that these three brothers came to America not knowing what America had to offer. Relatives, neighbors and friends of theirs came ahead of them and wrote descriptive letters back home to their dear ones, relating the opportunities they had in America. Elsfleth was a coastal town and many of their men became sailors or workers on the ships that sailed far and near on the broad ocean. Reports from those sailors would be common talk around town about America.

In 1835 Henry arrives in the United States of America at 19 years of age. He is still a boy at that age, but five years away from his foster parents, friends and playmates, mingling with new acquaintances on board the ship, conversing with different people at docks, and seeing so many new sights, we think that he is quite mature mentally and physically. He has worked diligently and now he is well able to cope with the problems of life in this new world of America.

The fact that Henry worked in Virginia for a while makes us think that he landed at Norfolk, Virginia upon his arrival in this land. This was a prominent landing port that day and still is for travelers to and from Europe. In time, he reaches Cincinnati, Ohio. This was the largest and most prominent city in the Ohio Valley. A lot of business was transacted in and out of this city. Stage coaches were coming and going, North, South, East, and West. Steamboats were carrying passengers and products from Pittsburg and the upper Ohio Valley to this city, and to ports down the river, including New Orleans. These boats brought useful products up the river, including manufactured products from the Eastern and Southern sea coast cities and many useful articles from abroad.

Our historians say that Henry spent his first two years in America in the Ohio Valley, and for two summers he worked on a steamboat. What a change this must have been from the noiseless sail ship. No sails to set, very few ropes to break and splice compared to the thousands of feet on the sail boat. The boat would move regardless of calm weather, most always in sight of land and beautiful scenery. There were villages and cities to stop at every few miles where passengers and freight were taken off and on. Instead of keeping sails in order, it was necessary to wood up every few stops; these boilers used a lot of wood to burn to keep up steam and blow that whistle before each town is reached.

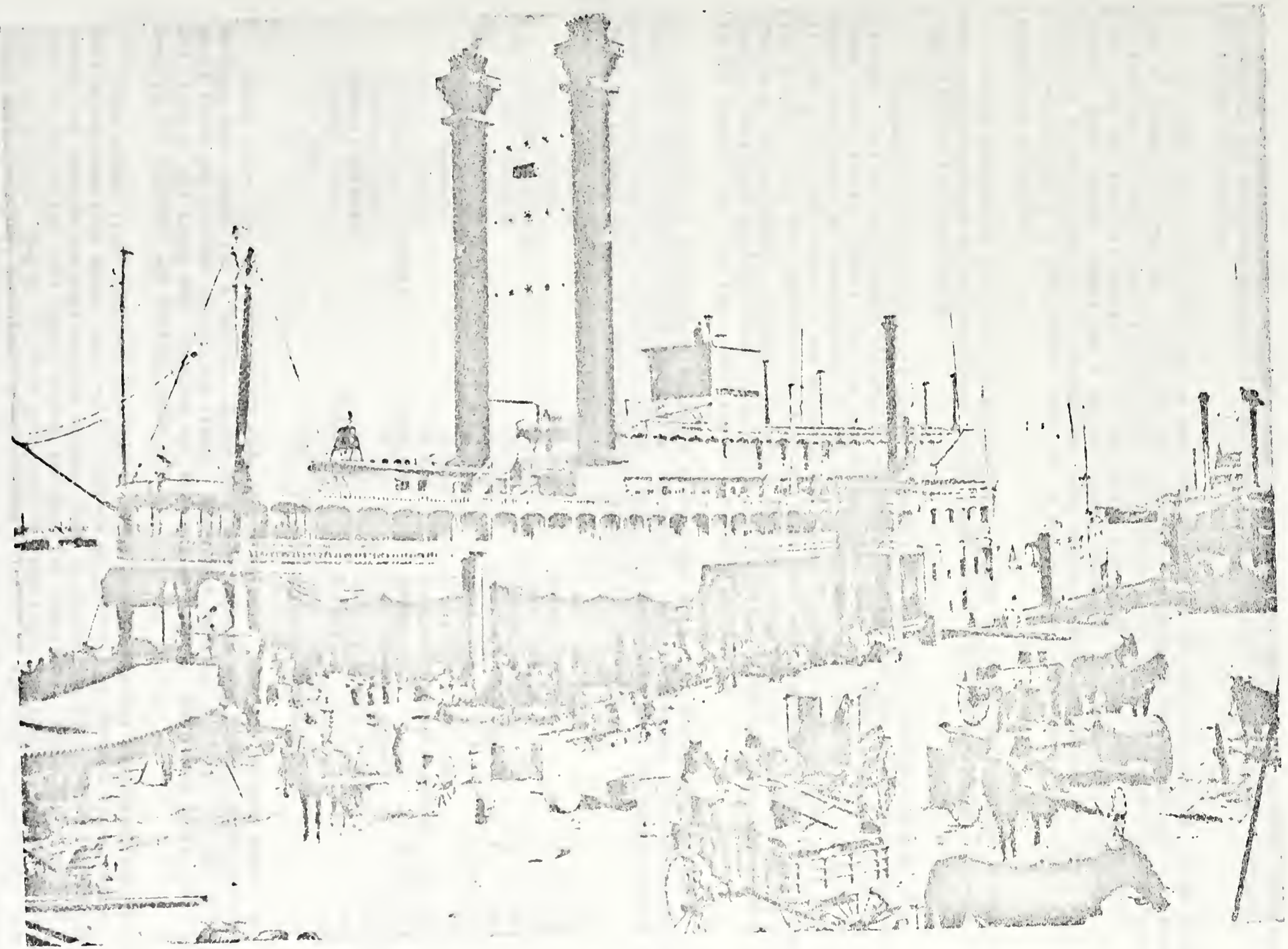
There is always considerable interest to see a boat or train come into town and watch the passengers get off and on. These boats required a sufficient depth of water to land. In the summer when the water was low they were sometimes obliged to land out of town. No man-made docks at those small towns. It was always interesting to watch the boat swain extend the gang plank toward the shore. One or two men would jump off with a rope and run for a tree or stump to tie the boat fast during the exchange of passengers and freight. If trees or stumps were not along the shore, posts were set or large iron rings were made fast in the earth or in rock as the boats' hitching post.

You have heard of America as being the land of opportunity. Stocks and bonds were not so common to invest in for the "well-to-do" folks when Henry Frels came to America. Some of those folks with wealth and foresight (intelligence) bought Government land in this rich middle-west, some of them buying county size areas for speculation. Daniel Webster and Elihu B. Washburn were two of the multitudes of speculators. John D. Hauberg bought his first land in 1851 from Washburn. These speculators served a three fold purpose. The Government needed settlers who would establish themselves and help support it. There were a lot of people in Europe who would make desirable citizens in any good country who were looking for a place of greater opportunity to settle. These speculators made a little money by selling a quarter section (160 acres) for two or three hundred dollars.

These speculators advertised far and wide their land for sale to settlers. Many Easterners moved west. Advertising in Europe brought forth many to America.

At a State Historical meeting in Illinois which I attended, a speaker stated:- When the Union Pacific Railroad was built, the Government gave the railroad a wide strip of land along the track just to induce the construction. The railroad, wishing to have settlers along the track to help maintain railroading, had 300 land agents in Germany advertising this land for settlement and seeking settlers.

Some of the Frels brothers may have been in contact with such agents. At a 1955 State Historical meeting at Galena a speaker, telling of steamboat traffic on the Mississippi related that there was so many people at St. Louis wanting passage up the river, many were left on the levee for a lack of room on the boats to take them.



Steamboat at pier

Records indicate that emigrants came thick and fast during 1830 to 1840, five times as many as any previous decade. In 1832 the Irish were nine-tenths of the emigrants out of Europe for America.

No doubt Henry Frels was one of the roustabouts on the boat and helped in the carrying of freight off and on. These men were obedient workers or they would not be retained to work but, with all their faithfulness, they never heard the kind expression "Well done, thou good and faithful servant". It was always the harsh command with cursing, move faster, move faster. Henry was a man of unusual strength, he could carry two sacks of wheat on his shoulders and, if necessary, take another sack along under his arm. This total weight would be 450 pounds. Many of us would pride ourselves to shoulder a 200 pound sack of grain.

Fresh vegetables with salt pork (sow belly) would be a desirable change in menu from the monotonous menu on the sail ship. Even fresh fruit would be available, gathered from the wilds of the countryside.

Steamboats were not the only means of traffic on the Ohio, Mississippi and other rivers. Flat and keel boats offered an economical method for transporting of products down these rivers. Twenty tons was not an uncommon load to place on one of these flat boats which could be constructed for $20.00. Those were days when people had patience, if it took a month to travel to New Orleans, who cared. Rather interesting to read a list of the articles sent down the river by flat and keel boat 25 years before Henry Frels begins duties on the steamboat. Steamboats didn't abruptly stop the use of these flat and keel boats. They were used for many years singly, and later, steamboats used them as tows even to the present day, the later ones are more substantially built.

"The Pagent of The Packet" by Eskew states that in a nine months' period (1810-1811) there were 847 vessels passed Louisville, Kentucky. They were mainly flat boats and keel boats loaded with the following articles. This list indicates what the people raised and lived on in those days. It also indicates the need for barrels.

Flour, barrels	206,865	Cider, barrels	2,250
Bacon, pounds	1,008,026	Butter, pounds	41,151
Whiskey, barrels	15,797	Lard, pounds	775,000
Cider, barrels	4,193	Onions, barrels	364
Pork, barrels	22,602	Potatoes, barrels	3,019
Apples, barrels	4,200	Hemp, cwt.	1,050,492
Oats, barrels	6,700	Dried Fruit, barrels	442
Corn, barrels	79,695	Yarn and Cordage, pounds	189,020
Merchandise, General	592,640	Fowls	2,013,224
Cheese, boxes	8,569	Shoe Thread, pounds	4,320
Beans, barrels	1,010	Country Linen, pounds	13,066
Lumber, feet	2,325,210	Horses	489
Live Hogs	1,513	Beer, barrels	459
		Tobacco, hogsheads	

Most every town had coopers who made up the barrels. The staves were packed in bundles just enough for a barrel. Hoops for these barrels were hickory poles such as Henry Frels and his men cut in his timber. They were usually split and notched out in each end, five or six hoops were required for a 25 gallon barrel. Many such hoops may still be seen at our southern and foreign docks.

This cooper trade required some skill. Your writer observed coopers at work at the Port Byron Lime Kiln where their white lime was shipped out in barrels by car loads. Every farmer had barrels and kegs setting around, some to catch rain water, pack vegetables or fruit in the cellar, and many a barrel was used for sauerkraut, apple cider, molasses and kegs for pickles. Out at the barn good barrels were handy for timothy and clover seed. Stock salt was always purchased in barrels and a lot of it was used for cooking. Barrels on the farm and at the stores are practically a thing of the past today. It's burlap and paper bags and paste board boxes now for everything.

There was another decided change in this river work from that of the ocean. The river froze over in the winter time. Henry had no social security card to fall back on, and the W.P.A. hadn't been thought out yet. He got work at a salt works where he could be indoors. Because of the fact that he stepped back in a kettle of boiling brine and scalded his foot and leg, he worked where the kettle system was used. Kettles are placed in a row in a building and fire is placed under them to evaporate the water from the salt. Another system used those days was the polar system, --letting the sun evaporate the water. A scald is a very painful injury and as a result he had to remain in bed four or five weeks. While in bed he asked the mother of the home if she had yarn. He was supplied with this and he knitted the children of the home stockings and mittens.

Somehow it seems that when opportunity knocked at his door, he opened it. Successful Progress seemed the rule of his life.

Cincinnati, Ohio, must have been the headquarters for John Gerhard Frels and his brother Henry. When John Gerhard Frels bought his first land in Rock Island County he gave as his former address Cincinnati, Ohio. Henry Frels came to this land of America in 1835. After one year or so, Henry appeared before the Clerk of Common Pleas of Hamilton County, Ohio, June 22, 1836 to apply for his first citizenship papers. Renouncing his allegiance to Peter Frederick Agustus, Grand Duke of Oldenburg.

June 18, 1855 Signed Henry Frels

Henry appeared before Frazer Wilson, Clerk of Rock Island County. Mr. Wilson was the grandfather of Frank Payne.

During Henry's stay in the Ohio Valley he worked in a brick yard. This was in the winter time when river traffic was frozen out. Rather interesting to know that certain types of clay will make good bricks when it is properly mixed with water and a thorough stirring. Simple when you know how. This was very practical knowledge Henry acquired here, and proved valuable to him a few years later when he became a land owner in Hampton township.

Henry remained working in the Ohio Valley for a couple years. After which he transferred to the steamboats on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. There was just a lot of river traffic on these two rivers. The Mississippi especially passed through a very fertile valley, and with its tributaries brought much business for the boats. At many of these river towns flat boats and barges were constructed. Port Byron and LeClaire each had a couple boat yards where barge boats were built.

It seems that silt which fills in many streams and causes shallow water to prevent boats from traveling was not so bad that day. When the woodsman began cutting the trees for fire wood and lumber, and the farmer plowed under that tall grass of the prairie, this exposed the soil to the rains. Grass roots in that soil decayed. Then there was no binder to hold the soil particles together. When the rains came, these separated soil particles broke loose and ran wild with the water to lower levels. The accumulation of this silt in the rivers created shallow water.

Before the accumulation of silt in some of these small streams it was possible to run boats for a few months in the spring of the year. Boats used to run up the Edwards River and also Rock River as far as Dixon and even the Meria Docia Bottom northeast of Hillsdale near where Grandfather Hauberg used to catch Bullheads when fishing. After 75 years the Edwards River and Meria Docia Bottom are almost completely dry and excellent crops are grown there.

Today dredging the main rivers of the silt and debris is necessary to maintain navigation. In addition to this twenty-six roller dams and locks have been established in the Mississippi River from St. Louis to St. Paul to create a 9 foot channel. Steamboats now pass up and down the river pushing 4 to 10 barges loaded with coal, oil and merchandise of different kinds. Only an occasional passenger boat now days, since people now travel mostly by rail, bus, plane or automobile each of which is faster than boat travel.

We don't read of people complaining about being crowded in those one room log cabins, but, as soon as they were able financially and otherwise, they built a larger and better house. Living in this timbered area, there were an abundance of fine logs available to be sawed into lumber, such varieties as walnut, butternut, oak, hackberry, cherry, hickory and others. All along the river there was a great demand for saw mills, small and large. John Walker who settled in Coe Township in Rock Island County in 1835 lived beside a small creek, but this creek furnished power to operate a saw mill. Hampton, Moline and Rock Island all had saw mills that did a thriving business. Think of the multitude of mills brought up the river by boat, even the larger mills to the pineries of Minnesota and Wisconsin.

Another item of freight of considerable consequence was that of furs. Some people claim there were millions of buffalo roaming our Western Plains. The hides of these buffalo were worth more than the carcass. Many of these buffalo were slain just for their hide. These hides were shipped far and wide and made into buffalo robes and coats. Most every farmer had a buffalo robe or two for winter use when riding in a wagon or buggy. Go to the Hauberg Museum in Rock Island to see the list of small animal furs which the Indians had for sale captured in this area. All through these two main river valleys hunters and trappers sought these small animals for their furs. The coons, mink, musk, rat, wild cat, wolf, beaver, otters and bears. There were many tons of these hides and furs taken to river ports and mostly shipped to St. Louis. Here for many years was the largest fur market in the world. It rates high as a fur market even today. Remember these two river valleys and their tributaries cover the wide area of our middle west. How fortunate is man to have rivers throughout the many nations for transportation at practically no cost, just the use of sails or oars will take one and their belongings to many places.

You know, this Mississippi Valley isn't noted for failures in crop production. But up to the present time, 1955, we don't have enough buyers for our surpluses. Those early emigrants who settled in this fertile valley are now producing and have much more than they can consume. Down the river by boat goes their surpluses to waiting markets. The flour mills of Minnesota are producing a welcome product of flour, bran, and feed. Our cities and towns people don't raise grain to be ground, therefore, they must buy.

The winter season comes on, the autumn coloring of leaves are now falling, white frost makes its appearance in the early morning, ice is beginning to form at the edge of the river where there is no current. Soon this ice creeps across the river and navigation is at a stand-still.

Henry now goes to Galena, Illinois, where he has work in the lead mines. Here is quite an area of mines, some across the river in Iowa and mines over the state line into Wisconsin. Steamboat Peterson in his book relates that these mines were operated by the Indians as early as 1685 in considerable quantities. In 1828 the Indians sold their rights to the mines to the white people for $20,000. After 1836, for a period of ten years, the average annual production of this metal reached 35,000,000 pounds. This was a lot of freight to be taken out in the spring of the year when boat traffic was resumed. Some years the output of this metal reached 55,000,000 pounds and valued at one half million dollars. I think it is a well known fact that some of the unscrupulous early settlers misused their priviledges in dealing with the Indians. This enraged the Indians and it became necessary for our Government to establish forts in our middle west to protect the settlers. Material for these forts, soldiers and annual supplies was a big item of freight on these boats.

They say Rock Island County has 72 miles of Mississippi River front, along this line in Iowa and Illinois there were 13 villages and cities. I do not know how many such towns existed from Galena to St. Louis. With a steamboat carrying passengers and freight for most every town, how could a boat have a very accurate time schedule? It's likely they had a day schedule for arriving at towns. The same procedure at every stop, passengers and freight off and on, day after day, rain or shine.



The present levee at Galena, Illinois

In our Grandfather's day this stream was known as Beaver River. It flowed right at the front door of the three and four story brick buildings on Front Street. These buildings were warehouses. Fifteen or twenty and even more steamboats used to dock here delivering their freight and loading on pig lead and zinc and various grains. This metal and grain was hauled along an upper street on a level with the upper floor of the warehouses. Here it was dumped into a chute where it slid down to the dock and loaded on the steamboats by the husky boatmen.

As time passed the timber surrounding Galena was cut and used. The barren soil was then exposed to the rains. Soil erosion was the result which filled the river bed. Grass and trees are now growing on that soil deposit on both sides of the little stream which is now known as Galena River.

In our Grandfather's day Galena was second in business importance of the river towns of the upper Mississippi. St. Louis only was greater.

While Hampton people were building homes of logs, Galena folks were building of brick and stone. Our Grandfather worked in the Galena mines the winter seasons of 1838 and 1839 and then in turn helped to handle this mineral when it was loaded on the boat. Working on the boats that did business at Galena could have been his introduction to Galena and her mines. At any rate he never posed as a tramp being out of work and a public charge.

August Yost of Hampton, who was born in Germany, worked on the steamboats with Henry Frels. No doubt they had many things in common to converse about and Henry became familiar with the Hampton and Rapid City area. We do not know the wage paid to boat hands, but it's quite likely less than one dollar a day. Some reports are that Henry was paid partly in dishes.

Three summers of labor on the boats plying the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, Henry is now ready to change his avocation. Ten years of ardent labor on boats, meeting all classes of people of different colors and shades, some neatly dressed, some poorly dressed and some undressed, rich and poor, some generous and some penurious, some especially kind-hearted, some especially rough and dangerous. Reports are, no schooling in Germany the first 14 years of his life. These last ten years he has passed through the university of hard knocks. Can many men pass through such a school of labor and be a success in life? Only those who have virtue in their blood and a desire to press onward and upward.

A SAILOR GOES FARMING

The boat stops at Hampton to "wood up". Henry gets off and that is the end of his labor on the water.

The village of Hampton, Rock Island County, Illinois, now becomes his permanent address. Henry gets off of the boat at Hampton. Everybody knows where John Gerhardt Frels the Smithy lives out in the country. At the store he is given direction which road to take over the hill through the bushes. He starts out afoot to the home of his brother, John. He passes log house after log house, each house having a dog to announce his coming along the highway. Men, women and children wonder who he is, and where he is going? And he may have met some farmer along the road with his ox team and wagon. And we venture to write that this powerful man has a brisk step. With keen anticipation of meeting his brother and this to be his permanent home, this walk of three or four miles must have been a happy and thrilling one. There were no newspapers or telephone to announce to John that his brother Henry was coming that day and to have the flag out. Henry arrives at his brother's home and is received with loving hands. John had married this year and had built a new log house. A new log house would be cozy and have few cracks for the logs hadn't had time to dry out and shrink.

Had Henry seen his brother since they left Germany? My guess is that he saw him at Cincinnati, Ohio. For this city was somewhat their headquarters along in the middle thirties, and then Henry working on a boat on the Mississippi three years or less, and at the lead mines at Galena for two or three winters, he must have gone there by boat and passed the village of Hampton. I say it's likely John saw his brother on the boat at Hampton or that Henry visited him on the farm.

From reports available, Henry made his home with his brother John for a couple years and worked with him and the neighbors. Let's not get the idea that these neighbors had plenty of money to hire help. They didn't. Money was scarce. Most every settler had relatives and friends who came from the Old Country or from the East who wanted to get in on this Golden Opportunity of the West. These men worked for their board and were glad to have a place to stay in the winter time. Seventy-five cents to one dollar a day was top wages for summer work and that wasn't an 8 hour day. They were the rugged pioneers faithfully working to produce most everything they ate and used. This was a heavy timbered area. The cutting and grubbing of trees was a constant job for enlarging their crop land. How fortunate they were to have an outlet for the sale of this wood to steamboats.

Henry Frels has been in this country for seven years. The last two years were spent on the farm. He has quit the boating business, and his ambition now is to be a farmer. He had come to the conclusion that there is no fun running around single. In 1842 he takes a steamboat ride to St. Louis. No doubt he has been here many times previous. The boats he worked on had stopped here often to take on passengers and freight, also to unload the same. Over 50 percent of the foreign population of St. Louis were German, therefore, this was a very congenial city to stop at to visit with his countrymen.

This visit to the city was a special one. The occasion may require a new suit of clothes, for Henry is getting married. His bride-to-be is Miss Catherine Mandler who came to America three years previous from the village of Launspach--Frankfort-On-The-Mane in 1839. Both of her parents died in St. Louis that year. Her brother George and sisters Anna and Elizabeth were still in the home and no doubt attended the wedding with many of their friends.

For a honeymoon trip, where could they have a more pleasant one than to return to Hampton by steamboat. Henry was familiar with the scenery along the river and could point out places of especial interest. Catherine's two sisters, Anna and Elizabeth, accompanied the bride and groom on this trip to Hampton. Later in life when Elizabeth spoke of this trip, she replied, --"When we got off of the boat at Hampton we walked to Blacks Store. Then we walked along the road through the brush to Uncle John's home. He was married and had a house built".

What a change of scenery this timbered country must have been to these city ladies from St. Louis. Wild animal life scampered about among the trees curious to see two legged things walking around with cloth on. The animals and the ladies were both gazing in surprised wonder at one another. Hootie the owl and the cry of the coyote may have kept them awake the first few nights.



The first house of Henry Frels was of logs. The fireplace chimney of his house was built of split logs plastered with clay. If the chimney caught fire they pushed it over rather than have the house burn. Then a new chimney was built. From all reports the entire Frels area around was dotted with log houses. Think of it, -breakfast nook; dining room, living room, parlor and bedroom all combined. That is strict economy. Henry Frels' home did have an upstairs two logs high for the hired man and the hired girl. I am told that the logs at the corner near the chimney extended out so in case the chimney took fire, Misses could pry over these end logs with a pole and tip the chimney over away from the house, thus preventing the burning of the house.

The following is the original deed for land which Henry Frels purchased from John Gerhardt Frels on 13 October 1842, where Henry built his first log house and later a brick house.

This Indenture made this Eleventh day of October in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty two between John Gerhard Frels and Elisa Mary Frels his wife of the County of Rock Island in the State of Illinois of the first part, and Henry Frels of the same County and State of the second part, Witnesseth, that the said party of the first part, for and in consideration of the sum of one hundred & fifty dollars to them in hand paid, by the said party of the second part, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby grant, bargain, sell convey and confirm unto the said Henry Frels his heirs and assigns forever all the following described tract or parcels of land, situate in the County of Rock Island and State of Illinois, and described as follows, towit, beginning at the North East corner of the South East quarter of Section fourteen in Township Eighteen North of Range one East of the fourth principal meredian, thence South with the section line eighty poles to a stake, thence West one hundred and twenty poles to a stake, thence North 80 poles to a stake, thence East one hundred & twenty poles to the place of beginning containing sixty acres. Also the North West quarter of the South East quarter of Section Twenty four, in Township Eighteen North, Range numbered one East of the fourth principal Meridian, containing Forty acres more or less, together with all and singular the appurtenances thereunto belonging or in any wise appurtaining. To have and to hold the aforegranted premises unto the said Henry Frels his heirs and assigns forever. and the said John Gerhart Frels and Elisa Mary his wife, the aforesaid premises, unto the said Henry Frels his heirs & assigns will warrant and forever defend, against the claim or claims of all persons. In witness whereof the said John Gerhard Frels and Elisa Mary Frels his wife have hereunto set their hands and seals this day and date above written.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered
in presence of

Joseph Cox
Elisa Frank

John G. Frels (his mark) (Seal)
Elisa Mary Frels (her mark) (Seal)

State Of Illinois }
Rock Island County } ss.

I Joseph Cox a Justice of the peace of said County, do certify that John Gerhard Freels and Elisa Mary his wife, whose signatures appear to the foregoing deed, and who are personally known to me, to be the persons described in, and who executed the same, did severally acknowledge that they had executed the said conveyance for the uses and purposes therein mentioned, and the said Elisa Mary having been by me made acquainted with the contents of said deed, and examined seperate and apart from her said husband, acknowledged that she had executed the same, and relinquished her dower to the premises therein conveyed, voluntarily, freely, and without compulsion of her said husband. Given under my hand and Seal this eleventh day of October one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.

Joseph Cox [Seal]
Justice of the peace of
Rock Island County.

No. 1 of 218
1 to
Henry Hill —

No 188 E

Filed for Record
18th October 1842
and Recorded in Book
D Page 171 & 172
H. C. Hill Recorder

Fee $1.00

Henry and his new family of four persons remain with his brother until Henry builds a new log cabin on the 60 acres which he had recently purchased from his brother. The descriptive location of this land is: -N.E. corner of S.E. quarter of section 14, Township 18 N. range 1 E. of 4th P.M., thence S. with section line 80 poles to a steak, thence west 120 poles to stake, thence 80 to a stake, thence 120 to the place of beginning 60 acres, October 11, 1842.

Act number three, he builds a log house, a home of his own. He has sheds and a yard for his live stock. He must have a cow, stock cattle, a yoke of oxen and sheep, and a



A creek scene near which Henry Frels built his first log house and later a brick house.

house for chickens. They had the latter for Catherine sold three dozen eggs for 19 cents in 1844.

The order of the day is work and extend his domain. We have no record that he over-indulged in this respect. With his wife Catherine he had a very worthy helpmate. Women's work those days extended beyond the duties in the house. There was garden to make to grow necessary food supply for the table. Before spring came on the calendar sap could be gathered from the maple trees. When this is boiled down to a syrup, what have we in this world that is more delicious to eat then maple syrup. Shortly after the snow leaves, vegetable greens could be gathered in the woodland and pasture. A good garden will produce early and late throughout the season. Blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, strawberries, plumbs, wild crab apples, red haws and grapes, --all this fine wild fruit available without spraying. They have it while it's fresh, gather and dry it for winter use.

There is no activity for young or old that is more invigorating than going nutting in the fall of the year. Walnuts, butternuts, hazelnuts, stately trees and bushes of them, could be gathered by the wagonload.

Progressive people are constantly at it to improve their living conditions indoors and out. The good old times are interesting to read about, but to relive them, well, we would rather not. Where is the young couple that would start farming today with a yoke of oxen and equipment such as was used in the 1840's. Would a young women care to spin the wool, and knit stockings and mittens and make all of her own clothes, cook and bake over an open fire in a fireplace? We prefer to gradually take on improved methods.

The family has increased in number. Daniel Holms is a steady worker about the place. The children are going to school and no doubt they are having regular company. This log house they lived in wasn't just the cheapest kind they could construct, for it had a

basement under it and an upstairs. Marx Hauberg states that when he picked corn for Henry Frels he and Daniel Holms slept upstairs. When the house was built they used unseasoned lumber for the floors and roof. When this lumber dried, there were cracks between the boards. With the fireplace being the central heating unit, the heat passed through the cracks of the upstairs floor boards which warmed the upstairs for sleeping comfort. With the cracks in the roof there was always plenty of fresh air. Marx further states that when it snowed their bed would be covered with snow. When they got up in the morning they would shake the snow from their pants and put them on and they were ready to go. They didn't have any underwear to fool with. This was in 1851.

The school they attended was known as Harris Cook School. It stood north of the road and a little west of where the Bluff Road turns to Barstow. It was a log building.

In 1851 a purchase of 80 acres from the Government was made at 75 cents per acre. It's likely this was bottom land south of the present home. In 1852 he bought 40 acres, the home place land, at $9.00 per acre. Where the Peace Lutheran Church now stands, this 40 acres was owned by Sam Beal in 1839. Beal sold to John Long in 1842. In 1852 Henry Frels purchased the 40 acres from John Long. Henry Frels also purchased a 20 acre tract of land that year at $16.75 per acre.

The 60 acres of land which Henry Frels purchased in 1842, he sold to Frederic and Henry Miller for $1900.00 in 1855. Henry Miller bought this land February 2, 1864, for $500.00, and he in turn sold it on January 7, 1867, to Emanuel Kleinau for $1800.00. Since February 9, 1895, Margaret Miller has been the owner.

On December 15, 1863, Henry Frels bought 40 acres of swamp land just for the cost of surveying. At that time neighbors laughed at him because of the worthless purchase. He remarked "some day it will be worth $20.00 an acre". On February 2, 1865 he purchased land in Henry County from John P. Odell. Most of the records of the above mentioned purchases were given me by Clara Frels Payne. Benjamin Frels of Henry County, who lives on one of these purchased farms, informs me that Henry Frels bought 400 acres in Henry County. For one of these 200 acre farms he paid $12.00 an acre. He later sold this farm, which was somewhat hilly with a lot of brush growing on it, to his son-in-law Adam Gernant at the purchase price of $12.00 per acre.

There was no newspaper with a society page, nor telephone to announce publicly social events in the Hampton Bluff community, and no church as yet to announce from the pulpit any approaching marriages.

Anna Mandler, who has been in the community for two years, has met one of the Wells boys and they are married on December 8, 1844. There was a large relationship of the Wells family in our county. There were 13 of them listed in our county as voters. Ira Wells, whom Anna married, was a Second Lieutenant in the Black Hawk War at the young age of 19 years. After their marriage they lived with the Henry Frels family for three years. They slept in the spare bed which was curtained off in the southwest corner of the room. In those days we never read of people being crowded, living in a one-room house.

The following year another prominent event occurred in the Frels home. A baby girl is born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frels on August 10, 1845. She is named Anna Margaret. Evidently she is named after the mother's two sisters, Anna who was recently married and sister Margaret who died in New Orleans shortly after the Mandler family arrived in America.

Many people in our land in the eastern states and foreign emigrants were not satisfied with conditions in Illinois. They had heard that the sun shone brighter and the pastures were greener in Iowa and the states farther west. Many of our histories mention the caravan of emigrants moving Westward in the forties. The Spirit of the West gripped the life of Ira Wells and his wife, and in 1847 they joined an emigrant train headed across the Western Plains for the state of Oregon. An account of this eventful trip will be found in another chapter.

Two people leave the Frels home in 1847, but they have one replacement. A baby girl is born April 16, 1847. The little Miss is given the Bible name of Mary.

During these years Hampton was a more popular trading center than Moline. People came here to trade for 20 miles around, even from across the river in Henry County. Another near-by town that was blessed with a lot of trade was Port Byron. It was first settled by the Sims brothers in 1828 who had a wood yard to supply the steamboats. There was a heavy growth of timber extending several miles back on the bluff. There were two saw mills in Port Byron, and logs from the outlying timber were brought in and sawed into lumber. Logs from the northern pineries were also floated down the river to this mill. Port Byron bought a lot of grain which was shipped out by boat and later by rail.

Port Byron was more widely known for its superior grade of white lime. Its quality was not excelled in the United States. There were 3 lime kilns in the town. Wood from the surrounding timber was burned to convert the raw stone into lime. This lime was packed in barrels and shipped out by boat and by car loads. Here is where your writer saw the coopers at work.

I am sure there is no married couple that wants an all-girl family. The Henry Frels had two girls. This number three child is a son born September 12, 1848, and they name him Henry after his Papa.



Mrs. M. D. Hauberg, daughter of Henry Frels, said her father made his own wagon--the wheels being sawed from a log. This wagon I photographed at Riverside, California in 1922. It was on the Hotel Riverside grounds. The Frels wagon was probably very much like this. John H. Hauberg Jr., is in the picture.

The wood business continues good. Men are busy cutting this wood for the boats. A big order of shingles was sold in 1847. This log house they were living in had a cellar and an upstairs which gave them more room than most houses of that make, but Henry was prospering and was ready to have a nicer home.

Anna Frels Hauberg wrote that her father desired to build a brick house. "He looked at the soil and found it the right kind for the making of brick. About 15 years previous he learned the brick making business. He builds a kiln out in the timber, hires extra men and proceeds to make brick to build his first brick house. We don't know who built this brick house, but professional men were constantly coming from the old country and among them were brick masons. We venture to state here that these men didn't work 8 hours a day

and 5 days a week and double pay for over time like masons of today. No labor union to dictate the exact number of bricks to be laid in an 8 hour day. One union man recently stated that he could lay the number of bricks required by the union in one day, in two hours.



"Woe betide the soul that lingers, onward onward is the cry". Here is a picture of a brick kiln at the Carbon Cliff Brick and Tile Works taken in 1954 by L.D.H. Read Henry Frels Jr.'s account of how the clay and water was mixed in a tub for the making of bricks. After proper mixing the clay is pressed into brick size forms, then placed in the kiln to be baked or cured. This process would take several days. The bricks were then removed and ready for building. Grandfather Frels was the production manager of this works. Some authorities say that he made enough brick for this two and one half story house and also brick to sell to the public.



First Brick House

This is Henry Frels first brick house which we think he built in 1852. This picture was taken by John H. Hauberg in 1921, sixty-nine years after it was built. As you know, this house was two and one half stories high and about 1888 a tornado blew the roof and one story off from the house. It was then reroofed as we see it in this picture, one and one half stories. Large native trees surrounded this house when it was built.

What a job it must have been to move into this new brick house. It had a fireplace in the kitchen and onein the bedroom on the first floor. The chimneys were built of brick and on the inside not the type to be pushed over. There was now five children, the parents, Daniel Holms and very likely other help that lived in the home. They could use a half dozen rooms. No more sleeping in the kitchen. No more snow sifting through the roof and on the bed. With those feather beds they could be very comfortable at night.

We note by Blacks accounts that a new heating stove was purchased in 1853. We think the new house was built in 1852.

A railroad is being built into Rock Island. Ties are needed for this project. Henry supplies the need which gives more work for the men and brings in more money. Somehow it seems Henry invested in property as fast as he accumulated money, which is an excellent business practice. Property seemed to be more valuable to him than loaning money at 10 percent interest, which was the customary rate at that time.

A new carriage is purchased in which he takes his family to church at Hampton. For several years previous, they had church in a frame school house. In 1851 a minister came to their home to conduct service, and at that time the three oldest children were Christened. The minister remained at the home for a week or more during which time the children of the community were also Christened.

On June 22, 1857, another son is born and given the name of John William. John was a popular name those days. His uncle and three cousins were named John.



The "Smoke house" on the original Henry Frels' farm.

All early people had their Smoke-houses where they "smoked" their meats, using preferably hickory wood with which to produce the smoke. This practice was followed in Germany, and doubtless in all other countries, also. So it was no innovation. The picture above was taken in 1921 by J.H.H. I walked past this house the fall of 1930, and the Smoke-house was gone. It had been removed to make room for farming, for this place is back in the field 1/4 mile or more from the paved highway (Route 2). To your right as you face this Smoke-house, stood the brick house, only a few yards away. All the trees, too, had been removed in 1930.

Most farmers butchered two or three, two-hundred to two-hundred-fifty pound hogs for the season's use. Of course the number of hogs butchered depended on the number of persons in the family and the hired help on the place. These hogs were carefully cut up. Hams and shoulders were cut out and trimmed, and the bacon also. The meat from the head was made into head cheese and other lean meat was made into sausage with not too much fat. The fat of the hog was cut into small chunks, then cooked until the lard was free from the cracklings. This lard was put in crocks and placed in the cellar for use. The sausage meat was run through a grinder. Some stuffed this into carefully cleaned casings. Some made sausage balls which were fried and packed in crocks or fruit jars. The meat from the head and bones was cooked and seasoned and placed in crocks to be sliced off and eaten when cool. The hams, shoulders and bacon

were salted and smoked. Every farmer had a smoke house and the smoke from hickory wood gave to the meat the choicest flavor. You just couldn't buy better flavored meat than this home cured. Grandfather Frels butchered a lot of hogs. Many were "hog dressed" and sold to Blacks Store in Hampton and at other markets. It was also necessary for him to butcher quite a few hogs for home use, for he had quite a family and a lot of hired help. His big smoke house was a necessity. Refrigerators and deep freezes eliminates a lot of the work of butchering today. We can now butcher any month of the year and place the meat in coolers for safe keeping.

The county laid out a public road from Watertown east along the edge of the bluff on toward Hillsdale. The Frels home was then back one half mile from this road. To get onto this highway it was necessary for the Frels family to cross the creek a few times and open and close a few gates. This doesn't sound too bad on paper, but remember that this creek might have high water, or ice that was slick or ice that broke through with a load.. At any rate Henry Frels wanted to live along the highway. In 1858 he decides to build another brick house on the recent 40 acres he had bought. This time he had the McEnries of Moline make the brick. They had the first brick yard in Moline and knew the trade. The equipment for mixing is nicely described by Henry Frels Jr. who has a chapter in this book. They moved the log house down to the new location to live in while building the new big barn and the brick house. It sounds simple but those oak logs were at least ten inches think and 15 to 20 feet long. They had to take them down and build them up and put on the roof. I say that Henry Frels and his wife were mighty busy people that year for they would be obliged to board all of the help.

It was about this time that the Pearsalls of Coe Township were building a big brick house. They dug a round pit in which to mix the clay. Mr. Pearsalls' son Jerry told your writer that it took a half day to get the oxen to walk in that pit to mix the clay. They did get things done without mechanical power those days.



The Henry Frels Homestead built in 1858

You read that the log house on the timber farm was moved here and set up. They lived in the log house while the barn was built. In excavating the clay dirt for the basement of the barn, it was taken to the brick kiln and made into brick for the building of the house.

North of the big barn is where coal was discovered. A tunnel was dug into the hill to the vein of coal. Our Grandfather mined coal here until the time of his death. When Henry Jr. moved on the place he continued mining coal for 15 or so years.

The smaller building in the foreground is the tool house. You notice a pile of pole wood close to it. This wood will be sawed in stove wood length for the cook stove, fireplace, heater and later for the furnace. The scale house stood across the road from the tool house.

They enjoy the comforts of a new home on the hillside where the view in three directions is one of unusual interest in the spring, summer, fall and winter, ever changing, and along a public highway, with stage coaches passing a few times a week, and stopping at the spring for a refreshing drink of water. The horses, warm from travel, are supplied with water from a bucket.

Some of the men riding the stage wore plug hats and skinny tight pants, and knee boots shined with speck. Women wore bustles and hoop skirts and neat fitting bonnets. They wore dresses that reached from the neck to the ankle. None of this cutting off of skirts.



John H. Hauberg's Sunday School Band boys drinking at the Frels spring
April 22, 1922

When the road was paved along here in 1923 they put a charge of dynamite under the tree to blow it up. It did the work but also cracked the wall and broke some windows in the brick house that stood on the hill across the road. The paved road was built directly over the spring, therefore the spring became useless to provide water for man or beast.

I tell you, that spring has watered many a horse; all the farmers from up here watered there for years and years. At first there wasn't anything there except a couple of blocks so they could get to it, but father put up the house over it and had a tin cup there. He also walled it up with brick to keep the dirt out.



Stage Coach

Before the days of railroad many people traveled inland by stage coach. They had regular routes and kept quite a regular time schedule from city to city. In addition to carrying passengers they also carried mail. Mrs. Marx D. Hauberg states that the stage passed their house two or three times a week, and often stopped at the spring to water their horses and the passengers got a drink of fresh cool water. You will notice the driver has an elevated seat at the front and a rail around the top where packages may be placed. Parcels could also be tied at the rear and under the driver's seat. M.D. Hauberg was acquainted with Harvey Tanner of Hillsdale who was a stage driver and from his son, Marx was shown a stage driver's contract. It reads as follows:

"This is to certify that Jacob Graham commenced driving for M. O. Walker on the first day of January, 1858, on the following conditions: "Any driver who gives his team poisonous medicine, or dope, or receives fare without accounting for the same, shall forfeit all dues, and subject to pay for all further damage. And every driver who leaves a Way Bill is to forfeit and allow one dollar every time a Way Bill is left. Also to allow an account of services for all damages occasioned by carelessness or neglect; and five dollars for every instance of undertaking to drive when intoxicated from the use of ardent spirits. The first month's wages not payable until final settlement. No payments to be made under any circumstance, except this certificate be presented, and the amount paid endorsed at the time of payment. The wage to be $14.00 per month."

William T. Schmoll used to drive a stage from Ward to Boulder, Colorado in the mountains. He used one team on an open spring wagon with two and three seats.

There would be festive occasions living in this new house. They would have house warming, parties and dances for the young people. Special dinners at Christmas time, New Years, Easter, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and the celebration of birthdays. Just over the hill Papa could shoot all the deer and wild turkies to supply the table on such occasions. The fact of the matter is, all this wild game such as pheasants, prairie chickens, quail, coons, deer, rabbits, wild turkeys, and bobcat were so common and plentiful ever since they lived in this area that it was scarcely mentioned. The common things of life seldom get the headlines even in this day. Those were glorious days for the sportsmen, no restrictions on hunting or fishing. Don't forget to read Uncle Henry's story about making molasses in the hollow, east of this new house. Then there was apple butter time, when the year's supply of apple butter was made in a couple days. It took two or three people to keep the fire going and do the stirring so it wouldn't burn. We enjoy doing things more when we have cooperative effort.

Even back in 1864 they were interested in oil rights. Henry Frels leased the oil rights of his farm to the Rock River Oil Company.

The next year after the new house was built a son is born March 22, 1859. He was named George. They now have four boys and two girls.

Wood is still being supplied to the steamboats and more land is being cleared for farming with improvements on the farm going forth from the money taken in from sales.

Taxes on sixty acres in 1845 were $2.95. Taxes on 140 acres in 1858.were $33.34, and personal taxes were $9.53 for a total of $42.87. He now has two lots in Hampton.

The unfortunate event in the family in 1862 was the death of the wife and mother. She had given birth to a baby girl and in getting in and out of the high bed, a blood vessel was ruptured which caused her death. She had been the devoted mother and helpmate in every way in the household. Working day after day and many evenings, she spent the time knitting needed articles for the family. She had a good education. They kept a weekly paper, and during her married life her husband learned to read and write.

This couple had labored side by side for twenty years. They had built three new houses. The first of logs which was better than the average log house for it had a cellar and an upstairs. The next was a two and one half story brick house with plenty of room for the family and friends. The last, another brick house, which was more modern being one and one half stories. All this construction represented a lot of house labor. Her children never spoke harshly of her, but they often did tell of how their mother worked for their better welfare. Our Grandmother Katherine Mandler Frels died June 25, 1862 and was laid to rest in the Zion Lutheran Cemetery in Hampton Township. This cemetery was laid out and dedicated just five years previous in 1857.

Loving neighbors shared the sorrow that befell this home. A Mrs. Gernant, who lived on a farm one mile from the Frels home and who was the mother of four children that were somewhat grown, came in the home to care for the little baby girl named Henrietta. Anna Margaret, their oldest daughter, was near 17 years of age and sister Mary was then 14 years of age. With this help the household could nicely carry on.

There was a farmer living on the High Prairie 14 miles away who picked corn for Henry Frels in 1851. This farmer was Marx D. Hauberg. He seemed to prefer walking instead of riding when he went places. He walked to the Frels home occasionally just for a visit, but evidently he was more concerned about visiting the eldest daughter Anna Marguret. After popping the question of matrimony couple times, she finally said yes. They were married September 14, 1862, and began house keeping on the Sugar Grove farm on the High Prairie. Also in September Henry Frels married his house keeper, Mrs. Gernant. She was always spoken of as being a very kind mother to the children of the house. They lived happily together until 1879 when she died. During the year of 1865 this stepmother's son, Adam Gernant, married Mary Frels. They moved to Henry County where they purchased a 200 acre farm which Henry Frels owned.

Calvin Coolidge made the remark "Some people could make a living on a rock while others starved to death on a mountain of gold".

Young Henry Jr. was digging post holes for a fence north of the barn about 1865. He found slate in the bottom of the hole and beneath this was coal. Opportunity knocks again for Henry Frels Sr. He tunnels into the hill and opens up a coal mine. Another source of income. To sustain the ceiling and sides of the tunnel, posts and lagging would be required. A wooden track was built and cars were shoved in and out by hand in removing the coal. A few years later a donkey was used to haul the cars in and out. With a half dozen men working the mine, it became quite a business. In the winter one man was busy hauling coal across the ice to LeClaire, Iowa. In 1873 Henry buys a large platform scale. Many of the third generation still remember that scale as it stood in a building near the road. Many farmers of the neighborhood used this scale for weighing hay, grain, coal and livestock. This coal mine was operated successfully up to 1890.

Henry Frels Jr. left the home place in 1873 to work his father's farm in Henry County which was purchased in 1865.

From reports available Henry Frels is still a busy man up in the late seventies. Mining coal, cutting wood for steamboats, ties for the railroad. He invested in lots in Hampton and $1,000 in a flour mill at Cleveland, and it's reported from several sources that he was called quite often to the city to splice ropes and steel cables. In addition to all of the above mentioned activities, he was a highly respected farmer and citizen. He helped to organize and build the Zion Lutheran Church and was a regular attendant with his family. Daniel Holms was with the family for 14 years, beginning his service with them in the forties. He made shingles for the two brick houses, the barn, the smoke house and other buildings, and made shingles to sell. He was a handy man to have around during all the construction work.

Three of the Frels children have now married and left the home fireside. William, the oldest son at home, is helping with the farm work and other work around the home place. He has learned to play the fiddle and is a popular player at home and at community dances and picnics. He enjoyed taking part in horse racing at picnics and at fairs. We thoroughly enjoy a good horse race, more of those races were on the country road than on a race track. We all know it's great sport.

Son George also helped with the farm work and at 16 years of age he attended a college at Clinton, Iowa, for a couple years. He stayed with his uncle Henry Gode who conducted a grocery store. Between school sessions George worked for his uncle in the store for his room and board.

Some time in the seventies Grandfather Frels bought an organ for his daughter Henrietta. She took music lessons from a lady in Hampton and in time could play hymns and popular melodies quite well. Henrietta as a musician was quite popular with the neighbor boys who often came to the home to visit. Some of their escapades were a little displeasing to William after his father had passed on. Therefore, Henrietta left the home fireside and went to Henry County. Thus sayeth Amelia.

In the past ten years or more improved machinery is invented to get farm work done much faster and easier. The McCormick reaper for cutting grain and grass for hay, a tread power. then a horse power driven threshing machine. After John Deere got to making steel mold board plows, the wooden mold board was discarded. Better wagons and buggies were being made. The oxen were traded for horses long ago. There was not so much walking now to go places unless you love to walk.

Farmers throughout the county in 1876 decided to open a County Grange Cooperative Store in Rock Island. The store was well stocked and operated with a capital stock of $7500.00. The store was operated at a loss for two years and then offered for sale. Henry Frels was the buyer for 35 percent on a dollar. His son George who had been in college at Clinton.

Iowa for a couple of years became general manager of the store. We do not know how successful the store business went. You may read his store advertisement in another chapter of this book. The purchase of this store seems to have been his last investment, for in the spring of 1880 he became ill and died, March 31, 1880 at 64 years of age. He being an active member of the Zion Lutheran Church, the funeral services were held at that church with the Reverend Louis Winter officiating. He was buried in the cemetery adjoining the church yard. We, his descendants, honor his memory for the fine accomplishments of his life. He had a kind and loving helpmate. They raised a family that became worthy citizens of our country. He invested his energies and money in projects that helped people in a better way of living. He left a farm for each of his three sons, a store in Rock Island, an operating coal mine, interest in a grist mill, a house and three lots in Hampton. Beginning his young life as an orphan and ending it as a successful farmer and businessman. The community will always cherish the memory of such a man.

William continues to operate the farm with his sister Henrietta as housekeeper for a year or so. Sister Amelia writes that Aunt Mary Gernant of Henry County was sorely in need of help and prevailed on Henrietta to help her with her work, which she did in the spring of 1881. Amelia Hauberg then kept house for William until August 22 of that year when William married Bertha Guildenpfennig.

Marx D. Hauberg was the administrator of the estate of Henry Frels. In the settlement of the property, it was decided to have Henry Frels Jr. on the home place while William, who operated it until 1882, moved to the Henry County farm vacated by Henry Jr.

George Frels, the youngest son who had been working around in the community, married Nettie Golden November 18, 1881. He moved to the farm now occupied by his son Benjamin Frels.

The six children of our grandparents, who lived useful lives and married, will have their life story written in this book, and the story of their descendants will also be included.

Just in case you may be curious to know what these descendants look like, we will include their pictures. With the story and picture you have a double feature at the same price. ON WITH THE SHOW.

Chapter II

Fatherland in Germany, The Home of the Frels

Translation

I) Fundamentals of Germanic Law by Karl von Amira, Publishers: Karl J. Trubner, Stuttgart 1913.

p. 125, par. 33:

Section II: People

From the beginning of history deep into the Middle Ages in the population of all Germanic countries two principal classes have to be distinguished: the Free and the Unfree. The free man (frija, i.e. properly - spared, unhurt, hence derived in Old-Saxon: frîling) or "Freihals" (in Old-High-German and Middle-High-German frîhals, in West-Nordic frjáls, in East-Nordic fraels) is given this name, because he stands under legal protection and is, therefore, not bound to bend his back to an owner. Thus, freedom is "Freihalsigkeit" (in Gothic: freihals, West-Nordic frjálse, frelse, in Old-Germanic fréols, in Frisian frihelse, in Old-High-German frîhalsi) or - with the Scandinavians - "Mannlichkeit" (in West-Nordic mannhelgr, in Old-Swedish manhaelghi, manhaelgh, in Old-Danish manhaelgh). But the frec men enjoyed not only the protection of the law, they also created law, in oldest times even all law, (cf. p. 11), be it that they found it in court, be it that they enacted it in the legislative assembly.

II) Excerpt from: Deutsches Wörterbuch by Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, vol. p. 111.

FREIHEIT, f., libertas, eleutheria. The oldest and finest expression of this conception was the sensibly perceptible freihals, collum liberum, a neck which bears no yoke upon itself, in Gothic freihals, in Old-German frîhals, in Frisian frihals, and darkened by the elimination of the h in Old-Germanic freoli, in Old-Nordic frials, in Swedish frals, in Danish frels, in the Frisian laws also separated as fria hals, fria halsar.

There are many Frelser Churches in Norway. In Copenhagen, Denmark there is a fine church with a marble dome with stairs on the outside of the dome. This church is called the Frelser Church.

December 2, 1954

Dear Clara,

There is one thing which I have to add to my father's letter. Have you ever heard of the so called "Kensington Stone"? In 1898 a farmer found a big stone near Kensington, Minnesota, not far from Lake Michigan. He dug it out and was very much surprised when he saw that this stone was covered with a long inscription of characters. Scientists came and found out that this was an inscription in the language of the old Vikings (I do not know if that is the right English word--we call them Wikings, but I hope you will understand it) and that it was written in 1362, almost 105 years before Columbus discovered America. They translated the characters and learned that this inscription had been made by the crews of a Viking boat. This crew had been attacked by Indians and had lost some of its sailors. So they made this inscription as a message for the other Viking boats. Now, the reason why I am telling you all this is -- This inscription ends with the following letters:

It is a prayer to St. Maria and means in English
A (ve) V (igo) M (aria) deliver us from evil.

I think that it will be interesting for you as an American to know that the only inscription which was found in America contains the word "Frels". Some scientists suppose that this stone is a falsification, but they do not know this exactly. It seems to me after all which I have read about this Kensington Stone that it is not a falsification but that it really was written by Vikings who had sailed from their homes in Greenland as far as to the great lakes.

Perhaps you can use this for your book, too.

With my best regards,
Love,
Harro Frels

GERMANY, THE ANCESTRIAL HOME OF THE FRELS

Two letters describing conditions in the Frels area in Germany are contained in the following. The first one by Henry Witt was written to Henry Frels just 17 years after Henry arrived in Hampton Township. The next letter by John H. Hauberg describes conditions just 84 years after Henry Frels settled in Hampton Township. Both letters have very favorable comment.

Bardenfleth
August 20th, 1857

Dear Friends:

I must deplore that I neglected it so long to write to you. This, however, was not my fault, for it happened in this way: There was a man of the same name in our village, namely, Henry Witte of Altenhundorf, and this man received the letter from you and did not deliver it to me, until finally one day in May, when he again was moving back to Altenhundorf, I accidently got your letter. Immediately I asked him whether he had written to you again. Whereupon he replied that he could not write well. Although I did not receive the letter before this, I now inquired again whether he also had written. He answered: no.

And now I thought I should not fail to inform you how we are getting along. Thanks to the Lord, we are still hale and hearty. My brother John and sister Ahlke still are single, living in the parental home, as formerly, and still conducting business.

In our farming everything is going very well. The prices of cattle and horses are very high. Stallions are sold for $1000.00. One in our neighborhood even sold for $1600.00. My neighbor sold the mare with the colt for $575.00. Fat cattle sell at $12-18.00 per 100, according to the quality. Until now we have a very dry summer, consequently much seed dried up in the soil and the summer grains are very thin. While, on the other hand, the winter grains, like wheat and rye, are very good. Haymaking has turned out very poorly: in some fields there was so little that they barely got one fodder from one piece. Now we have very productive weather, and we hope that on some land we can mow an aftermath, otherwise there would be a great scarcity of feed.

The prices of grain are as follows: Wheat, per bushel (scheffel) $1.00, rye 66 cents, barley 50 cents, oats 36 cents, potatoes 16 cents, butter per pound 20 cents, lean pigs are very high; young pigs of 12 weeks sell at $20.00. Your Uncle Eilerd Gode is with his son William who at present lives in the vicinity of Oldenberg. As far as I could learn, he is hale and hearty. You wrote about Gerh Addicks and his property. According to present prices, his building lot may be worth about $6000.00; I was told however, that there is a debt attached to it of $2000.00, and his mother gets the income from it as long as she lives. For that reason there is nothing in it for Addicks at present, for his mother is very active. Addicks also did not have the best reputation here. He had to get away from here, which he most probably did not tell the people there.

I am very glad you are getting along so well. Please give my best regards to Henry Gode and his wife. I had always advised H. Gode to go to America, and for this reason I rejoice so much the more over the fact that he is getting along so well.

Give my regards to the widow and children of your deceased brother Gerhard. Please pardon for neglecting so long to write to you. This, however, was not my fault as explained above. Please write soon again and tell me how you and also the Oltman family are getting along.

Lately I sold nine fat oxen and six cows for $1509.00 in gold, and a horse and colt for $430.00. I still have 34 milk cows and draught cattle and 8 horses and colts in the stable.

Once more my whole family, that is my wife and six children, send best regards to you. My oldest daughter is now 16, and my oldest son is 12. He is at present at Oldenburg attending the civic high school and taking a course in English and French language. So if he later on would come to you, he can get along with you, --for no one knows where fate will take people to. Frederick Spark also is in America and, as far as I could learn, in the vicinity of Baltimore.

I shall close for this time. Hoping this letter will reach you in the best of health, I once more send you many greetings from all of us. Write to us soon again in order that our friendship may not become totally extinct.

Respectfully I Remain
Your friend and cousin
Henry Witte.

Uncle Henry Frels had the above letter which was written in German, it was given to John H. Hauberg in 1921. He had Rev. Ph Wilhelm pastor of the Emanuel Lutheran Church of Rock Island translate it into English. This letter shows a healthy attitude toward America and they are keenly interested in the progress and health of their relatives and friends who have migrated here. This man Mr. Witte evidently was a well-to-do farmer. He raised about everything that we do in the line of grain and livestock. No corn is mentioned. Marx Hauberg in his "Memoirs" mentioned that when they migrated to this country in 1848, they saw yellow corn meal for sale in New York City. They were delighted when they saw it, thinking these Americans were clever in mixing eggs with their wheat flour. They bought some, but when it was prepared for them to eat they didn't like it. He didn't mention geese. They surely must have had them. Where did they get the feathers for those famous German feather beds?

The letter also indicates that the weather man didn't always work in their favor, much the same as he does here. The letter is really very informative. We know what the farmers raised in the area from which our Grandfather was reared. It must have been quite a large farm to support so much livestock. He wasn't farming for his health for he received good money for his sales. We do not know if these figures represent the German Mark, American Dollars, or other money.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hauberg of Rock Island, Illinois, visited the Frels area at Elsfleth in 1924. They met several Frels families and were so favorably impressed with their personality and surroundings, that he wrote a lengthy letter to his father, M. D. Hauberg; describing the Frels they visited, and how they were briefly entertained. John's pictures of the Frels folks at their home, the windmill, and the lay of the land, all so interesting that we just must include it in this story.

In Bremerhaven, Germany, Aboard the S.S.
George Washington, Monday, July 21, 1924

Dear Pa:-

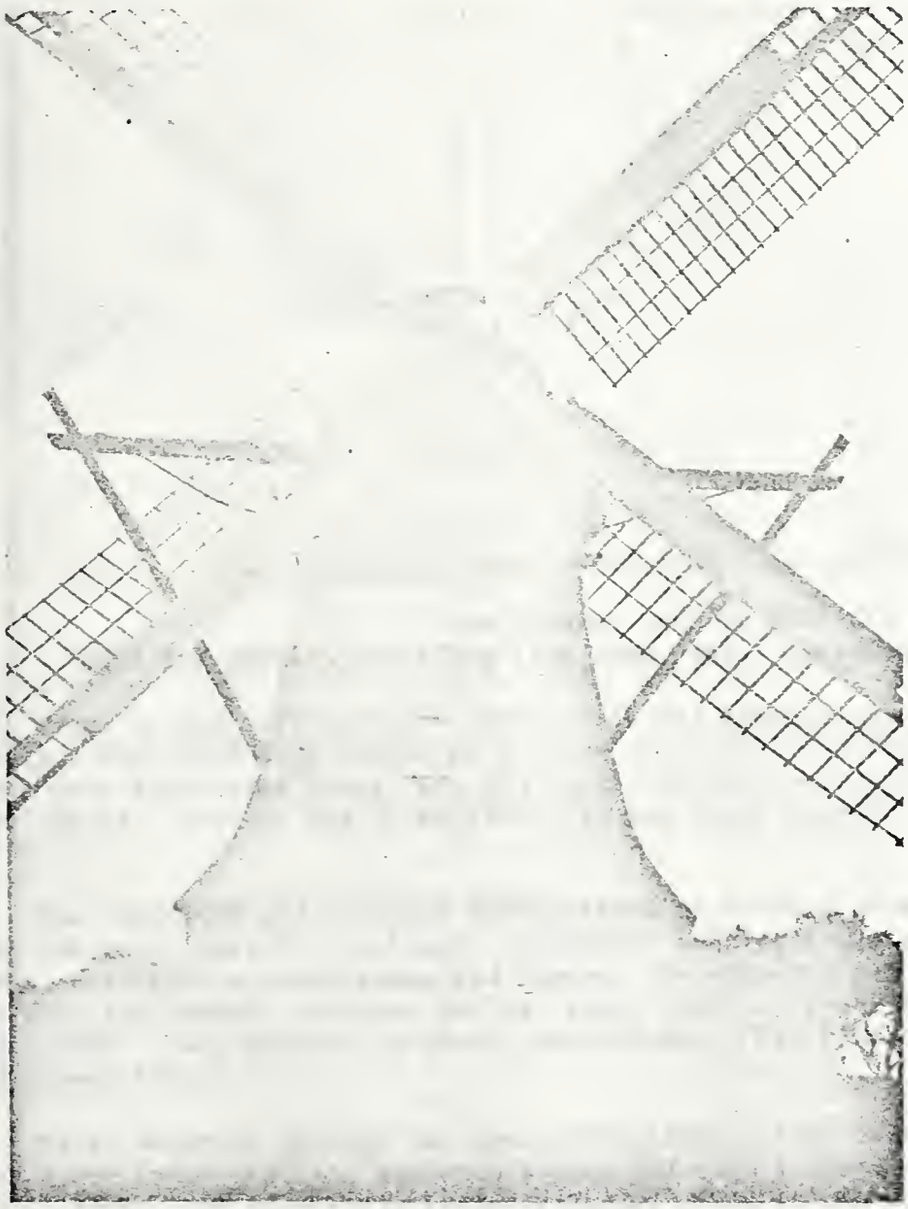
We are off for home, HOORAY! We came aboard at 6:45 this afternoon, having left Bremen by special train at 5:00 P.M. Sometime around midnight or two in the morning when the tide is at its height, we will start for the sea.

It is great to be here under the stars and stripes, with a brass band playing, --just now an orchestra is at work.

Our cabin, for just Sue and I, is 13 feet wide, and divided into three rooms, two of them 10 by 13 feet, being the sitting room and bedroom, the other being bath and toilet 7 by 13 feet in size, all elegantly furnished, including telephone. General John J. Pershing has a suite just like ours on the opposite side of the ship on the same deck.

Supper tonight reminded me of the U.S.A., ice water in your glass without specially ordering it, and tea without extra charge. It was such a big meal we cut three courses out of it, but took the soup, fish, steak, vegetables and ice cream.

I wanted to write you especially of our visit to the Frels Country today. We had several hours on our hands, so we continued the pursuit of relatives. As you know, we had already looked up the Hauberg's, Sue's mother's and father's folks, --or rather the place where they had lived. While we failed to get a real visit to Giessen where Ma's mother, the Mandlers came from, we did pass through it on the train yesterday, and I snapshot the part of the city having the church and also the rocky hill to the west with the Castle Lieberg and the village clustered about its sides. It is a country of landrolling, with higher wooded hills around the hills continuing to the Rhine and forming some of that river's best scenery. To the east the hills rise to the Thuringian Forest which reaches its climax of beauty at Eisenach, where we motored and spent a night in June last. Incidentally, we called on the pastor of the Lutheran Church in Niedersaulheim, near Mayence where Sue's mother was born, and he said he had preached in Giessen, or its vicinity, and knew Mandlers.



This part of Oldenburg (so far as I know, all of it) is delta country, --i.e. land built up by accretions washed down from the mountains and hills in more southerly areas. At this place, we are within a very few miles of the mouth of the Weser River. Land is perfectly flat; drainage ditches on all hands, and the water is raised into higher ditches so it can flow off and away, by lots of "Dutch Windmills" of which the above is one.

July 21, 1924

Electrical power is used now for raising water. Today they are a great attraction for the tourist.

Today we thought our trip would amount to about the following: We would motor to Elsfleth, ask if there were any Frels in the country. Be told there were none, take pictures of the old Lutheran Church and some old buildings of Grandfather's time, and return to Bremen. The road to Elsfleth lies partly along the left bank of the Weser which has a high dyke to keep the river from flowing over the country. The distance from Bremen is between 40 and 50 miles, over a perfectly flat country, the road paved all the way, and lined with trees on both sides all the way. We have motored considerably in England, France, and Germany, in all of which countries they have a practice of lining the road with trees, but no where had we seen such fine large trees for so many miles in succession as today, -- all a beautiful vista.

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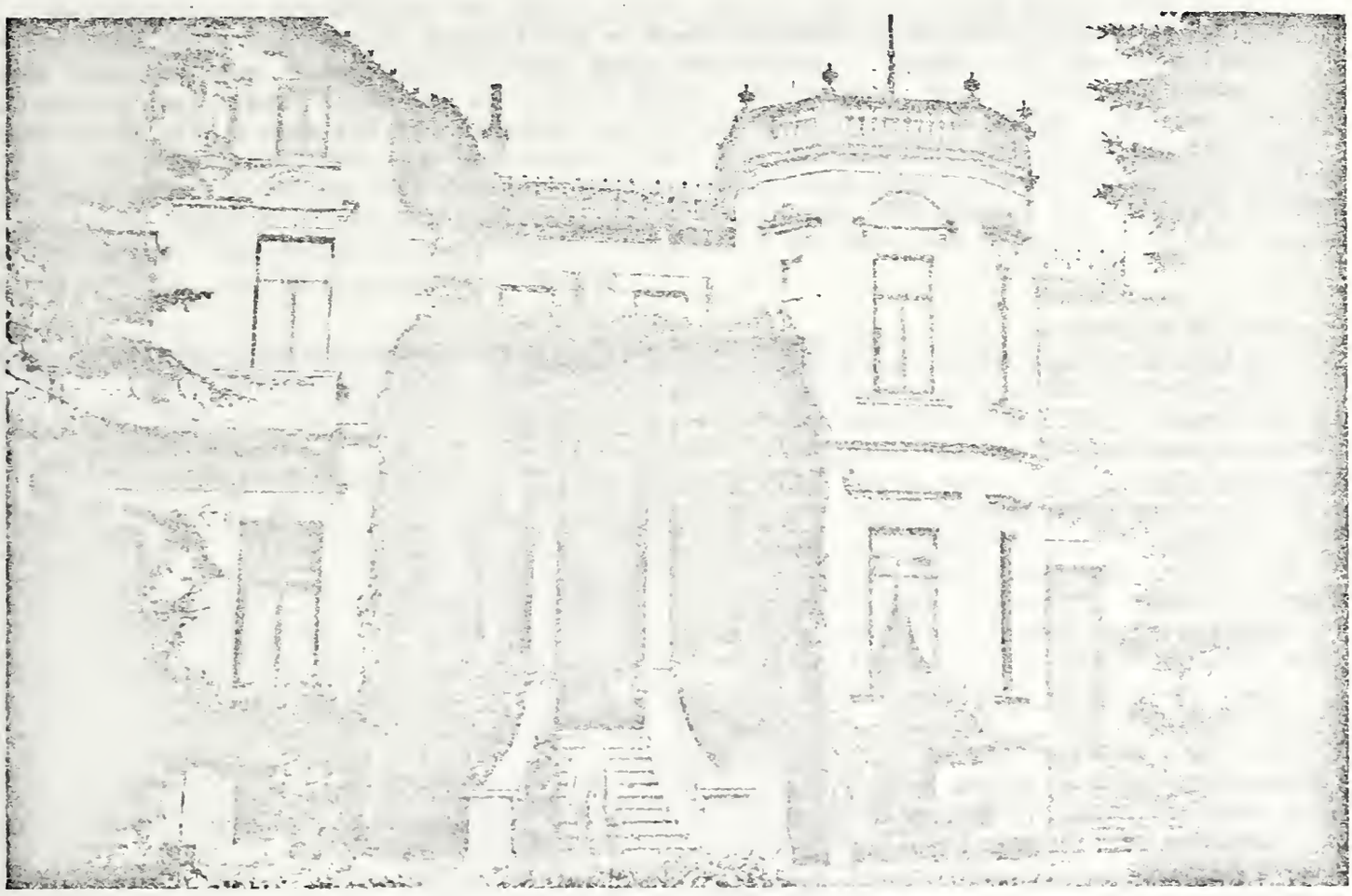
The Highway Through Elsfleth
Carl and Gustaf live along this road, and I traveled it to their home. L.D.H.

There is scarcely any plow land. It's all pasture and meadow, with Holstein cattle mostly. Farm buildings are of very large size, all of brick, the older ones thatched, the newer ones with tiled roofs. One old farm thatched house had the name of Reinhard Addicks, 1799, on it. Another was dated 1730. We saw eight storks' nests, all of them on thatched roofs.

The roadsides and pastures have gutters or ditches of water and big dutch windmills pump the water away for drainage. The whole country looks attractive, green pastures and trees, with cattle, some sheep and horses. We passed a man drawing three large wagons of hay with two horses. Another had two wagon loads of brick fastened together and drawn by two horses, --all because of level, paved roads. And then the big farm houses, lace curtains and flower beds.

First we drove through the town of Elsfleth, of no unusual interest since we had seen many other towns like it, timbered houses and then I asked a mail carrier if there were any Frels around. He said Villi Frels (Wilhelm) lives at the edge of town, where he has a

"Ritter Gut", i.e. a Knight's Estate. We found him a widower, living alone with servants. His two daughters have married and are living in German cities away. I wasn't sure if he said he had a son. His build was like that of Uncle William Frels and there is a slight resemblance, otherwise, possibly I imagined it.



Residence of "Willy Frels" just outside the town of Elsfleth. Captain Willy Frels has exactly the same physical build of our Uncles William, George, and Henry Frels. Sue stands beside him. Read my letter of July 21, 1924 for the description of him and his home, etc.

This man's house was one of wealth and refinement. The house was of aristocratic type, tall, grey with some outside sculptures. Inside were richly furnished rooms, fine mirrors, marble busts, copies of classic paintings, carpets, upholstered furniture, etc. Herr Frels was of first class quality and intelligence, and discussed ably the situation Germany is in. During the war he was Captain of the Hussars, Cavalry, and entered right in at the start and did patrol work in advance of the main army which followed. I mentioned German atrocities to which he indicated that they were only in retaliation. One of their officers in Belgium asked a young lady for drinking water for his men. He was asked by the lady if he would like a glass of milk. He accepted and while drinking it she shot him in the throat and killed him. Whereupon his men instantly shot and killed her. Another time fourteen of their Cavalry men were sleeping behind their horses in a barn in Belgium. Local civilians, not soldiers, surrounded and shot and killed all but one.

This Frels does not believe that Kaiser Wilhelm wanted war, but that it was his ambition to be a peace Kaiser. He said their military attacked Russia and warned the Germans that the Russians were mobilizing, but the Germans only laughed at him saying that war was impossible. He thinks Wilhelm would not have gone to Norway on a vacation had he expected to go to war. He wants the French to get out of the Ruhr and wants fixed the total amount Germany is to pay so they can proceed intelligently to paying. He told of a wealthy friend of his who lived in the occupied territory. Within the past month the French took possession

of his villa for their officers, leaving him only two small rooms for himself and family. One day their maid picked some of their roses, their own roses as they thought, which angered the Frenchmen, so they were ordered out and are now living in a hotel.

We told him my Grandfather was Henry Frels, and he had a brother named John Gerhard Frels. His reply was that in Bardenfleth we would probably find their relatives for the names were the same, namely two brothers Henry and Gerhard. Bardenfleth was only five kilometers away, about three and one-eighth miles. So we went there, finding a young Henry Frels with a wife and two children, girls age about three and seven. He, too, was a strong and intelligent man. He had studied the Frels history somewhat and finds they were mentioned as early as the 13th Century, their habitat being mainly in three villages, viz: Bardenfleth, Hammelwarden (near Elsfleth) and Altenhuntorf. He himself is the sixth Henry in succession. His father Henry is dead. I asked if his name was Heinrich. He said no, it was Hinrich, and he pronounced it Henry.



The Henry Frels at Bardenfleth
Henry, Mrs. Frels and daughters

Their house is immense in size. It is brick with tile roof having family and all livestock, machinery, hay, etc. under the same roof as is the custom everywhere here. At his door step is a part of the walk which was an old gravestone of the Frels'. The inscription was faint, and it had a "crest" or "Coat of Arms" on it. I asked if it was the Frels Coat of Arms. He said he did not know if they had one.

He was proud of some fine prizes he had won on his blooded "Oldenberg" horses. Besides some silver memorials, he had some framed pictures of stallions he has owned. One of them was the highest priced stallion ever brought into that part of the country. He did not appear to be a braggart. He, too, was in the war and received a shot in the head, while a cousin was wounded five times. We declined to stay for coffee for a lack of time, and also declined his cigars. But we took three blocks of peat or "turf". The dark kind they use for fuel, the brown they break and use for bedding for the horses. The cattle had no bedding whatsoever, for there is no straw. But the stables were all clean as one's kitchen.

Captain William Frels had a mowing machine like ours in America. He said it was of German make but originally he had used the Walter A. Wood mowers, made in U.S.A.

After taking Henry's house fore and aft, and the family, he went with to Gerhard Frels, a quarter of a mile or so, down the paved, tree-lined road, saying, however, that Gerhard was 75 years of age and so sick he probably could not see anyone. And so we found it to be. I took pictures of the Gerhard Frels place, while Henry was inside. When he came out, saying his uncle was too ill to see us, we motored back, on past Henry's and to Bremen.



The Gerhard Frels Home

At the right is Mr. and Mrs. Carl Frels of Elsfleth, Germany, their son and his wife and their little son. The thatched roof home above their picture was built in 1709 and lived in until 1912. The family now lives in the house at the right. They have a team of horses, cows, hogs, sheep and chickens, farm machinery and a pick-up truck. The storks lived in the roof of this house for years, after they deserted their nest it was taken down. There was two pick-up loads of material in the nest. The Frels have 20 to 30 acres of land here. I visited these folks on three occasions while in Elsfleth.

L.D.H. 1955

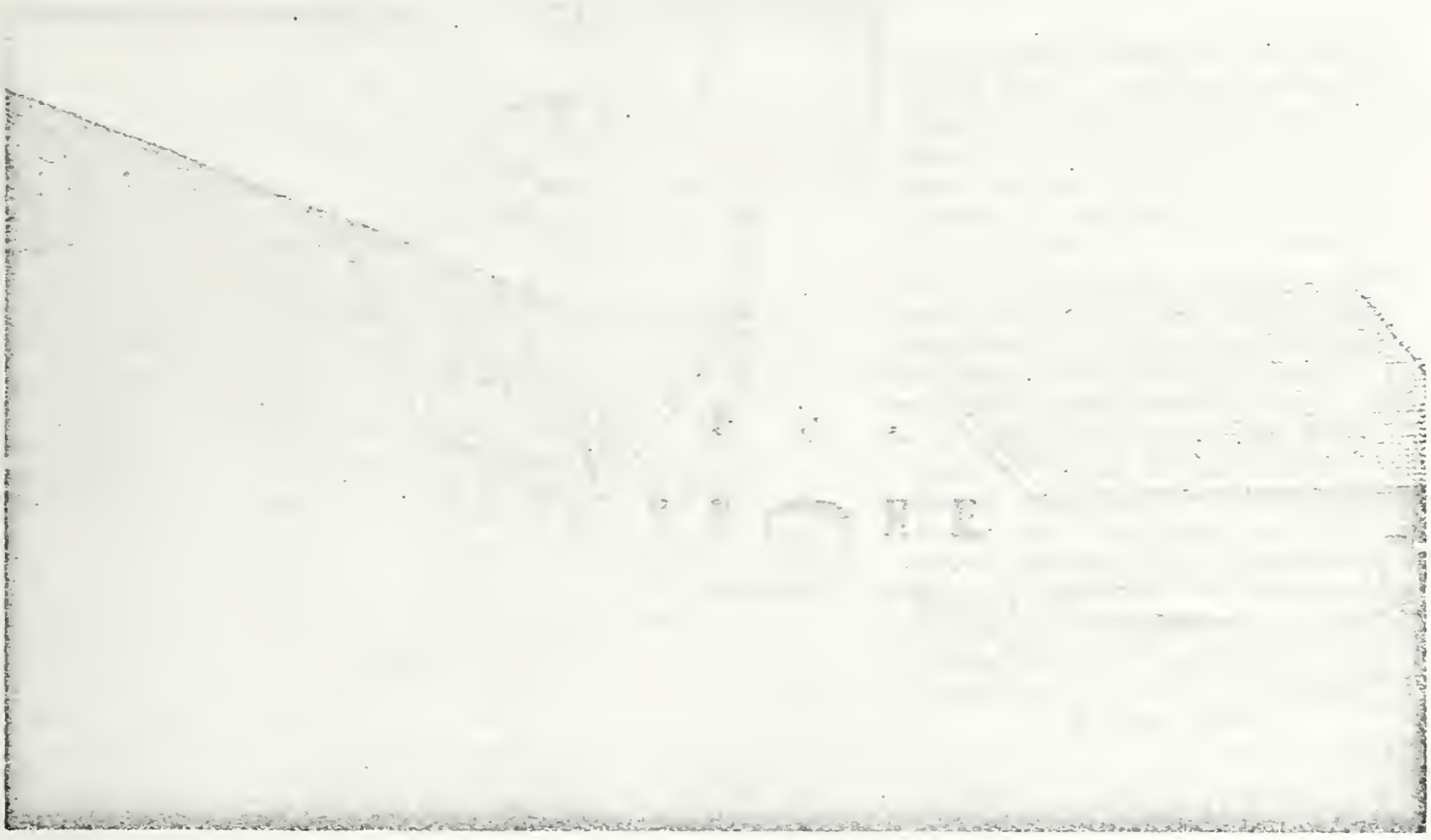
At the left is a snap at the front gate at Gerhard Frels'. He was sick in bed, and could not be seen. Our Grandfather Henry Frels' brother's name was John Gerhard Frels.

Herr Gerhard Frels' roof looks like thatch, which would be rye, straw or "slough grass". Dr. Gerhard Frels, two of whose German letters appear in this pack, is a son of this Gerhard Frels.

July 21, 1924







This is the rear of the Henry Frels' residence. Besides his family, it houses his cattle and horses. Hogs usually are kept in a building by themselves, --but not always. The stables are however, kept so clean that you do not smell them when in the rooms used by the family. We should admit, with due humility, that so large a building, made of brick and roofed with tile, is quite advanced over their American relatives' at least as to cost of the building. One often finds, also, that stables are fireproof, --i.e. a fire could burn all the hay and straw in it, but would hardly reach the next room.

Henry asked if the Frels in America were strong, self-relient men. He said his uncle had lost his property, and his son, who also served in the war, has since worked his way through college and was working his way through law school and getting on very well.

Captain William's and Henry's folks are believed to be related, but distantly. Neither seemed to know of the Frels in America. Perhaps it's not strange, for Grandfather Frels left there in the 1830-35, nearly 100 years ago. I remember you said the Frels were people of property. I did not learn the acreage owned by them.

We are leaving for home, more than satisfied with our trip. We have not loafed along the way, and have kept busy picking up scenes and experiences which we hope will be helpful some time.

Naturally we are proud that I got to the top of the Jungfrau. It is the highest on the Bernese Oberland. Three crowded trains of three or four coaches each went to the Jungfraujoch on Wednesday, but only two persons went to the summit. Next day five of us, besides our three guides, were the only ones to venture. The day following that, no one could go on account of the wind. The guide said the wind would blow one off the steep places. We had almost given up on Thursday, getting up at 3:00 A.M. and finding the mountain cloud covered, but we started at 5:00 and at 9:20 were on top, --awfully tired and wondering why I was so crazy. The top is so narrow, one can straddle it like on a horse, and awful chasms on all hands, but wonderfully grand after all, with a great sea of clouds below you, and peak after peak standing out of the beds of perpetual snow from the time we left the hotel to about the



Mr. and Mrs. Gustaf Frels

The present owners of the Willie Frels home. They have a son and daughter. Your writer was in this home. It is just as beautiful inside as out. They have 100 or so acres of land adjoining their home. They had the usual livestock. I saw no fences on his farm. They are considered big farmers, at the edge of Elsfleth along the main highway through the village. I visited these folks in May. All the livestock was in the barn. They were brilliant folks to visit with. Gustaf remarked that farming conditions were favorable in 1912, but after the wars it is strenuous to keep up payments. I remarked to Gustaf that he did not resemble the Frels family. He replied that he resembled his mother's folks.

L.D.H. 1955

summit. The guide had to chop steps, and in places had to chop notches for our hands, it was so steep. I was roped to my guide. They do not take more than two persons to a guide, for if anything happened he could scarcely take care of that many.

I am bringing my ax home as a souvenir. Much of the way I had to stick the handle full length into the snow, then get my feet ahead in safe tracks, then pull up the ax and strike it in again until my right arm was sore. I recovered quickly from my fatigue. I asked the guide how many more mountains I ought to climb before tackling the Matterhorn, a more difficult proposition. He complimented me by saying promptly, "I'll take you up there tomorrow. You're a good climber." So it seems my legs and arms still have good stuff in them. The guide is Edourd Feuz. He has three sons who are doing guiding in the Canadian Rockies. One of them helped to rescue the widow after her husband fell to his death over there. Her husband was a professor in an Indiana college. You have read of it a year or two ago. Feuz also knows the two guides who helped Annie Peck, the famous climber, up the Andes Mountains of South America. Miss Peck spent a night or two with us in Rock Island and told us all about her experiences.

I must close. The idea of this letter was mainly to tell of our very agreeable visit to the Frels. It's just midnight. Sue is softly snoring. Last night it was 1:00 A.M. before we got in at Bremen.

We have criss-crossed Germany considerably. It is one of the most beautiful of countries.

Love from both of us,
J.H.H.

TO THE FRELS COUNTRY IN GERMANY 1938
By Clara Frels Payne

Sunday, August 28, 1938, we rode out to find the Frels relation. Ludwig Borgman, my cousin in Bremen, and Heino Timke took us in a car. We drove to Elsfleth first on a road along the Weser river and dyke. We saw nine stork nests and three storks. Most all the houses have thatch roofs--they are one foot thick and most picturesque. All of them are very large, some simple huge dwellings. Cattle, machinery, hay, pigs, horses, wagons, everything under one roof. The highways are all lined on both sides with tall trees arching over the road at the top. I took one picture with the meieriehaus and stork standing on the nest. The farmers put a wagon wheel on the house top, fasten it securely, and then the stork builds his nest. Once he is there the pair comes back every year in the spring to raise their young. Then they migrate to Africa, and by the last of August most of them are gone. September lst we saw three. They like to eat frogs and there are many there. It's wet land and has to have ditches all along the sides of pastures and there are no fences. If one spades down three feet it is all water. There is cattle land, Holstein cattle, some sheep and much thrashing grain, with no corn.

We found Willie Frels place. First he is seventy years old and was not at home. He had gone for the day in his motor boat on the river. But his son August, a tall young married man, his wife and boy and girl were home. Their home is just grand. Where we first came in on the porch it was all glassed in. There were about five large frosted and designed glass doors of dark wood. We entered into an exquisite hall with great carved wood high back chairs and leather seats. On four of them an old carving date 1775 and reading was cut in on the border. The floor was layed herring bone or parquet and oak. We all sat and visited for two hours, then she took us into the other rooms. The dining room was so awful large, the high ceiling, and elaborate wood square carving sideboard of dark wood and about 12 feet long. There was a tall grandfather clock in the dining room, on the wall were black forest wood carved plaques of game rabbits larger than life size standing out thick as life--beautiful work. There was pewter ware all around. In the parlor the glass chandeliers came from Italy--glittering, large and handsomely carved and carved parlor chairs with red plush upholstery.

In the yard in front were roses, fine evergreen trees, shrubs and a pretty lawn. We went all through the barn, also. There were cow stanchons and a concrete floor all scrubbed clean. The Frels hired two women for the house and two men for farm hands. The horse stalls were very good and square ones for the horses and colts. They had big bricks of peat that were put through a corn sheller and used for stock bedding. All grain, machinery, hay, hog pens all under one roof, the house connecting with a stone stairs on one end. The name FRELS was cut in a stone above the barn door.

We then left and drove into Elsfleth and had a fine hot dinner, then went on for about 18 kilometers to Henrich Frels inquiring often. Everyone knew him. We passed their front yard before turning into the driveway. It was a large one with a beautiful flower garden and fruit trees and vegetables. The large home set back in, with flowers way up to their door. It was a vine covered brick house.

We all went in. They all were home and after telling them who we were, we first entered a long very wide hall inside the house. The floor was large square tile or red stone, very spacious, on one end it went to the front of the house where large windows were and a table and chairs with red plush covers. The other end entered into the barn. We went in one room first where Henry, a fine looking blue-eyed large man, showed us his prize winner horses pictures and trophies, --the room was full of book and trophies. He has taken prizes all over the world it seems. Frels have always dealt in blood horses from his Great-Great-Grandfather. We then went into the parlor (Frels have owned and lived on this farm over 300 years--he is the 7th Henry) and Lena, his wife, made coffee the first thing. She had it ready with a huge platter of various cakes and we all sat around the table. They have two fine girls. Actually they have three daughters, --one is married and lives away. There were eight of us--we had a very good time. Lena is rather quiet but nice. The two girls,

Anneliesa and Frieda, and Henry were very talkative and he and one girl Annelisa who was 11 years old looks just like Donovan Frels. Their rooms were also furnished very nice.

Then we talked for an hour or so and they took us out into the front yard. On the road came soldiers and a band marching past with a big flag. We took a picture of our little party. Then they said we would see the barn and horses.

The girls were anxious for us to see the horses. The one at once came back with a half loaf of dark bread to feed them so she could catch them and put on the halter. They were out in the pasture, the two thorough breeds each having a fine colt, one was one month old, other three months old. First we saw all through the huge barn. They are in the midst of thrashing loads of grain, and stacks of it were in the barn. It is a very spacious one, no where in all the barn did it seem crowded. Their wagons have high wheels. Cow stanchons, horse stables, were many and very clean. The box stables for mares and colts were white walls with iron bars. There was straw in the horse stalls. On one end was the hog pen and in the back part where the hay was put looked like thatch roof and something else but the main roof was tile. It was very interesting--they work with different machinery than we do. They had a corn mover and a hay mowing machine, American-made. They have much land.

Then we saw the stock. Frieda, 17 years old, was going to bring in one mare. First we were shown the prize brands on the neck of the mare. Under the mane it was burned right along the neck, --it was full of prizes with many marks. Also, there were some on the hind quarter. The colts were very fine. We took pictures, then Frieda got the other one while we were looking this first one over. She has to work up to them with the bread. The horses do not like the handling they get for being taken off the place for shows. They go through a lot of grooming, tails have to be fixed as to stand straight up, etc. That is why they do not want to get haltered and brought into the stable.

There, as well as all Germany and Holland, is the cow hoof and mouth disease and there on the marsh on the Gemeinde Moorrieman Oldenburg-Land it's very bad. He lost four cows and many yet are sick off in pastures. We did not see them. They gave us a picture of a colt getting milk from a cow. The mother did not have enough for it. The two girls take a big interest in stock, especially the horses. They showed us the wedding pictures of their daughter and the husband had a silk plug hat in his hand. She had a wreath and veil. They asked us if we dress like that for a wedding. The son-in-law is a rider and driver for his horses at horse shows. He said he was often exchanging addresses and he said to tell J. H. Hauberg to write him. When we left, it was near seven o'clock and we got to Bremen at 8:30. It was a fine ride all day.

The Frels history in Germany dates back to the 13th Century. Their habitat being mainly about three villages, viz: Bardenfleth, Hammelwarden (near Elsfleth) and Altenhuntorf. Their house is immense in size, brick with tile roof or slate. Machinery and hay, all livestock and their living quarters are all under one roof. The walls inside are practically fire-proof. If all the hay burns the walls keep the fire from the rest of the things.

Space here does not allow much about our eight month European trip. Since so many of our clan are of Lutheran faith I want to say that I spent one day at Wittenberg Lutherstadt, a train trip of 70 miles from Berlin. There is so much to see here. In the Schlosskirche is where Martin Luther is buried just at the foot of the pulpit and across the isle is the grave of Milanchthorn. Both graves have an elevated marble cover raised about two feet above the door. The Luther 95 Theses large door is bronze with raised letters on the bronze door. The first door was made of wood and the French burned it. The Kaiser had his own special chair when he came there to visit. The church and museum and the fortifications and tower of the keep are built together in a large square. It is very large. The Kaiser presented a huge Bible bound in metal to the church. The large books of velum with the finest writing and gold embossed page borders are simply elegant. And many spite coins money are seen in glass cases. There are beautiful large paintings of the Elector who stood fast to Luther. It is a very interesting city to see. A very large bronze statue of Luther is in the town.

At the city of Potsdam, close to Sans Souci Palace where the Kaiser Wilhelm lived, is the Garrison Church he attended. There, too, he had his beautiful chair. His soldier escorts sat in the balcony. On the wall of the pulpit beside the minister is an hour glass which time of fifteen minutes it takes the sand to go through. Then the sermon has to stop. The reason for this is that some of the Kaisers men may go to sleep and are then punished for it. In this church is the Tomb of Frederick the Great and his father Frederick William the First. Back of two gold gates and by the gold alter and below the pulpit is where Adolph Hitler took the oath of Chancellor of the Third Reich of Germany in 1932. Both the cities are in the Russian zone now. We saw Hitler in Hamburg. We spent three days in the walled city of Nurnberg.

Bargains in German castles are offered in May 1954 in Bonn, Germany: You can now buy or lease a German castle at bargain prices. Some 5,000 tax-worried dukes, counts, and barons along the Rhine River are starting a sellout of Germany's medieval romance. For instance, a real brick-stone tower, overlooking the legendary Rhine, is for lease at near-by Overwesel for $23.81 a month. No heating, no electricity, but there are a few genuine armored suits of famous knights around the palace. At least 50 percent of Germany's world-famous 10,000 castles--most of them on or near the Rhine River--are for sale, including the legendary Phillipsburg at Braubach, Brug Rheineck, and Schlossburg Ariendorf, but there are no buyers.

Oldenburg Land is just a small portion of Germany. The central and southern mountains are beautiful and many of the old towns and cities are over 1,000 years old.

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF OLDENBURG LAND, GRAND DUCHY OF NORTHERN GERMANY

Oldenburg, a state of Germany with an area of 2,479 square miles, consists of three widely separated provinces(1) Oldenburg (2) Liebeck and (3) Birkenfeld. It has one vote in the German Reichsr of Oldenburg proper and is bounded on the north by the North Sea and on the other three sides by Hanover, with the exception of a small strip on the east, where it is continuous with the territory of the free city of Bremen. It forms part of the north-western German Plain lying between the Weser and the Ems Rivers. The climate is temperate and humid, the meanest temperature of the coldest month at the town of Oldenburg is 26° F., of the warmest 66° F. Storms are numerous and fogs and ague are prevalent in the marsh lands. The chief rivers are the Hunte flowing into the Weser, and the Hase and Leda flowing into the Ems. The Weser itself forms the eastern boundary for 42 miles and internal navigation is facilitated by a canal connecting the Hunte and the Leda. There are dikes and sluices. The rich soil of the marsh lands produce good crops of wheat, oats, rye, hemp and rope, and is especially adapted for grazing sheet and cattle and fine horses. The total population of the republic of Oldenburg in 1939 was 582,402 and is mainly a Protestant country.

Our grandfather, Henry Frels, left Oldenburg in the 1830's when the Grand Duke ruled the province. The population in 1875 was 319,314. The Lutheran was the predominent church. There were about 200,000 Lutherans and Roman Catholics numbered 70,000. The military forces of Oldenburg, about 2,000 men on peace footing, formed a portion of the Prussian army. There was provincial college, several secondary and 500 elementary schools. But, in consequence of the scarcity of villages in the duchy and the isolated position of many of the homes of the peasantry, schools are not common in the country districts. There are no fences, ditches separate the pastures and fields. Water is within two and three feet from the surface, and when horses run the ground trembles. Peat is used for fuel and the roads are all tree lined.

The country is flat, belonging to the great sandy plains of northern Germany and consists for the most part of moors heaths, marsh or fens. Here and there on the banks of rivers uniform level is broken by gentle acelivities, covered with wood or by picturesque lakes surrounding fruitful pasture land. This is stork country. They migrated to Africa for winter. The horse market at Oldenburg, and the cattle sales at Ovel gome are frequented by purchasers from every part of Germany. They have turf beds of enormous extent. There are some linen and stocking looms and a few tobacco works. There are no manufacturers.

There are however many distilleries, breweries and tanyards in all parts of the duchy. The trade is principally a coasting trade carried on in small vessels from 20 to 40 tons which can thread their way along shallow channels connecting the larger rivers.

Chapter III

Early Life Story of Four Children of Henry Frels

Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg

Henry Frels, my father, came to this country in 1840. He located in Hampton Township on a timber farm. He was married in 1842.

I was born in 1845, I will tell what I saw in those days when I was a little girl old enough to remember anything. I saw wild turkies lots of times at my father's corn-crib. I saw deer in droves near our house, and quail were as plentiful as our chickens, and pheasants were seen in flocks.

One time I will never forget, a big Indian came across our field and talked with my mother, but she could not understand him. I hid myself. He had a bow and arrows with him. At that time we lived in a one room log cabin with a cellar and one room upstairs. We had a ladder to go upstairs and a big fireplace to warm up and do our cooking. All the utensils my mother had to cook with was an iron tea kettle and a three-legged skillet to bake bread in. The skillet had an iron lid; it was set in the fireplace and covered with ashes and hot coals. It baked good bread. Then Mother had an iron kettle to boil meat and potatoes. It was hung on the crane in the fireplace. My father would get a small log on the fire, and some small limbs and it would make a nice big fire. We little ones would sit on the other end of the log and play jump over it The fire was so bright that Mother would sit and knit all evening without a candle lit up.

Mother was a good hand at knitting. Father kept sheep and we had our clothes made. Mother got the yarn spun during the year--all the spare time she had she would spin and color the yarn blue and some brown. Then she would buy the skeins of warp and take it to Uncle John Frels whose mother-in-law had a loom to weave goods on. When she had it woven, mother made us dresses of it, and she had Uncle George Mandler make Father's clothes of the brown cloth. Uncle George Mandler was mother's brother. He was a first class tailor.

The brown color was made with the use of Brazilian chips, while a fast blue was secured by using chamber lye and indigo mixed with it. I remember very well the old earthenware pot about one and one half feet high sitting in the kitchen so it would not freeze. It did not smell very good, but no one thought anything about it as everyone knew what it was.

When I got old enough I was sent to school,--a log house with desks against the wall and the benches were made of a split log and smoothed off and four legs fitted to it. Whenever we had to write, we had to slip our feet around to the other side of the bench. I wore my home-spun dress; my sister did the same with good woolen stockings and coarse shoes. The winters were very cold with deep snow through which to walk to school.

When I was about six years old, a preacher came to our house and stayed a week or more with us, and I and brother Henry and sister Mary were Christened, and all our neighbors' children were christened before he left. The years run on and finally they had a preacher come to give sermons in a frame school house that had been built; so for years we had church. Then the Germans together bought a brick house in Hampton and had church there every Sunday. Father and Mother went every Sunday. By this time Father had a carriage to take us all in.

Father had four and five men every summer to cut wood, which he hauled to Hampton along the Mississippi shore for the steamboats.

We made our own molasses and had lots of sugar maple trees tapped in the springtime from which we gathered the sap for this molasses. Mother would make her soap from the wood ashes. All the people did this at that time--cooked their soap every year. We would have

a big barrel of soft soap. Daniel Holmes was with us for years. He made all the shingles we used on our first brick house, and made lots of them to sell. They were sawed off a log in the length of shingles; split fine, then shaved down to right size, then were cooked in a big kettle and then packed in a bunch.

After Father had lived in the log house for several years he took a notion he could have brick made; so he looked at the soil. It was just the right kind to make brick; so he got men to help. They made a kiln and then sold more than he used to build the house. A two-story house was built. Mother had lots of men to cook for then. She had a stove with two holes on it, and a small oven. The fire box was long. A two-and-a-half foot stick of wood could go in that stove, but this stove was too small for so much cooking. Then Father got a real kitchen stove. Mother had a lady to help her that summer. We had a nice house to move in near the log cabin.

Father sold the timber farm of sixty acres, and made another brick kiln, and first moved the old log house to the prairie farm; then he built a big barn the same year. We lived in the new barn a short time, then lived in the log house until the two story brick house was built. Father in his first years of toiling on the farm had men to cut cordwood and hoop-poles and staves to make barrels, and spokes for wagon wheels. Later on they had to cut ties for the railroad. This wood was all hauled to Rock Island and Moline.

After the railroad was first finished Father would take one of us children with him to Moline, when he drove down, to have us see the train go along. We would stop his team so we could see the train puffing along. At that time, Moline was a small town; Rock Island was a small town, but it was a thriving town.

My father started out to farming with $5.00 in his pocket. He made his own wagon, and sawed the wheels off of a big log, and got it all complete except a few parts made by his brother, as he was a blacksmith. He lived about a mile from our place. Land was cheap then, they all made their money by working in their timber and only had a small place cleared to sow wheat and garden. A yoke of oxen was his team to work and plow with.

Father worked very hard, and at the time of his death he owned 380 acres of good land, besides he had several lots and a house in Hampton. When I was married (September 15, 1862) I moved in a small log house, from our fine big brick home. There I had to climb a ladder again to go upstairs. This was all your father had to live in with his young helpmate. We lived four years in this log cabin and the two oldest children, Amelia and Emma, were born there. In 1866 we built this big stone house on the hill and it has since been our home.

His daughter, Mrs. Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg said of him:

"My Father was a great hustler and good at planning things. He had no schooling whatever. His parents died when he was so young he did not remember them and he was brought up by different relatives, first with one and then with another. Potatoes and buttermilk was all he got to eat, and no schooling. When he was fourteen years of age he left them and went to sea and for five years served on sailing vessels on the Ocean. His son Henry Frels said at the above picnic, "Father's work on the Ocean was the care of ropes -- lines, and he was an expert on splicing and knots and rope work generally." Then he came to America and was in Virginia for some time; I don't know how long, and then for five years he worked on steamboats on the Mississippi (Henry Frels at above named picnic said he worked on steamboats on the Lower Missouri also. Marx D. Hauberg at above picnic said Grandfather (Henry) Frels worked on steamboats on the Ohio River for one summer, worked in salt works in Ohio the winter following, then came to work on steamboats on the Mississippi through the summer season and spent two of the intervening winters working at the lead mines at Galena, Illinois).

Mrs. Hauberg continued: "In 1840, I think it was, he started farming with five dollars. That was all the money he had, and there was hardly any money to be had in those days; everything was traded." (The Haubergs' have a small bowl, and George Frels' have a large china platter, both being part of a set of fine china which Mrs. Hauberg said her Father got at

St. Louis. Others say he got it as part payment of his wages on steamboat work--that the steamboat authorities had not the cash to pay off their crew.

Henry Frels' work on the steamboats is thought to have been that of "Deck Hand" or "Roustabout" at least part of the time, and one who worked with him used to tell of his strength, for example: The men carried wheat aboard the boats. One sack was thrown over the shoulder, another was placed on top of that, and resting partly on the first sack and partly on the head of the man. Henry Frels did not always think this to be load enough and would pick up another sack and carry it under his arm. The sacks weighed 150 pounds each.

Mrs. Hauberg continued: "My mother was a good scholar from Germany, and after they were married they kept German newspapers and my father got so he read very well."

Marx D. Hauberg says that in addition to farming Mr. Frels owned a brick yard or two at Hampton, where brick were made. He also owned the "Farmers Store" at Rock Island, and stock in Stokes Flour Mill at Cleveland, Illinois.

Mrs. Hauberg, on March 18, 1915, continued "Father and his brother John Frels were among the earliest settlers in that neighborhood, and there old George Wiltamuth and others came, and as soon as they got a little clique together they built the German Lutheran Church. Adam Weigandt came and he was quite a churchman too."

Old George Wiltamuth was our neighbor, but he wouldn't have our fence join on to his; he always made trouble; so he made a seven-rail fence on his side of the line and Father made a rail fence on our side, with just a cow path between. This was back in the woods, north, by the Mosher School, -the whole forty, from one end to the other, he put up his fence, and Father put up his. His Grandson Henry Wiltamuth has married a Swede girl; he is the one who just bought the Mill's place. He bought out Mrs. Mill at $130.00 per acre.

You spoke of the Civil-War-Time letter from Fritz Wandschneider. He used to work around the neighborhood here as a hired man; he could do mason work too, and he built the stone foundation for Grandfather Hauberg's barn, --the barn where we had our wedding dance. That used to be the biggest barn around here. Wandschneider's half-sister married Pete Wiltamuth.

I used to like to hear Grandfather Hauberg talk. He was so earnest about it; he often got into trouble when they got to talking about negroes and Dutch, because he was always ready with his fist if they didn't look out.

Per- Mrs. M. D. Hauberg
at her home Coe Township
March 18, 1915

Henry Frels, Jr.

John H. Hauberg had the following interview with Uncle Henry and Aunt Lizzie Frels on September 15, 1922. Uncle Henry replied, --Father and George Wiltamuth bought 40 acres of land together November 8, 1847. Father wanted to fence the forty so he could turn his livestock in the field. Wiltamuth wouldn't cooperate, so Father built a rail fence and put it on his side of the line. It made Mr. Wiltamuth mad, so he built his share putting it on his side of the line. Father offered to sell him what he had already built but he wouldn't buy. People passing here would ask what the reason for two fences was. They could see them from the road, the place being on the bottom-land below. (A "Devils Lane")

"For some reason Father never liked old man Addicks. Addicks married the widow of Father's brother, John Gerhard Frels. Addicks was careless about his fences and his livestock

would get into Father's field, and Father would go to see him about it. Father had a strong temper and was not particular what he said. Old man Addicks would promptly bring out the Bible and start to read it to Father, and Father would say, 'I do not want the Bible read, I want you to fix your fence.'

"When I was a boy we got all our water for household and other uses from the spring along the road. Father built his new brick house here on account of the spring being where it was. I've made many a trip down hill getting water from the spring. The spring is still running but the water does not rise so high in the walled-up shallow well (about four feet deep). I dug a place for the cattle to drink, just a few rods--two or three rods to the west of the old spring, and the water seeps into the new place now. It still comes up nice and cold. The State paved highway men have surveyed here and they want twenty-four feet more added to the road on the south side, and that will put the middle of the paving right about over the old spring. I want to get them to let me have an underground passage for my cattle because they have to cross the road twice a day, to and from the pasture."

"The Kleinau's bought our old first brick house, back in the hollow where Father had his first log house. Mrs. Kleinau was a character. Geese, ducks, and chickens had the free run of the house the same as the family, and were all over everything. She was a great woman to visit and she would stay until 10:00 or 11:00 at night, and then start home with her lantern and a club to kill skunks with, should they come too close to her. She was a constant talker, and would talk about what she read and also all about their life in Germany. One time it rained awfully hard while she was at our house and I went with her to see that she got across the creek, because it would be up over the banks. We got to where the Stuhr house is, and the water was so high I told her she could not cross, but she said, 'I'm going to cross', and she took off her shoes and threw them across and then she lifted up her skirts and waded over. I laughed."

"Another time she was at our house and everything was covered with sleet. I offered to help her down from the porch but she said she'd get along without help. Her feet went out from under her and she slid all the way down to the road before she stopped."

"She took her four Grandchildren to her home after the death of their mother, and they grew up there. They were Otto, Louis, and George. They all turned out bad, but Louis was a kind hearted boy and would look after the old lady if she got sick. She had Louis herd cattle along the public road. He would go to sleep and the cattle would get into someone's corn field and they would send for the Old Lady. She would chase Louis through the corn field with a club to beat him, and he would dodge from row to row shouting 'You can't catch me'. One time she caught him at our barn when he was supposed to be watching the cattle. He saw her coming and he jumped down from the upper door, 8 or 10 feet and ran. She went around and chased him, and threw her club at him."

The following is John H. Hauberg's interview with Henry Frels at the time of their Golden Wedding Anniversary December 17, 1924, at the old Frels homestead.

In speaking of how the bricks were made for the old homestead in which his son Harry Frels now lives: They had a wooden pole up and down, they bored holes through this standard and put in wooden pegs, and then made a box around it. Everything had to be solid. At the top of this upright pole a lever was fastened to which they hitched a horse. Then they would dump the mud or clay into this box, put in quite a bit of water and then start the horse and grind that all into mush.

Then they had a door with a slide at the bottom of that box and a platform out in front. Then as they refilled, it would crush it out from the bottom and they'd take it and put it into a mould and it formed the brick.

I was only a boy but I handled lots of the brick that was burned there for the house. They used to sell quite a few brick. They'd put me up next to the Kiln and hand the brick to me and I'd slide them down into the wagon."

The Kiln had wooden arches to put the fire in--for a fireplace. They'd set the brick so air would circulate through. The Kiln, when finished, would be ten or twelve feet high. The top was covered with clay to hold the heat.

They got the clay from the barn foundation--where the present old barn is. They had the barn partly built, and we lived in the basement of it for awhile. Father had sold the other (brick) house and they wanted possession. The brick were made on the lower side of the road, near the spring."

Old man McEniry made the brick. No, he didn't have so much help. It took a couple of men to get the clay down there, and to take the brick out of the Kiln. He may have had five or six men altogether. I am not sure whether any houses around here were built from the brick made on this place. Ours was to be two full stories high, but it got late in the season, so they finished it at one and one half stories. It took quite a bit of fuel, quite a bit of wood, four foot lengths, day and night for a certain length of time, to bake or harden the brick for endurance. I don't know how long it did take.

The pole, the upright for the clay mill, was cut in our woods of the right size. The pegs went way through it, and there were three or four crosses of them sticking both ways. Then to the top of the upright was a lever to which a horse was hitched and went round and round to mix and grind the clay.

After the brick were put in the Kiln--they were dried first so they could be handled--they smeared clay all over the outside of them and if the heat cracked it they'd go over it again with clay.

Henry Miller and his brother Fred built the brick house. They had just come from the Old Country. They'd bought the old home place from Father. No, they don't live here any more. They moved to Wilton, Iowa, north or northwest of the Wapsie. I helped move them. I think the old folks are dead now."

Several years ago we put in a furnace. Only half of our house had a cellar under it and we did not want to put the furnace in there, so we dug under the other part, and we found a stone ax that the Miller's had brought from the Old Country and used in building the house. I've got it here in the house. All it needs is a new handle."

"These bluffs here were nearly all in heavy timber. Once in a while you'd find a little log cabin, and every chance they got they'd clear a little more land, and increase the acreage for farming.

"Our roads were just trails--a track running through the woods and brush. The tops of trees so tall they'd touch, and it was like going through a tunnel.

These bottoms down here were all swamps. Yes, you couldn't walk across the bottoms without jumping from bog to bog and if you missed you'd go in to your knees in mud. When I was a boy I used to have to take a horse and rope and pull cattle out of the mud. Sometimes they had been there too long--dead."

We cut our hay with a scythe where there was water. Then we'd get two long poles, lay them side by side, lay the hay on them and carry it to the high ground to dry. After it was dry we'd go down with horses or oxen and bring it home and stack it."

"In later times we had to fence our crops. Stock ran at large; you had to protect your own crops. We'd drive in sharpened posts and take fence rails, slabby like--we'd hew them flat and nail them on. The water would freeze to the posts, and high water in the spring lifted the ice, fence and all and floated it away, so we had to build new fence nearly every year.

"Stage traffic?--none that I recollect."



Sometimes Rock River overflowed a couple times a year. This time in 1917 it was up over the fences. A heavy freeze froze ice 2½ feet thick. Emma Henninger and daughter Bessie are in the buggy on this ice.

"Yes, Hampton was bigger than Moline. It was a pretty lively town at that time.

"Yes, deer. I saw them in droves. Your mother and Fred (Broady) would go up into the timber to get the cows toward evening. One time they got in sight of a sumach clump and they saw the tops move and they thought it was the cows. When they got there a drove of deer ran out."

"Where John Mosher lives now (farm next west) a man by the name of Wicker lived. He was an uncle of Henry Schroeder of Geneseo. He owned the Mosher place. He used to turn his horses out at night after he had his day's work done, and one morning he wanted to go out and get his horses. He took the halters. He had his pasture on both sides of where the gate is now (north side of road). When he got to the gate, a big deer buck was stuck in the mud. He said, "I'll have a little fun with you". He put the halter on the deer's horns. He was going to lead the deer home. He got him out of the mud and the deer ran off into the woods taking his halters with him."

"When I first went to school they'd come up from the towns, Moline and Rock Island. We generally had lots of snow. They'd come by with a team and with their rifles and stuff and go up into the timber and be there for a few days. Then we'd see them drive back to town with the bobsleigh full of deer. I saw that a good many times, when I first went to school."

Henrietta Frels Schmoll

Interviewed by J.H.H. and L.D.H.

Tuesday, September 30, 1924, the descendants of Henry Frels had their second reunion. The first was held on August 28, 1921, at Frank Payne's.

The meeting today was held at the Friedens Church, at Uncle Henry Frels'. This should really be called the Frels Church. In registering, we were No. 53, 54, and 55. There were more than that present. Sue had a membership committee meeting of Y.W.'s at our house and couldn't be with the Frels'. Pa, Anna, Louis, Nora and Helen were there, besides John H. Hauberg Jr., Catherine and myself. We arrived after the rest had had dinner in the basement of the church.

I gave a talk on our visit in Germany, particularly to the Frels' at Elsfleth and Bardenfleth, and showed peat specimens.

Anna put the ladies through some games, and I led them all in a hike to where Grandfather Frels built his first log house, and where later he built the first brick house in 1852. Aunt Etta Schmoll said: "When Father built this house the public roads had not been laid out. People drove over fields and across lots. When the road was laid out it did not come past here. Father said he did not want to live back off the road, so he bought land out on the prairie and built there in 1858.

"This house originally was two and a half stories high, but a tornado blew off the roof and the top story, and they did not build it up again but finished it at one and a half stories high as it is now. This was long after Father sold it to the Millers."

"The top floor of the old two and one half story house was used as a dance floor. Yes, we danced there. The large room to the northwest on the second floor was used often as a granary. The men would carry the grain there in sacks and empty it in the room.

"After the tornado Mrs. Kleinau took the stairway from the hall and moved the partition out and put the stairs on outside and she lived upstairs and Erve Wiley's lived downstairs."

"I don't know the year the tornado came, but Clarence and Carl were little and Fred (Etta's husband) was threshing at Noonan's and I was awfully scared, it was such a dark, cloudy storm. Old man Kleinau heard the noise when the roof blew off the house and he went out to see, and a brick struck him on the head and nearly killed him."

"When Father lived back in the timber we had to cross the creek several times and we had gates to open to get to the new public road that was laid out between the bluff and edge of the bottom land. So he decided to build a brick house on his land along this road. They made the brick near the spring south of the road. For years afterwards melons was the only thing they could raise on that ground, it had so many broken bricks in the soil."

"Father knew that his brother John lived here, and when he came from St. Louis he brought a pear tree with him, and as he didn't have any land of his own he planted it on his brother's place. Uncle Henry used to buy pears from that tree, and when I was attending the German school, we used to stop and steal pears from it. The folks who got the place chopped it down. We thought it was 100 years old.

"Yes, there was another, an older brother than John. He left Germany before John did and John left Germany before Father did. Old Mrs. Hamann asked me if I knew I had an uncle in Springfield, Illinois. Hamann's lived in Springfield and knew the Frels and the Lincolns, and when she came to Geneseo, at Rastede's Store, they were calling a man "Frels" so she asked: 'Are you related to Frels in Springfield?'. My stepmother got so mad. Father bought a big history book that told about the Mormons. She would say: 'Sitzt immer und lesest in

das verflughte mormon buch' (Always sitting and reading that dammed mormon book). I guess Father was trying to figure out where his brother was. He had joined the Mormons. He had left his wife and daughter. At that time there were lots of Indians and Father thought maybe the Indians had killed him. They never heard from him again.

Old Mrs. Rastede--someone said to my Father at the Coe & Canoe Creek Fair, that she was in the country, and shortly after he found out where the Rastede's had settled. He took George and me along. They lived south of Albany, Illinois. The 'Docia was so high. We were near Albany. Father didn't want to go back, but the water was over the bridge. Only the peaks--the bridge braces--were sticking out. Father rolled his pants up, took off his shoes and stockings and got a pole and went and waded to the bridge to see if the planks were still on it. I started to bawl. I cried so, he said, 'I'll take George and I'll come back for you.' When he got near the shore on the other side of the bridge the horses went into a hole--over their backs and the buggy went in too. I was still on the other side.

"We stayed a couple of days at Rastede's and then the water was down again, but the big hole where the sand was washed out was still there. If there had been a current we'd have washed out into the Mississippi River. Father was never afraid of water.

"Father used to tell where he'd worked. He told where he boiled salt. Once he stepped back too far and stepped into one of the salt boilers, and it scalded his foot and leg. He sat in bed five or six weeks. He knew how to knit, so he asked the woman if she had some yarn, and he knitted all the children mittens and stockings. Then he worked in a brickyard and learned how to make brick, and that's the way he knew how to make bricks for his first brick house.

Emma brought up the subject of the chinaware which Grandfather Frels had. It was her idea--gotten in days long ago--that the steamboat company for which Grandfather worked did not have enough cash to pay off the crew, so they gave them chinaware instead. Aunt Etta's idea wasn't just that. She said she understood that there was a fire in St. Louis which destroyed lots of dishes; sets were broken and odds were sold cheap. She said it was real china with thin porcelain, so that when she held it in her hand she could see her fingers through it. Emma said this chinaware was divided among the family. Our mother got the plate; Anna got the pitcher, and Amelia got the bowl, and all the children of our family were baptized from that bowl.

The first Mrs. Frels died, and Grandfather remarried. Etta says she was born in June, and her father married Mrs. Gernant, widow in September of the same year. Emma tells of the second Mrs. Frels' affection for baby Etta, and that she was a very good housekeeper, kindhearted to the children, and made good in a very high degree. It was doubtless a marriage of convenience under the circumstances.)

"Your Ma, (Mrs. M.D. Hauberg) told me they always wanted her mother to have her picture taken, but she's say: 'When I'm dead and gone I don't want a picture left of me'. Emma says that that is what Grandfather J. D. Hauberg always said too. He never had his picture taken.

Mrs. Wiegand had two sons, John and Henry, and two daughters. John and Henry "Wiggins" were so nice. John used to stay with your folks (M.D.H.'s) and in your dad's book (Memoirs) it says he took Anna to Rock Island with him and when he got back they met him and said a big Indian was here."

Emma adds: "I can see the big Indian yet. John Wiegand had baked a stack of pancakes--so high--and was sweeping, and he opened the door and there was a big Indian. They put their foot in as soon as you open the door. The Indian was so big he filled the whole door. Amelia and I were putting on our stockings and shoes. John was about 14 or 16 years old at that time. The cupboard door was open so the Indian saw the bacon in it. He saw the turkey-tail feathers Ma had fixed up and begged for them; then a green head of a duck, and he wanted the bacon, and John gave them all to him--he had to. Amelia and I were scared and crawled under the table.

Aunt Etta said old Mrs. Rastede used the exclamation "heh", and she'd say "Heh, that was so funny. In the Old Country the property that belonged to father's parents--when the youngest came of age, they wanted to settle the estate. Such big 'Balkans' (Timbers) all polished so nice, it sold for $65.00 and nobody to claim it. Father said: 'No, I've got enough here'. He wouldn't go over for the money.

"Your mother (Mrs. M.D.H.) was telling about Father's making a wagon and cutting the wheels off a log with a saw. When he had it done, he drove oxen, he came into the house and said 'Get your things on and we'll drive up to see John (Frels). When they got to Moshers' Creek, the oxen ran to the creek to drink instead of over the bridge. Mother grabbed your mother and Mary and ran out to the bank. When the oxen got through drinking and Father got them turned around, they went over the bridge. The wagon went klop klop."

Interview with Aunt Etta, January 15, 1944

Daniel Holms stayed with us for fourteen years. His work is mentioned elsewhere in this book. Among other things he was busy making shingles, staves and hoops for barrels.

John Gerhard Frels farmed, and he was a skilled blacksmith. He had Gerhard Addicks work for him as a farm hand. John became very ill and was bedfast. His brother Henry, our Grandfather, wanted to sit up with him one night, but Addicks said his brother John wasn't so sick and that he could sit up with him. They always had a trunk against the door to hold it shut, so the wind wouldn't blow it open to create a draft. Grandfather didn't get to see his brother that evening and during the night he died. The German Lutheran Church was not built at that time. The early churches usually had a burying ground for their members in connection with their church. Therefore Uncle John was buried on a knoll in the pasture near his home. Two of his children were previously buried here. Also three of our grandfather's children I understand were buried here.

Grandfather was married in St. Louis in 1842. After the wedding they departed by boat for Hampton, Illinois where his brother lived three miles west in a log house in the timber. The bride and groom were accompanied to Hampton by two sisters of the bride, Anna E. Mandler and Elizabeth Mandler. Anna Elizabeth was born July 10, 1822 and in 1844 she married Ira Wells. In 1847 they moved to Oregon. An account of their journey will be found in another chapter.

Elizabeth, who was born April 19, 1835, married Henry Gode. They moved to Clinton, Iowa. Their life story will be found in another chapter.

Catherine Mandler, who became our Grandmother, was born August 6, 1820 and died June 26, 1862.

Aunt Etta continues: "When we went down to Moline we always stopped at the Halfway House to water our horses and get a drink.

The first year that Father was married he worked quite a bit for Daney Edwards on a farm. The Mandlers had a large clock which Mr. Edwards wanted very much. He often asked Father how much they wanted for the clock. Father never would say, so one day Mr. Edwards offered Father a cow and calf for the clock. This was such a tempting offer to Father that they traded.

September 27, 1944

Today Emma Fairhurst and I called on Aunt Etta Frels Schmoll, at Geneseo, Illinois. She is of good mind and memory, but very heavy on her feet, and says she has an open sore on one of her ankles. She also says she is getting a bit hard of hearing, but she does okay along that line. Emma drew her out on old time occurrences and I diligently wrote them down. She said:

"Yes, the Belgians are getting in all through the country now. Almost every other farm--coming in from the low lands around Atkinson (Illinois). One paid $210.00 per acre for a Redman farm, and another, DeClerk, now lives on the original farm of Adam Gernant. DeClerk bought it of a bank at $85.00 per acre--117 acres--so Mrs. DeClerk told Emma as we stopped there to photo the residence where the Gernant children were born.

"Yes, I own a house in Morristown with three acres of land. I rent it and sometimes he pays. Once he didn't pay for five months so I put it in the hands of a collector. He's been there three years now. Theodore Schmoll has sold out here and says he's going to Colorado to visit all his nieces and nephews"--but Emma can't figure who he has out there unless they are his wife's.

"About the old Frels' cemetery--which was mentioned to us by Dailey at Anna Hauberg's funeral day-before-yesterday--Alvin Frels can tell you where it is--i.e. going around Moshers' hill--then you passed Kate Schave's log house, and the next place is the old John Frels place and the graveyard is on that land. The brick Lutheran Church wasn't built at that time. From the house on that place, toward Kleinau's in the field, used to be a fence around the grave. Dedrick Frels' youngest girl asked me. She said she saw the stones laid flat on the graves and I thought afterward--that's where John Frels and wife were buried.

The OLD school was in the woods. First was Moshers' (house on hilltop next below the Henry Frels'); then the NEW school; then the John Frels. The present house is of brick and frame. Bofarts lived there later, but they moved to Nebraska.

Interview with Aunt Etta, May 11, 1945

Coal Mining

"Father had Henry dig post holes north of the barn for a yard fence. As he dug down he dug into soft slate. On digging deeper, he found coal. Father dug a tunnel into the hillside to the vein of coal. I think the vein was two or two and a half feet thick and the quality of it wasn't as good as deeper down. Father did have seven men working in the mine. Farmers of the community, mostly, got the coal. These men worked fall and winter. We did have a wooden track in the mine on which the cars run, the men pushing them out by hand. Later years a small donkey was used to haul the cars out. We did have a man who lived in the shack where Friedens Church now stands. He hauled coal over the ice on the river to LeClaire, Iowa.

Father had coal before coal was discovered at Happy Hollow by Heagy, Durfey, Peese, Hayse Cox and Company. There were about 300 or more miners working in the mines of Happy Hollow and they lived in shacks. They had a store there and a railroad was built up the hollow to haul the coal out. I used to walk to the store with Mrs. Stuhr (William's mother). I took butter and eggs along, the miners used a lot of them.

George Hartung used to deliver groceries from Blacks Store to the miners at Happy Hollow. The miners lived in shacks around the mine at which they worked,. These different groups were known as patches, There was the Heagy patch, Durfeys patch, Peese patch, etc. The miners didn't work on Saturday afternoon, so they generally went on a spree. There were seven or eight saloons in Hampton. When Hartung made his Saturday deliveries he usually had several drunks to take home. The miners made good money for those days."

From what I've been told it was the highest water they ever had. It was 1881 or 1882 when I was working for Denny Edwards. Well, of course I didn't measure it, but it was said to be 15 feet deep on Denny Edward's pasture. People went over the railroad in boats and around Barstow you could row up and step into the houses right from the boat. That was at every house except at Frank Golden's, but his house was surrounded too.

A stranger wouldn't have known there was a railroad there. They went to the depot in boats.

It never got this high again. The Mississippi River came through the Docia and that is what raised Rock River so high. They put the dyke across the docia and that stopped it.

The first spring I worked at Denny Edward's we could not get out. But the second, I was between the house and the barn and Old Denny came along singing and happy and said, "George, what do you say we make a boat and see what the neighbors are doing?" I asked, "What with?", and he said "We'll use the lumber I got to make a wagon box." We made a boat of it and he said "Can we row it down to Barstow?" I told him we could row it to Moline as easy as we could get to Barstow.

Chapter IV

Henry Frels' Accounts at Blacks Store

Francis Black was born in Massachusetts in 1815. He came to Hampton in 1841 to enter the store business. This store building was three stories high with a basement underneath. It also had an elevator. It was built in 1849. Moris Heagy lived in Hampton, and he wrote a brief history of Hampton which was placed in the library of Rock Island. The following notes regarding Hampton are from his folio.



Francis Black's General Store at Hampton, Illinois

Hampton was first known as McNeals Landing. McNeal cut wood for the steamboats. He married Louisa Wells. Their first child was born October 5, 1832. It was the first white child born in Rock Island County.

There were 11 Wells boys listed among the Rock River Rangers during the Black Hawk War.

George McMurphey came to Hampton in 1845. He operated a saw and grist mill. Will Wright had a store in Hampton in 1868 and he also had a pork house in connection with his store.

In addition to having a general store, Black had a pork packing plant. When boats came down the river with flour from the north, Black traded pork for flour. His local business drew customers for 20 miles around.

In 1868 Hampton had a brass band. George Mandler played the bass drum in this band. George, a tailor by profession, was a brother-in-law to Henry Frels. In 1879 another band was formed with 13 in number. Mr. Heagy says he thought the band a nuisance. They tooted all over town when they practiced. They played quite well for seven or eight years, playing at picnics, at Oltmans Grove, Cleveland, Osborn, Joslin, and at Republican and Democratic rallies.

The following are items of trading which Henry Frels had with Blacks Store at Hampton. These items truly indicate the activity and progress on the farm. We might term it Frels diary kept by Blacks Store. As our early writers including Anna Margaret Hauberg indicate, money was scarce among farmers and store merchants. The farmer brought in the toils from their labor and traded them for the necessities of the home and farm. Blacks Store wasn't the only one in Hampton, but it was the store where Mr. Frels did most of his business of which we have a record. A tour through Blacks Store those days no doubt had a lot of interest, but it would be of greater interest to the public today. It would include, briefly, general merchandise. There were groceries in the barrels such as molasses, vinegar, sugar, crackers, flour, salt, dried apples and prunes, dishes by the barrel, different kinds of thread and yarn in skeins, cord and rope in all sizes, men's suits and ladies' dresses, and children's wear, all in yard goods--you make them yourself. There were boots, shoes in all sizes in one big wooden box, to use these boots and shoes on special occasions, use tallow with plenty of elbow grease, frozen foods only in the winter. Meat department, lard and tallow for candles, good salt bacon, smoked ham and shoulders, and choice rings of sausage. Remember Blacks Store was a meat packing plant, retail and wholesale. Farmers brought their dressed hogs in to sell to Black. He in turn cut it up and processed it by smoking, pickling and salting, packed it in barrels and shipped it to St. Louis in exchange for groceries and other needed products for his store. Then he carried a full line of farm implements for the husky farmers. Axes, saws, spade, scythe, and grain cradle, hoe, wooden beam plow and a double shovel plow for plowing corn. My mother told me her father cut a tree to use as a harrow to smooth and prepare the soil for planting, so there was no need to buy a manufactured harrow.

Blacks Store was three stories high and it had a basement and an elevator. Blacks wood yard must have been of considerable size. Farmers of the area brought in loads and loads of cord wood for the steamboats. Our grandfather had quite an income from his wood, then there was staves for barrels and hoop poles at 7 cents each to be used around barrels.

Before the days of the railroad it behooved the settlers to live near the rivers. These navigable streams afforded the best means of transportation on boats and barges for shipping the few products of industry and products of the farmers. These farmers had plenty to eat, but they desired to sell as much from the farm as they could to get more money to buy more land. St. Louis, New Orleans and other portions of the world had the market for these surplus products and the boats were the common carriers.

Some areas of our land they plant trees to grow fire wood, and as a protection from the winterly winds of the homestead. Our grandfather's problem was to clear the land of the timber so it could be used for farming. He was fortunate in having Hampton and the river steamboats as a profitable outlet as he cleared out his timber. He lived only four miles from this fine market. It was a nice walking distance.

How interesting it would be now to see the Roustabouts load and unload the articles of freight which the boat carried, only men with strong backs could do this work. No hoisting cranes those days. I don't know how they packed the cord wood on the boat, nor if the wood was green or seasoned (dried) before using. The barrels could readily be rolled on and stacked several tiers high. I have seen men roll barrels off and on boats, and must say they do it very cleverly.

Judging from the accounts our Grandfather had with Blacks Store there is no mention of handling much grain. Cordova, an old river town twelve miles or so up the river from Hampton, handled much grain for river transportation but little wood.

We will list some of the accounts which our Grandfather had with Blacks Store. These accounts and other papers have been carefully preserved by our Uncle William Frels. His son Walter now has the basket of papers. He has loaned them to the writer for copying. These items cover a period of near forty years. By the way, these first articles are purchases made two years after their marriage and the purchase of their first land.

October 28, 1844

3 yds. calico	$ .50	1 gallon molasses	$ .40
2½ yds. blue shirting	.31	1 gallon jug	.15
1 pudding dish	.37	5 skeins of thread	.05
2 qt. lard oil	.50	1 almanac	.06
1 jug	.10	1 pr. boots	2.50
1 set of plates	.44	black linen thread	.15
1 pepper box	.06	2-1/4 lbs. soap	.18
1 pr. shoes	.95	1 bushel onions	.25
candy	.05	1 set trace chains	.75
10 yards ticking	2.10	1 broom	.13
		1 gallon vinegar	.19

The above bill was paid by Mr. Frels with the following products:

64 feet dry wood	.80	79 feet of wood	1.08
100 feet of wood	1.17	115 ft. wood	1.17
3-1/4 lb. butter	.40	2-1/4 cord of wood	3.37
3 doz. eggs	.19	4 cord of wood	6.00
1 calf skin	.50	1847-3000 shingles	6.00
8-10/12 doz. eggs	.88		

1849 Sales

August 10		February	
11½ lb. butter	1.15	5-3/4 lb. tallow at .10	.57
cord wood this year	1.75	14 lb. green hide	.42
October		8 doz. eggs at 8 cents	.64
Chr. to C. Churchel	12.80	March	
130 ft. dry wood	1.75	16 doz. eggs	.90
4 hogs 663 lb. at 2½	14.92	May	
December 19		2000 hoop holes	14.00
1 hog 216 wt. at 2½	5.40		

1850 Sales

Cord wood this year	1.75	July 4, 1849	
5 doz. eggs	.40	potatoes and peas	.31
January, 1851		64 lb. green hide at 3-1/4	1.37
17 cord wood at 1.60 per.		1 bushel green peas	.50
December 23		14.58/60 bushel potatoes	4.87
7 hogs-1620 wt.	64.80	1/2 doz. chickens	.62

Eggs in spring - 6 and 8 cents per doz.

1852 Purchases

1 broom	.20	1 gallon molasses	.53
1 linen table cloth	.80	10 bushel potatoes	4.00
1 thimble	.05	1 ax	1.45
2 yards ribbon	.50	1 silk plush cap	1.00
2-1/2 yd. pink calico	.35	10 knitting pins	.10
39-1/2 yd. sheating	4.15	3 sheets wadding	.18
1 bucket	.30	3 oz. indigo	.30
1 tin bucket	.30	2 pkgs. saleratus	.18
1 doz. apples	.05	4-1/2 yds. color cambric	.50
spool of thread	.03		

1853 to 1856 Bought and Sold to Britten and Black

1/2 cord wood	$ 1.37
January 2	
6 cord of wood	16.50
5-1/2 doz. eggs	.69
February 14	
1 cd. wood	2.75
12 dozen eggs	1.20
10-1/4 lb. butter	2.05
corn at 55 cents per bu.	
21 feet of lumber	.45

Purchased:	
1 lantern	$ .55
5 lb. nails	.35
1 wash board	.35
1 pocket knife	.35
1 pr. hip boots	3.10
1 pr. scissors	.60
1 box of caps	.07
7 lb. lath nails	.63
23 lbs. sugar	1.50
1 spelling book	.10
1 parlor stove (1853)	12.00
3 yards red flannel	1.35

1847 Purchases

10 yards of ticking	2.10
1 lb. selaratus	.08
1 gal. vinegar	.19
Debtor to Ira Wells	12.00
3/4 yds padding	.21
3/4 yds ducking	.14
1-1/4 yd of drilling	.15
3 skeins of silk	.15
2 yds red twill flannel	1.00
1 pair thick shoes	1.30
1 pair children's shoes	.28
1/2 lb. tobacco	.10
goods to a Dutchman	4.00

167 lb. 1-3/4x1/4 tire irons	10.02
39-3/4 lb. 3x3/4 inch iron	2.39
23-1/2 lb. 1x1/2 inch iron	1.76
8.11/16 round	.72
11 lb. 1/2 inch	.93
24 9/16 lb. horse shoe iron	2.01
4 14/16 nail rods	.44
5 10/16-3/8 round iron	.51
9 9/16 lb. inch hoop	.66
11 5/16 5/8 square iron	.96
16 6/16 lb. 1x1/8x1/6 iron	1.35
2 lbs. nails	.15

It's likely this iron purchase was for his brother John Gerhard who used much of it on the wagon Henry Frels made. The wheels were sawed from the end of a log. The purchase of seven pounds of lath nails and a parlor stove in 1853 was about the time the first brick house was built. (I predict).

1849 Accounts with Britten and Black

January 1	
1 spelling book	.10
3-1/2 lb. sugar	.25
1 shingle hatchet	1.80
Paid Doctor Lyford	1.50
5 sheets of paper	.05
1 pair small shoes	.65
5 lbs. rice	.35
1 set of knives and forks	1.13
Paid order to widow Cook	2.75
thread	.03
50 lb. w.b. flour	1.00
1 card of hooks and eyes	..05

1/2 bushel dried apples	.56
Paid I.G. Franklin	3.25
1 bar of lead	.05
postage on letter	.05
October	
1 pr. wool socks	.38
1 pr. suspenders	.45
Paid Levi Fraser	7.02
Paid Jocher Stuhr	6.25
Paid Wm. B. Webster	.50
1 set of plates	.55
1 deep dish	.25
1 napie dish	.25

1852 Accounts

1 vest	2.00
1 pocket knife	.37
1 lb. of salts	.12
1 linen table cloth	.80
2 buckets one tin	.60
1 dozen apples	.05
1 set of cups and saucers	.25
1 silk plush cap	1.00
1 ax	1.45

Paid order to S. Beal	1.87
Paid George Mandler	17.00
1 gal linseed oil	1.10
Paid J.J. Long	25.00
1/2 gram letter paper	.12
October	
1 pr. thick boots	3.00
1 spelling book	.10
4 lbs of lath nails	.36

1853

1 fourth reader	$ .55	2 doz. buttons	$ .06
1 linen table cloth	.86	5 skeins of silk	.15
Pen and pen holder	.07		

1863

1 lamp	.90	1 oil can	.50
3 boxes of matches	.10	1 bed line	.45
1 file	.50	1 gallon oil	.80

1862

October 22		December	
Sold 1500 brick	7.50	2000 brick sold	10.00
1920 brick	9.60	August 18	
		200 poor brick	.60

By now there is a kerosene lamp in the home, and I suppose a rope bed to sleep on.

1873

April		October	
16 dozen eggs at 12-1/2 cents	2.00	25, 4/7 bu corn at 35 cents	8.95
May 2			
23 dozen eggs at 10 cents	2.30	butter 5 11/16 lb. at 28 cents	1.60
1 1 pitcher	.30		
1 glass gravy boat	.45	4 pounds of spikes	.24
1/2 doz. tumblers	.38	26 lb of nails at .06	1.56
1 cook spoon	.15	1 pipe	.40
1 gal. vinegar	.30	2 gal linseed oil	2.50
2 gal. kerosene	.30		

1862 Purchases

1 Fish line	.15	19 yards black alpacca	10.95
1 hoop skirt	.90	1 black hat	1.50
indigo	.10	1 pair pants	4.30
4 rolls batting	.40	1 vest	3.75
1 linen busom	.40	1 package stove blackning	.10
2 linen collars	.20	1 pkg. smoking tobacco	.25
9 yards of white lawn	1.80	pepper .30, spices .35, rice	.25
6 yards black ribbon	.90	salaratus .10, nut meg .10	
2 cards of hooks and eyes	.06	1-1/4 oz. cloves	.05
1 yard of white ribbon	.14	powder	.25
5 skeins of black silk	.25	1 chain halter	.40
1 coat	2.50	1 pair boots	3.90
1 pair pants	.90	3 bars of lead	.18
1 black silk handkerchief	1.20		

1863 Purchases

1 wool overshirt	2.25	1 gallon of oil	.80
4 writing books	.20	1 bed line	.45
1 bottle of ink	.05	2 bottles of ink	.10
2 checkered shirts	1.50	3-1/4 pounds of rope	.72
15 oz. rope	.15	1 file	.50
4 pounds of fence nails	.24	1 ax	1.35
1 lamp	.90	1 ax handle	.10
1 oil can	.50	1 hoop shirt	1.40
1 gallon kerosene	.70	1 small pair shoes	.60

1865

2 pair boots	10.00	1 bottle caster oil	.40
1 gallon molasses	1.10	1 broom	.50

1 pound of shot	$ .15	1 frock coat	$11.50
1 box of caps	.10	1 pr. pants	6.00
1 box of pills	.25	1 vest	3.65
1 pair boys boots	3.35	1 pr. boys boots	3.90
comforter	.60	1 wool shirt	1.70

1866 and 1867 Purchases

1 can of lye	.35	4 pounds of nails	.40
1 pail	.45	1 pound carpenter nails	.10
1 pair scissors	.25	5 pounds of nails	.50
1 hand ax	1.40	1 shoe brush	.25
1 slate	.28	1 bottle hair oil	.25
2 spelling books	.50	smoking tobacco	.35
		plug chewing tobacco	.30

1872 Accounts with Francis Black

1 gal linseed oil	1.25	3 pair hinges	.85
1 pair hip boots	5.60	3 gal. linseed oil	3.75
6 dozen screws. 10 pr.	.60	1 paint brush	.60
70 pounds of nails	4.90	7 pounds of ochre	.49
4 lb. shot	.60	25 pounds white lead	2.50
1 pair missus shoes	2.20	1 pad lock	.15
1 pair shoes	2.70	3 light glass	.38
1 pound smoking	.40	1 barrel salt	2.75
1/2 pound pepper	.20	1 pair men's shoes	3.90
5-1/2 check shirting	1.65	1 scythe	1.50
11 yards of shirting	1.65	1 snath	.80
2 boxes cinnamon	.25	3-1/2 pounds of coffee	1.00
nutmeg	.10	1 glass lamp	.50
1 gallon kerosene	.30	1/2 lb. ground pepper	.20
glass platter	.30	glass pepper box	.32

These old tax receipts are rather interesting showing the amount of taxes paid and how tax increased as time went on, and Mr. Frels gradually increased his property holdings. The earliest receipts we have are dated 1845. We also list the name of the collector when available.

December 27, 1845 - Sixty acres value $200. Samuel Andrews Col. tax	$ 2.08
December 17, 1846 - Sixty acres S.S. Guyer col.	2.68
December 18, 1847 - 100 acres, $137 personal, S.S. Guyer Col.	4.37
December 16, 1848 - 120 acres, $1.22 Personal, S.S. Guyer col.	4.39
December 18491849 - 180 acres, T.B. Gordon col. $2.70 personal total	10.34
February 24, 1853 - 180 acres, Personal $190 A.F. Swander Col.	11.38
March 12, 1857 - 140 acres value $880.00, E.M. Beardsley col.	26.96
March 12, 1857 - Lot 4 Block 7 Hampton Val. $25.00 E. m.b. Col.	.83
December 29, 1858 - 140 acres Personal $9.53, H.F. Thomas Col.	42.87
December 29, 1858 - Lot 4, 13, 14 Block 7 Hampton, G.R.W. Col.	16.97
February 14, 1862 - 140 acres, G.R. Wells Col.	10.99
February 3, 1863 - 140 acres, G.R. Wells Col.	22.10
February 3, 1863 - Lot 4-13-14-14 Hampton, G.R. Wells Col.	2.24
January 28, 1864 - 140 acres, H. F. Thomas Col.	29.66
January 28, 1864 - Lot 4-14-14, H.F. Thomas Col.	2.32
February 9, 1868 - 180 acres, Wm. Edelman Col.	33.65
January 28, 1868 - 180 acres, R.M. Mitchell Col.	43.65
January 25, 1878 - 180 and three lots in Hampton, Albert Wells Col.	60.89
February 21, 1880 - 180 acres and 3 lots in Hampton, D.J. Mocrin Col.	49.32

Harvard, Illinois
May 30, 1880

Mr. Henry Frels:

Sir-Today we ship you as per your order one bbl. of Roofing Cement to Port Byron, Ill.

Respectfully yours,
Corey & Stone

On February 13, 1873, Victor Scale Company of Moline credited Henry Frels with 990 bushel of coal at 10 cents per bushel, or $99.00: 319 bushel at 16 cents $51.04-$150.00.

Seven County Mutual Fire Insurance Companies have been organized in Illinois up to July 1, 1877. In 1878 Henry Frels carried $4500.00 Fire Insurance in Rock Island County on property and $1400.00 in Henry County.

May 26, 1866 - Henry Frels leased to Rock River Oil and Mining Company of Camden Mills, Illinois 100 acres in Rock Island County and 200 in Henry County. Mr. Frels was to receive one-eighth of the oil or mineral raised to the surface.

September 18, 1863 - Internal Revenue received from Henry Frels $6.30 tax on 63 slaughtered hogs.

October 25, 1855 - Two marble headstones, inscription on same, John G., son of H. and Catherine died, ordered by Henry Frels.

July 21, 1872 - American Insurance Company of Freeport, Illinois, $2000.00 policy for fire and lightening, on two houses and two barns in Henry County, Illinois.

July 12, 1970 - Gave a note for $339.00 at 6% to Otto Rastede.

December 20, 1876 - $4.00 as subscription to Chicago Democrat Paper.

1875 - George Frels attended Clinton College.

April 8, 1878 - Fined $3.00 for assault and battery against the state of Illinois.

September 23, 1873 - On Demand I promise to pay Black and Britten $6.60 in steamboat wood.

May 8, 1855 - George Mandler promised to pay Henry Frels $56.00.

January 26, 1870 - Henry Frels enters into a lengthy agreement with John Zimmer who will have charge of the coal business without pay, except when he works in the mine he will receive regular miners wage. Frels to furnish the trees for the props. They will share equally in the expense and profits of the mine.

June 20, 1876 - Henry Frels took a mortgage for $500.00 from Haggy and Stottard on the following property: One black horse with both hind feet white, and a little white on the forehead, one black mare with a little white on her right hind foot under the fetlock, one white horse, one dappled grey horse, two sets of double harness and two old lumber wagons. All of said property owned by Heaggy and Stottard, interest at 10%.

October 27, 1857 - Henry Frels bought of J. Frysinger one barrel of whiskey, 41-1/2 gallons at 22 cents - $9.15.

In the Rock Islander, published by J. B. Danforth, Henry Frels had a two inch square advertisement of groceries. The advertisement run from August 18, 1878 to March 17, 1880. Cost of the advertisement was $23.75. Following is the advertisement:

> Go to the NEW FARMERS STORE, 1808 Second Avenue under Darts Hall, for a full line of STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, canned goods, flour and fish, FRUIT VEGETABLES AND etc., etc. At bottom figure for cash. Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge - Henry Frels.

May 26, 1866 - Mr. Frels leased to the Rock River Oil and Mining Company of Camden Falls, Illinois, 140 acres in Rock Island County, and 120 acres in Henry County, Illinois, for the

express purpose of boring for oil and other minerals., or sinking of a well or wells for the purpose of obtaining oil or other minerals. Mr. Frels to receive one-eighth part of all oils and minerals raised from the ground. This lease is for 25 years duration.

December 6, 1849 - Isaac Merritt deeded land to Henry Frels and George Wiltamuth, November 8, 1849. Recorded in the book of deeds, Page 232.

Das Groten Hans

Here is a recipe for a pudding known to us in younger days as Grotten Hans. Our mother made it quite often on holiday occasions and when our relatives were here for dinner. No doubt the recipe is one of long standing and likely came from the Old Frels home. It was a rare treat to all of us when it was served.

Six eggs
One-half cup butter
One quart milk
One cup raisins
Two slices white bread

Add enough flour to make a pretty stiff dough. Before putting dough in the bag, wet the bag and douse it in flour enough to seal it. Boil at least two hours until done.

Dip for this pudding - One pint or more of boiling water. Add flour that has been stirred in cold water to thicken. Add one tablespoon of butter, and sugar to sweeten, and flavor with, vanila, nutmeg, or lemon. Add a little vinegar if you wish.

Contributed by Emma Hauberg Fairhurst.

Chapter V

David Sears Sewing Machine Story

March 25, 1932 - Today, after giving an historical talk to 100 scholars and parents from Princeton, Illinois and vacinity, I called on David Sears, who celebrated his 94th birthday a few days ago. He said:-

"It'll be of the greatest value to this community to have you write up all this old-time history, but your reward for it will come after you die--a long time after.

"Joe Gokey would come down to visit us on Sundays and told about Black Hawk, He said 'Black Hawk was a Christian and don't let anyone tell you different'." As to treatment of his prisoners, white men do not treat their prisoners so well."

"I bought a yoke of three-year-old steers from a fellow who got them in a trade for a sewing machine from Henry Frels, your grandfather. Frels paid 100 bushels of corn, delivered at Hampton, and a yoke of oxen for that machine that wouldn't be looked at today. What a change in so short a time. Frels was a hearty, big strong man. I spent a night with them, and I'll never forget when I take a rope in my hand--Mr. Frels taught me knots, and it was so convenient to me all my life. He was a sailor and I often helped men on rafting and boating and my knowledge of those knots was very valuable.

"Ben Goble made his mark to sign. He couldn't read. A disgrace? --surely not. He was only a big boy when he came. The frame work of the Sauk Council Lodge was there. He took coon, mink, and muskrat skins down the Illinois River and bought wheat--all by oxen, and it was the first wheat sown here. He told us 'I was so hungry on that trip, but my oxen improved on the way because they could graze'."

"We should have had a history of the Wells family. It was a big family--Huntington, Joel--I think there were seven men, and Henry McNeal married one of the girls. Yes, one of the Wells' lost his life in the Black Hawk War."

"The early settlers would come with a cow or a pig maybe, but always a dog. They'd put up a log house, but would have no positive evidence of how they would get along. They had nothing in view. They simply had to provide it themselves."

"Military lands for the Rock River Rangers? Well, I never thought of our men getting land for their Black Hawk War service." (A. Lincoln got a land warrant for his Black Hawk War service, and located it in Iowa).

"Cook & Sargent of Davenport paid $40.00 and $50.00 for military land warrants, good for 160 acres of land to be located in Scott, Cedar, Muscatine and other counties."

"What is today known as the 'MOLINE CHAIN' in the Rapids used to be known, always, as the 'BRAZIL CHAIN'."

"When we had the first mill at what is now Moline, we'd take corn at 10 cents per bushel but rarely gave cash. We'd give lumber at $6.00 to $8.00 per M. The higher price was for fine grade lumber--all white pine."

"How careful the farmers were about saving 'sack-strings'. (I remember well how we used to save them at home--JHH). These farmers came with their wheat and corn, from Mercer and Henry Counties and from across the river. We would ship the corn to St. Louis the spring following, and we'd get only 8-1/2 cents per bushel sometimes. They deducted for freight, insurance, dunnage, inspection, commission, and sometimes there was a shortage. We wouldn't get expenses."

Mr. Sears appears to be in good health. Says one of his eyes is sightless, and cannot read anymore. Gets lonesome. Was surprised that so many old friends came on his birthday, all day long coming and going.

David Sears of Rock Island, likewise, told of an incident concerning Henry Frels. Mr. Sears, in 1915, was narrating parts of his early-day life to J. H. Hauberg, and speaking of early sewing machines, he said:-

"A yankee came along to Moline one time who had been working in a sewing machine factory. He had no money but wanted to promote a sewing machine factory. We cast the frame for his machines at our foundry and a cabinet maker made the wood part of it."

"This yankee came to me one day and said, 'I want to sell you a yoke of oxen, or trade them. I've got them on Hampton Bluff. They are three-year-olds.' We got into a buggy and drove up to look at the oxen. They were at Henry Frels' place where the trade had been made for one of the sewing machines."

"Mr. Frels had been a sailor and as I had been a river man I was much interested in tying ropes and knots. He was an expert at it. Well, he had paid $20.00 cash and the oxen for one of those sewing machines. The oxen at present prices would have brought $90.00 to $100.00, and Mr. Frels had hauled 200 bushels of corn to Hampton to get the $20.00 so that by our present calculation he paid about $260.00 for the machine. See what disadvantages the early settlers were under. Today, $35.00 will buy a good sewing machine, and you know those first machines were crude things."

On hearing this story of Mr. Sears', Mrs. M. D. Hauberg said:-

"It was a "Howe" machine. Mother died shortly after we got it, and we girls never learned how to run it. We got it in the spring and in June mother died--1862. I got it, for I was married that fall, and we now have the base of it, using it as a reading table in the sitting room."



Henry Frels invested $1,000 in this Stokes' flour-mill when it was constructed in 1870's. It was operated by water power from Rock River. The first, second and third generations of the Frels family patronized this mill. Every family knew the annual supply of flour needed. Therefore, Mr. Farmer sowed enough wheat to ensure having enough ground into flour for the year's supply.

After threshing in the fall, they took their grist to the mill, two to two and one-half bushels in the seamless sacks. You start out early in the morning with your wagon load of grist for the mill. You arrive and if there are too many wagon loads ahead of you, you sit and wait your turn until the other fellows have had their wheat ground. If the miller has too much wheat ahead to be ground that day, he will inform you, then you may leave your grist and go home and come back another day to get

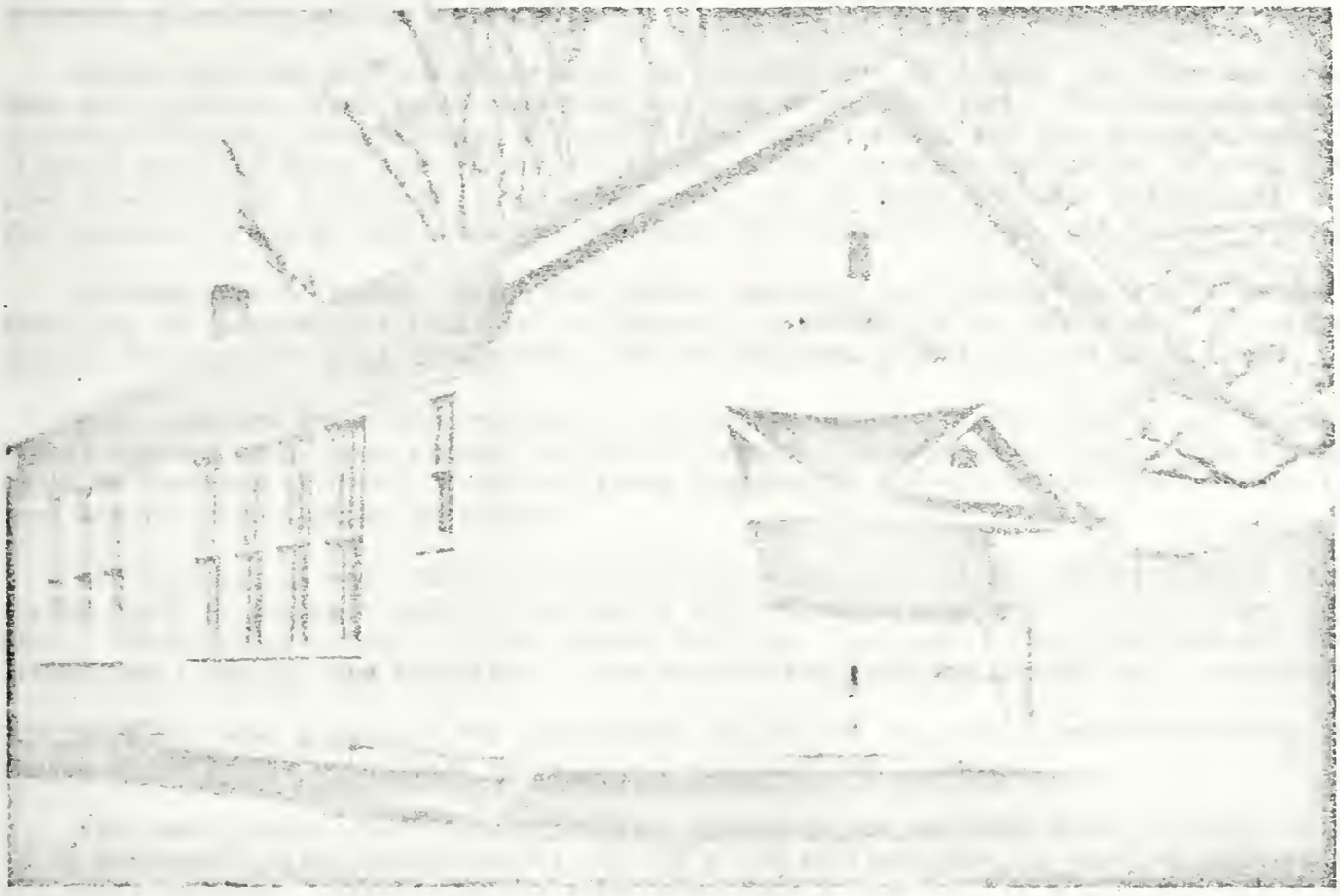
your flour, shorts and bran. You could pay cash for grinding or the miller would take a small portion of your grist for toll. We always took a half bushel or more of shelled corn along to have corn meal ground. Johnnie cakes, mush and milk and corn bread was mighty good eating. We Haubergs used around 25 pound sacks of flour a week. Having so much flour on hand in the house for a year, it was always sifted before used for baking. This home-ground flour was not bolted like we have today. It made bread a little dark, but it had better flavor.

Some farmers raised buck wheat and had that ground into flour. Pure buckwheat cakes are a little blue, and there is just nothing like them to eat.

The Adams had a flour mill in Rapids City, and Mr. Pierce operated one in Erie at a later date. It was run by steam engine.

Chapter VI

School Days



The Oak Ridge School, formerly The Mosher School

"School days, school days, those were golden rule days, reading and writing and arithmatic, taught to the tune of the hickory stick." Our associations with the neighboring children in study and play is ever a pleasing memory. How busy we were the first year in school, learning to read, spell, figure and recite our lesson before the teacher and class, each staring at us to see if we made a mistake. We would speak a piece on Friday afternoon or have a spelling down. Some of those pieces we spoke were gems to remember in after life. This was special entertainment, the red letter day for the school. The girls wore ribbons in their hair, the boys had their hair neatly combed. The public was invited, but they seldom came, just too busy. Day after day and year after year we gradually grew in knowledge that helped us in every way in the journey of life.

Clara Frels Payne interviewed Paul Gerhard regarding the first school at which our parents attended. Paul, at 85 years of age, relates: The school stood on the East side of the Schave Road that went to Hampton, near the corner of the intersection of the road turning North. The land belonged to Guckert. The building was built of logs and was two stories in height. The teacher of the school lived upstairs. This building had a siding nailed over the logs. Paul also stated that Fred and Oswald Fricke had a store in a log cabin across the Schave Road on John Gerhard Frels' land.

Others who lived fairly close to the school in log houses were John Wiltamuth, Hans Schave, Forest Schave, Clyde Guildenpfennig, Fred Oltman, George Wiltmuth, Adam Wiegant and his two

brothers. The two Frels children and many others lived in that district. That early school must have had a large attendance. All these children would be wearing home made clothing; stockings, mittens, caps, scarfs, and bonnets knitted by their mothers. Of course they didn't wear grass skirts, but every farmer must raise sheep to produce wool. Every home must have a spinning wheel to spin this wool into yarn. They would take this yarn to Mrs. Franke who had a loom and wove it into cloth. From this cloth Mother made clothes for the boys and girls who went to school. Ma and Pa were just too busy at home to attend entertainments at school during the day.

School days are still a happy event for the children of today. They are not wearing home spun garments, high boots and shoes and long heavy stockings. They are not all in a one room building. They are not walking in the rain, through the mud, slush or snow, nor climbing over the fence for a short cut to the school through the pasture. In the summertime it was a rare privilege to go barefooted. At our house when the Whippoorwill sang in the evening, it was an unwritten law one could go barefooted until cold weather set in

Another rare privilege which the teacher assigned to a scholar occasionally was to let them ring the hand school bell, in the morning, at recess, or at noon time. The children usually would rather play than study. The bell was the signal to come in to study.

Some teachers had Bible reading at the opening session of the school. In my early school days we sang hymns at some period of the day. Those teachers had a busy day when 40 to 60 scholars attended. Ten to fifteen minutes for a class session was all the time they had for a recitation of a class.

All children carried their lunch which was eaten cold, if you needed a drink of water during lunch or during the day, there was a pail of water on a bench with a dipper in the pail. You helped yourself. If you wanted to go out, you must raise your hand and snap your finger until you got the attention of the teacher who gave the permission if necessary.

Were you ever penalized for misbehavior in school? My, my, it was humiliating to stand on the floor or sit on a chalk box with all the scholars laughing.

What has brought about this tremendous change in our one room school system in the last 15 or 20 years? After Hitler had killed off a few million Jews, he began a ruthless campaign for world conquest. Rather than be taken over, our Nation put forth a tremendous effort of preparedness for defense. This included sending supplies to our allies, England, France and Russia to the amount of over a hundred billion dollars. Our Nation concluded that these nations should be our first line of defense. Farmers, industry, and labor put forth their best effort in production. Prices and wages began the upward trend, industry was in need of so much help that it paid big wages. Many of the men and women joined the ranks of industry rather than spending a few years in school to prepare for a teaching career. Scarcity of teachers was the result. The enrollment at many of these country schools had fallen to a dozen and less pupils. To pay a teacher $30.00 per month to teach so few scholars seemed expensive. Two and three schools consolidated sending all their scholars to one school. This was very practical.

After a few years all the schools in a township consolidated having all pupils of the township brought to a centrally located building. Improved roads have been the order of the day for 30 or more years. Grading and oiling, graveling, macademizing and paving, we now have all weather roads. A school bus now is driven by the home to take the children to the consolidated school which has several rooms and several teachers. Many schools now are serving a hot lunch to the scholars at twenty-five cents. In many of the localities of our country, the one room school is now an institution of the past. The school buildings have been sold at auctions and made into family living quarters.

Chapter VII

Wedding Pictures of the Six Frels Children



Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg
Marx Detlev Hauberg



Mary Frels Gernant
Adam Gernant



Henry Frels Jr.
Elizabeth Stindt Frels



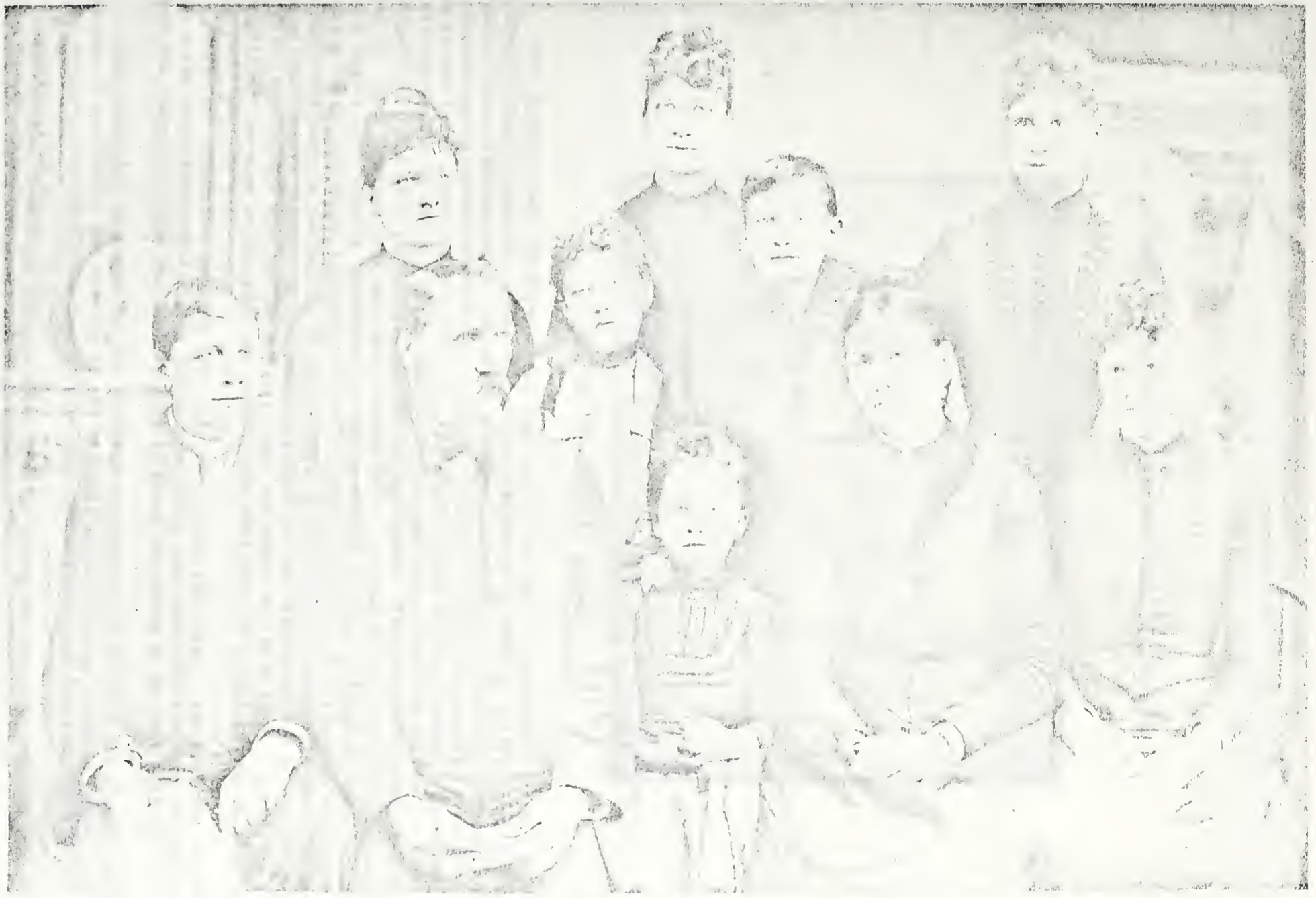
John William Frels
Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels



George Frels
Nettie Golden Frels



Henrietta Frels Schmoll
Fred Schmoll



The Marx D. Hauberg Family

First Row - John H., Marx D., Ada H., Anna Margaret, Rosena Henrietta
Second Row - Elnora, Louis D.
Third Row - Emma, Anna M., Amelia

Chapter VIII

Story of The Six Children and Their Descendants



Mr. and Mrs. Marx D. Hauberg

Anna Margaret was the first child born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frels in their log house on Hampton Bluff August 10, 1845. In a home surrounded by stately native trees and near a creek of clean flowing water. This was a common environment in that day, but today it would be looked upon as most desirable environment to live. Squirrels scampered over the ground and in the trees, chattering at animals, birds and people as they passed. The birds sang their carefree song all day long. Hootie the owl may have given the children a little uneasiness at night with its doleful notes, but who cares. The door is shut and Hootie can't come in. The fleeting deer were seen almost daily, curious to see human beings, and the Frels family were equally interested in seeing droves of them. Flocks of quail were quietly seeking their food while the male, with his pleasant Bobwhite, let you know they were around. In the early morn in the spring of the year for a mile or two around they hear the Ooh, Ooh, Ooh of the prairie chicken rooster and the gobble of the wild turkey as he struts in all its gaiety. The coyote sits on the hill at night and howls to its delight. He may be just tantalizing the dogs of the area who join in the howl and the animal chorus is in action.

There are grapevines hanging from the trees along the creek. You grab one of these, take a few steps back for a start, forward you swing and land safely across the stream, or there are stepping stones on which to step to cross the creek so no feet will get wet.

Today there are thousands of our citizens longing for an environment of this nature. Millions of our people are driving to our national parks to spend a couple weeks, just to enjoy Nature's Fairyland. The Henry Frels had this natural park right at their door.

The children from these pioneer homes grew up strong and healthy. Nature provided an abundance of clean environment and entertainment.

No game laws to restrict the Frels from having wild game or wild fowls for table use. It was so common they scarcely would mention it. Anna wrote that flocks of wild turkeys came to their corn cribs at winter time to pick up corn. Prolonged deep snows would compel wild fowls to seek food at barns and stacks of grain. Animal life would bark trees for food.

How interesting it is to note that the Frels' home had the flag out, so to speak, for a Christian minister to come to their home and minister to them. Sister Mary and brother Henry and many of the children of the community were Christened at that time, about 1851.

Lutheran ministers are well educated, and to have one in their home for a week or more would be an inspiration and education. We never read of these early settlers being crowded in their home, even with a big family living in one room. Company was always welcome. How pleasant it must have been to sit around the fireplace and have a visitor discuss the topics of the day.

When Anna gets to be school age she was sent to school with her half-brother, Fred Broady. We doubt if the school had a name at that time, but later years it was known as Oak Ridge School. Paul Gerhardt says it was a two story building, with the teacher living upstairs. It was a mile from the Henry Frels home and near Uncle John Frels' home. She attended school long enough to learn to read, write and observe the way of life, and as years went by she could constantly improve her education.

We think it remarkable the originality and initiative ability she possessed in later life. Thinking out clever methods in accomplishing her work. She excelled her husband and all her children in this respect. Your writer remembers a two wheel cart which she made with an elongated box for hauling two cans of milk from the cow yard to the house. This cow yard was 20 rods from the house, and it had been up to us children and mother part of the time, to carry this milk to the house. She built a grape arbor in our garden which was just so cozy to sit in the shade to rest when we worked the garden in the hot summer time. She saw to it that we had an ample variety of small fruit, such as currants, gooseberries, blackberries, black cap raspberries. We will always remember the artistic lyre which she sawed out of a two foot wide board. She painted it white and had a rambling rose bush growing on it. This was placed in our front yard.

Our mother was the main hand to keep things up around the house. Whitewashing the kitchen walls, paper hanging, painting indoors and out, shingling the house, plastering walls, and building chimneys. Cement washing the cistern had to be done once in a while. We had a picket fence on three sides of our house yard. She saw to it that this was kept up and painted. Where our mother learned to sew, I cannot say. It's likely she came by it naturally. She made dresses and all wearing apparel for her daughters. She made pants and shirts for Pa and her boys. The sun bonnets and large aprons are not seen any more such as Mother made.

I was told by sister Amelia that our mother had several suiters in her younger days, one being a Lutheran minister named Mennicks and another a neighbor, Mr. Wiltamuth. Anna was 17 years of age and some girls were marrying at 15 and 16 years.

Anna went to school with a young boy for a week when he helped her father pick corn. This boy was from Moline and his name was Marx D. Hauberg.

Marx D. Hauberg was born September 29, 1837, at Lustigen Bruder, one mile from Keil Germany. He attended school when he was 7 years old, with a hymn book and a primer under his arm. School opened each morning with a song and prayer, and then the teacher gave an exhortation of the scripture, similar to our Sunday School. He never had arithmatic or geography in school. At funerals the school children sang at the home before taking the body to the church. The church was at Preetz, four and one-half miles. Everybody walked.

His father, John D. Hauberg, was a forester and worked in the Government Forest, the "Vogelsang", helping to maintain the forest, replanting young trees when the old ones were

removed. Marx helped in this work the last three years of his stay in Germany.

In 1848 the John D. Hauberg family sold their belongings at an auction and boarded a sail ship for America. After 35 days of sailing with some very stormy weather, they arrive at New York. Over mountain and vale, by railroad, canal boat and steamboat, they finally get to Kingstone, Tennessee. While in Germany grandfather and several other families hired to a Mr. Nerga to help operate a 3000 acre farm along the Tennessee River. Mr. Nerga paid their moving expense from Germany to America. The wage agreement was a log house to live in, the milk from one cow, a 300 pound hog and $4.00 cash per month. Grandmother received seven cents a day when she worked for Mr. Nerga, Marx received five cents per day.

Grandfather supervised farm work, helped the blacksmith, and ran a ferry across the river. After nine months he took out citizenship papers. This angered Mr. Nerga to have his help on an equal with him as a citizen, so he told John D. Hauberg to move. With a capital of $7.50 the Haubergs start to move to Davenport. They rode the boat until their money was used up, then stopped to work a while to make more money to travel on. Work and travel was the order of the day. They arrive in Davenport in the night. There might have been a first-class hotel in the city, but the Haubergs camped for the night on the bank of the Mississippi.

There were not so many people in Davenport at that time.

Marx relates in his Memoirs that he got fire wood in the timber where the St. James Hotel now stands. While they were eating breakfast a former neighbor, Mr. Beyer, from Preetz Germany called on them. From him they learned where Grandfather's sister who married Wolf Liitt lived. Shortly after, Marx and his father went by boat to the Island where Mr. Liitt was working for Bailey Davenport. The Liitts came from Germany in 1847 and were much surprised to see the Haubergs. Mr. Liitt told Grandfather that he might find work in Moline. They walked to Moline where Father Hauberg gets work with Mr. Obermeier who operated a saw mill and a flour mill run by water power. Father's wage was seventy-five cents per day. The Hauberg family moved to Illinois where they remained forever after. A month later Grandfather took a job of grubbing trees out to make a road way from Moline to Rock Island at $1.00 per day. In 1850 Marx starts to work for a farmer back of Davenport for $4.00 per month. He was then 12 years of age. For the next couple years Marx worked on farms, picking apples, digging potatoes, plowing, and working in saw mills for 50 cents per day and corn.

When Marx Hauberg came to this country he soon learned to read and write the English language, and, as a result was an interpreter for his father in many of his business dealings in Tennessee. This was also true when they came to Rock Island County. Grandfather was elected road commissioner of Coe Township, he could not speak English nor write it, so Marx did a lot of his writing of petitions, contracts and leases, etc. Marx did considerable reading and became familiar with some of the laws of the land. He was often consulted by our neighbors regarding their difficulties. Justices of the Peace often asked him to defend persons who were brought into court.

When the Haubergs moved to Moline in 1849, Marx was one of the few Dutch boys to attend school. Other nationalities of boys would gang up on him. The result was that he was turned out of school for fighting. His mother told him not to fight, but his father said "Don't you come home licked."

When a young man out in the country, he attended country and city dances. Often fighting bullies from other towns came to these dances to line up the men to have them treat or take a beating:-a sort of "trick or treat" affair. Marx did neither. The results were the bullies went home with a bloody nose and a black eye. Occasionally he was brought into court for man slaughter, but was always acquitted.

Your writer witnessed one of these affairs. Pa was plowing corn on the bottom 40, three miles from home. He was in his fifties. I was a kid uncovering corn. One of our renters

who lived in the Wilson house near our home was returning from Erie where he had walked to get a piece of gas pipe. Crossing our field, he stopped to talk. The renter had cut several hickory trees in our timber. He cut three feet off from the butt end to make ax handles and other portions of the tree were left on the ground. Pa told him that he did not like him to do that. He denied cutting the trees and called Pa a liar. Pa was sitting on the plow beam. He took the lines from his shoulder, got up and knocked the renter down and held him there a while. When he got up the renter said "If you want to fight why don't you say so". He swung his gas pipe around. Pa walked in and knocked him down again, and held him down a while. Pa did have a cut on his head from the pipe. He let the renter up who went home, and Pa plowed corn.

John D. Hauberg while living in Moline and working for one dollar a day, his son Marx getting six dollars a month and son Dave earning four dollars per month. The Haubergs were really on the way to getting wealthy for those days. After two years their earnings were sufficient to induce John to purchase 160 acres of land in Coe Township near the center of the upper end of Rock Island County. His family has been increasing and the farm was the proper place to rear a large family. The farm was good security for his money.

The society people of Moline didn't object ot the smell of a pig sty or a cattle yard. Marx states that most every family had one. The cattle were pastured on the Arsenal grounds, and hay was cut at the swamps where East Moline is now located.

In the spring of 1853 John D. Hauberg and son Marx, Henry Knock and Henry Kahler drove to the new farm to build a log house. Hauberg and Knock each had a yoke of oxen which they drove. Oxen travel about three miles an hour when walking fairly fast. The distance was little over 20 miles, so this trip was near a day's journey. From Port Byron out to the farm, the area was known as the High Prairie, Lieut. Zebulon Pike in 1805 was commissioned by the Government to explore the Mississippi River. He had a group of men accompanying him. Arriving at or near the Port Byron they landed and Pike walked to the top of the hill and observed the wide open space and designated it as High Prairie. From Port Byron to this farm there were five homes. Today there are thirty just to the river.

These two men and two boys stayed in an old log house during which they cut logs and got the needed material ready for the new log house. When all was ready, fifteen or more of the husky neighbors came to help in the house raising. What an interesting movie that would have been to watch those men with ax and saw just about complete the building in one day. They hewed out the floor joist and split out rafters, sawed out the doors and windows. They were very busy and no doubt got warm, but Marx doesn't state how much water they drank. They got all the whiskey they wanted to drink and crowned John D. Hauberg King of the Dutch and went home. Most all of these men lived in log cabins and were accustomed to such homes. No nails were used in building this house just wooden pegs.

The house was 14 x 18 feet in size, one story and three logs high. The roof was covered with oak split shingles.

About the middle of April the Haubergs moved out of Moline to their farm with two yoke of oxen. A family of seven plus cattle, hogs, and poultry. Water was gotten at the spring at the creek ten rods from the house. Garden had to be put in, fences made to keep the stock in. Plowing the virgin soil for crops, build sheds for poultry and stock. That must have been a busy spring.

Those early settlers raised a family to work. Son Dave went to work for Isaiah Marshall. Marx and Henry Kahler started breaking prairie. Before the year was ended John D. made two trips to Dixon, Illinois, where he purchased land from the Government land office. He went afoot both times because he could make better time than driving. On one of these trips he made the entire distance there and back in one day, a distance of 90 miles. He left home around two o'clock in the morning and returned around midnight. Later he made several other land purchases. Some of these purchases were made for German friends.

Marx states he worked for William G. Marshall in the winter of 1853 and the year of 1854. He and Mr. Marshall hauled two loads of wood a day from near Port Byron. The snow was deep and he wore cow hide boots which froze stiff and had to be thawed out before he could get them off his feet in the evening. He states he liked the place.

John D. bought his first reaper in 1855. What a needy machine this must have been. It could cut the grain and lay it in bunches. Two or three of these bunches were picked up and tied in a bundle by the men who bound. Before this time all their grain was cut with a grain cradle.

In 1856 Marx drove to Port Byron to bring the Reverend C.A.T. Selle, a German Lutheran minister to their home for a Sunday service. Neighbors and friends were invited in for the service after which a church was organized and services arranged for at the different homes of the community. This was the first Lutheran Church organized in our county.

In 1856 a school was organized in this area of the township. John D. Hauberg was one of the three directors. Three generations of Haubergs attended this school and learned the three R's so essential to the development of a good community and government. This school house soon became the center for community interest. School entertainments, grange meetings, horse thief organization, draft meetings during the civil war, traveling school house shows and religious meetings of the Lutherans and Baptists. Rather interesting to note this first school house stood along the Dixon to Port Byron and Rock Island stage road.

They had public roads those days. A traveler was priviledged to drive anywhere he may desire, no restrictions. The shortest and best route seemed to be the public road. In 1857 a township decided to lay out roads throughout the township for the public to travel on. John D. Hauberg was one of the three road commissioners selected for this task. This township, being six miles square, one must have a knowledge of the township to properly place the roads. I do not know what the road milage was at that time, but a few years back Coe Township had 72 miles of roads. John D. was quite a busy man, --township roads, district school problems and head quarters to arrange the preaching service.

Marx was 21 years old September 29, 1858, at which time he decided to farm for himself. His father decided to retire from farming and rented him the farm. Marx lived at the log homestead. His father built a new one in section 14 where he owned 80 acres. In 1861 his father built a barn which was considered big, 34 x 36 feet in size. Of course the barn housed livestock, hay and grain, but they also had community dances.

Marx's brother Dave went in partnership with the operation of the farm. They batched most of the time and carried on a big farm program, raising mostly wheat and barley. A little of this farm land was mighty hilly. They often invited young people in for an evening of dancing. For music they might have a fiddle, accordian, mouth organ, or jewsharp, and they danced all night.

When the Civil War broke out a number of these young men volunteered their service to defend the Union. Marx took a group of these men to Port Byron with a four-horse team hitched to a wagon. Here they joined the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, Company M. So many men entered the service it became difficult to get the harvesting done. Toward the last, when men were drafted, the community subscribed money and bought substitutes to go forth.

With all of Marx's activities, he wasn't too busy to consider matrimony. He mentions walking to different places and among the places was Hampton Bluff. It's likely he had his eye on that pretty girl that he went to school with while he stayed at the Henry Frels home. She was now 17, and why wait longer. Marx proposed to her a couple of times, but somehow never got the green light which people so eagerly look forward to. Hopes were wavering. However, he hadn't forgotten the fine girl he met back of Davenport, if other efforts failed. To his surprise, up drives Henry Frels and daughter Anna to the Hauberg log cabin and Anna delivered her message in person. I will accept your proposal for marriage.

They were married September 14, 1862 at the home of her father. William Oltman and his wife were present at the wedding and, also present at their Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary, therefore, we assume relatives and neighbors were invited to the wedding. This brick house which we think was built about 1861 was large and many guests could be accommodated.

Moving to their new home on the High Prairie, a marriage event just couldn't be passed up without a big dance. This was duly arranged for and held at Grandfather Hauberg's big new barn. This barn was the second largest for miles around in this area. Evidently the community was invited, and everyone was present for this gala event, except one of their nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. John Winterfeldt. It was a rainy night with a strong wind. They were on their way but their ox team simply wouldn't face the storm, and they were obliged to turn back for home. In the morning Mr. Winterfeldt called at the Hauberg home to express their regrets for not being present at the dance. He was much impressed with the height of the young bride of seventeen years and remarked, "Mark, if you ever lose her, don't look for her in the straw sack (mattress).

Each one of this new couple is familiar with a full time big farm program, and they know the needs of developing the school, the church, and community interest. And they work to accomplish that end.

At seventy years of age Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg writes the story of her life. It has the best record of our grandparents and the conditions of those early days of the Frels family that we have. Her complete story will be found among the pages of this book. We can scarcely continue without quoting from her story from start to finish.

Quite a contrast for the bride to move from the brick house where they had a grand view across the bottoms even into Henry County. Now to a log house along the timber and creek with a ladder to climb to go upstairs. Her early life was spent in a log house, therefore, she could readily adjust herself to the new home.

Marx's youngest sister Margaret stayed with them for a year and later a young boy, John Wiegent, remained with them for six years.

We know that there is always plenty work to be done on a farm. Water had to be carried from the spring at the creek for laundry and household use, garden to be made and tended, the care of the poultry, cooking and washing for the family and hired man.

In 1863 they welcome their first child, a girl. They must have been quite elated with her coming, for she was given two middle names, --Amelia Maria Cathrena Hauberg.

In 1865 their second child is born, named Emma Elizabeth.

During these four years Marx has been accumulating lumber for the building of a new home. He also built a 20 x 30 foot basement barn. In 1866 he has a stone house built. Just a few years ago I found a manuscript written in 1920 describing where material was gotten and the construction of the house, --thus--

"Where did I get the lumber and the stone for the new house built in 1866."

"In the fall of 1863 when I built the barn 20 x 30 feet, I bought a crib of lumber from a raft about a mile above Port Byron for $8.00 per thousand feet. I sorted out the clear lumber and put it in the barn when it was finished. In 1864 I bought two cribs of lumber from a raft two miles below Albany at $8.00 per thousand, mostly fence boards. I sorted the clear boards out of that and put them in the barn. In 1865 I bought three cribs of lumber from a raft at $8.00 per thousand at Cordova, which was mostly dimension, floor joist, door and window frames material and rafters, and 80,000 shingles at $40.00 per thousand which were cedar and were shaved not sawed. I sold what I did not want for $5.00 per thousand.

"John Hofer and George Bryant had the contract to quarry the rock and put up the house



SUGAR GROVE FARMSTEAD

The land on which these buildings stand was purchased by John Detlef Hauberg in 1851. He sold it to his son Marx Detlef Hauberg in 1862. Marx in turn sold it to his son Louis Detlef Hauberg in 1918 who was the owner until 1952 when he sold it to the present owner, John Henry Hauberg. It has been in the family 105 years. The present acreage is 500 acres.

for $600.00. There is one hundred and thirty perch of rock or thirty cords in the house. John Spaeth and Henry Oppendike had the contract to do the carpenter work for $225.00. George Bryant did the plastering afterwards. The doors and windows are hand made in Cordova by a Mr. Logan for $56.00. Harry Tuller of Cordova did the painting."

Carved in the cap stone above the front door of the house is this inscription: "M.D.H. June 30,1866". It's likely the Haubergs moved into their new home in the early fall that year. Not a tree on the hill for it was an oat field. To the north across the Docia the Albany bluffs could be seen where their cousins, the Rastedes, lived. To the east was more fertile land, Buck Island, the Rock River bottoms and the village of Erie. To the south was rolling land with timber and creeks where many Germans settled. A few new houses could be seen to the west, and Bluff School were three generations of Haubergs attended. Seven miles to the Northwest the village of Cordova lay, and the timbered hills of Iowa across the Mississippi River. They had a wonderful view of the surrounding area. The chilling winds of the Northwest must have struck this house badly in the winter time. In the spring of 1867 the family of five in a lumber wagon drove to Rock River east of Hillsdale where soft maple seeds were gathered in abundance, also young maple trees. These trees were set in a row north, south and west 30 feet from the house. These fast growing maples were soon a fine windbreak.

Water for the house for cooking and laundering was gotten from the spring at the creek at the foot of the hill. The banks of the creek were then only four feet or so wide.

The new house was well spouted and a cistern dug six feet from the east wall of the house. A 70 foot well was dug down to rock and a few years later it was drilled down 30 feet more for a greater supply of water. The dug part had steps every three feet. We climbed down these to put new leather in the cylinder. That was one heck of a job. I know, I did it.

One night in 1884 we had a terrific storm of wind, lightening and thunder and rain. Our hired man, Fred Houshalt, sat on the east porch and reported the progress of the storm. "De vint murl ist gon over, --De barn ist gone over." The windmill did blow over but the barn was moved only 10 or 12 inches on the foundation. A new windmill tow was put up by Will Ashdown. It was an Eclipse mill. The tow had four 6 x 6 posts 30 feet long.

Marx was a progressive farmer and always carried a big farm program and was active in many organizations for the betterment of the community and state. He was a school director for years. Active in the Grange, was purchasing agent for a few years. He had a leading part in county fairs as an official and an exhibitor. His premium money for several years reached $50.00 on vegetables and fruit. He helped organize and was a charter member of the Coe and Zuma Mutual Insurance Company. He also helped organize the farmers store which operated in Rock Island for a few years. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge of Port Byron and Elm camp of the Modern Woodman of America at Hillsdale. He was politically a Green Backer, however, it seemed every candidate for office regardless of party called on him for support. And it seemed that every agent in the county who had anything to sell also called. He was nominated on the Independent ticket for Sheriff of our county on two occasions and for the office of state Representative on one. Each nomination was unsolicited. For Sheriff the first time he was defeated by four votes, the next time by eighty votes by the Democratic nominee. He had defeated the Republican candidate by eighty-three votes. For State Representative he was defeated by eight hundred votes, though Rock Island County gave him a majority of fourteen hundred and forty. Marx was familiar with the political issues of the day and helped to organize the Populist Party in St. Louis in 1891.

From 1886 to 1897 he bought hogs and cattle to ship to the Chicago market, often shipping several carloads a day. Your writer accompanied a shipment of 9 carloads at one time. In buying this stock he preferred walking from place to place going across the fields, rather than drive a horse around a road. I think he knew every conductor and brakeman on this division of the Q Railroad. On one occasion he missed connections with the train to Denrock and Hillsdale, so he rode to Galesburg and then to Barstow, arriving at 9 o'clock or

so at night and walked home from there a distance of 16 miles, arriving home at 2:00 A.M., and in the morning up and gone again to buy more stock.

Marx was a delegate to the Head Camp meeting of the Modern Woodman of America at Springfield, Illinois in 1890. At this meeting he nominated Major C. W. Hawes as head clerk of this organization. The major held this office for twenty-four years.

In 1893 Mother and Dad attended the World's Fair at Chicago for one week. It was a great event. They were present on "Chicago Day", October 9, when the attendance was 716,881. A few years later they attended a big meeting in Denver, Colorado and visited their daughters and their husbands at Ward, Colorado, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Schmoll and Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Fairhurst.

Financial reverses started in 1886 when notes Marx had signed for good friends and relatives were left for him to pay. The loss of 400 hogs by Cholera in two years and the loss of sixteen fine cows that had eaten too much corn and pumpkins while we attended the Joslin Fair was hard on them. With these reverses striking him over a period of a few years made it tough going. In time all bills were happily paid.

Our Mother always spoke well of her father and mother and often told us how her father would take his children to the city to see the sights and see the train coming along the track. Also the political rallies and their torch light parades, and the mighty Hur-rass from the multitude. Those were thrilling events to the Frels family.

Our mother wasn't a gad-about, but she did enjoy visiting her brothers and sisters annually or more often. She usually drove one horse to the top buggy, cross the river at Cleveland on a ferry to visit her brother George and family and sister Mary and Etta and their families. On this side of the river were her brothers Henry and William. She thoroughly enjoyed talking over life's activities with them.

On one occasion when she was returning from her visit she was shocked when seeing a number of buggies in our yard, her first thought being that there was an accident or a death on the place. On reaching the door of the home, the house was filled with ladies who came to surprise her upon her birthday. Present were Mrs. Gerhardt, Mrs. Banker, Mrs. Liphardt, Mrs. Oppendike,Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Hahn, Mrs. Winterfeldt, Mrs. Mahlstedt, Aunt Lizzie Bracker, Mrs. Haak and a number of others whom I can't recall. They brought well filled baskets of food and had a delightful time together. All of these ladies were dear old friends of hers. They were nearly all Germans. She enjoyed going to church, both the Lutheran and Baptist. We younger ones of the family couldn't understand the German preaching, therefore, we got to going to the Baptist service.

Our mother worked hard all of her life, and I was glad that I could give her a ride in the automobile the last two years of her life. We drove around visiting considerably.

I always remember how disgusted our mother became toward an agent from the city who brought us a six octave organ to trade for our five octave one. To demonstrate his organ he sat down and played and sang, "We all paid for drinks, McGinnis did the same, and when they were empty, around the glasses came." Mother told him point blank that she didn't like the song. He came near losing the sale on the strength of that song. He tamed down at once.

In 1912 they celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. It was truly a great event. The house and yard seemed full of neighbors, relatives and old friends. One couple, Mrs. and Mr. William Oltman of Hampton, were present at their wedding in 1862. Henry Saddoris and David S. Medsger were both past the ninety year span of life. Many of the Frels and the Haubergs were present and others who had seen great changes in the development of the country in fifty, sixty and seventy years. A bounteous dinner was served at a long table in the yard in the shade of the old maples . Piano and violin music was enjoyed during the day by Miss Matilda Liphard of Hillsdale and a violinist from Rock Island. Short talks were given

by several of the guests. A large crowd gathered in the evening to charivari the honorees. While in the house during the festivities a terrific storm broke loose. It rained, thundered and lightening for hours. Twenty of the ladies slept in the house that night and an equal number of men slept in the barn. At daylight the writer went down the road with an ax to remove the fallen trees from the road so the night guests could return home.

November 1917 they enjoyed an extensive visit in South Dakota visiting their two daughters, Mrs. Rosena Furland and husband and Mrs. John E. Furland and husband.

In 1918 our mother became seriously afflicted with diabetis. She was given the best of medical aid by Dr. George Hauberg, but insulin had not been in use at that time. She passed away April 21, 1918 at the Lutheran Hospital with father and all of her children present.

Funeral services were held at the Bethel Baptist Church where she had taken part in many of the activities of the church. The service was largely attended, it being the largest the undertaker had ever had. Therefore, he counted the autos, there being 107 and 10 buggies. She was laid to rest in the Fairfield Cemetery. She lacked four months of being 74 years of age. The children of this couple were Amelia, Emma, Anna, John, Rosena, Louis, Elnora, Ada, and Walter who died at fourteen months of age. The life story of each of the children will be found in this volumn.

Marx Hauberg attended many of the Old Settlers meetings of our county and in 1919 he was chosen President of the organization. To be sure he was an old settler and liked to talk of by-gone days, in 1923 he wrote a Memoirs of his life and had it published in book form.

Marx delighted in taking care of the garden and fruit on the old homeplace. When all was well cared for at home off he would go to visit his daughters in Colorado, the Schmolls and Fairhurst, and to South Dakota where Rosena and Eli Furland and Ada and John Furland lived. He had a wonderful memory. When he arrived home he could give you the life story of most every one he had met in his travels.

At ninety years of age he dug our potato crop. Later he had some difficulty with a hoe he was using so he placed the handle in a vise and was drilling a hole in the handle when he suffered a stroke. This was November 11. He got to the house and laid around until the 16th when Dr. Johnson of Port Byron was called out. His left side was paralyzed. A male nurse from Muscatine was gotten to care for him and he was treated by Dr. George Hauberg of Moline. Though bedfast he was mentally alert and could carry on a conversation to the last. On January 4, 1928 his life ceased.

Funeral arrangements were set for Saturday, January 7, at 1:15 at the home and 2:00 at the Fairfield Methodist Church. Dr. William H. Blancke of St. Paul Lutheran Church of Davenport was in charge of the service, he being a friend of the Hauberg and Frels families having officiated at weddings and funerals of both families. The bearers were nephews of their Uncle Marx, Dr. George Hauberg, Edgar Walther, Herman Bracker, Benjamin Frels, Walter Frels and Carl Schmoll. The weather and roads were not ideal for a service, the roads being quite muddy. The casket was hauled to the foot of our hill in a wagon and we Haubergs went to the service in both automobile and wagon before the frost broke through in the morning. A male quartette of local young men sang at the service, Fred Boardman, William Riewerts, Claire Golden and Merril Trowbridge. Burial was at the family lot in the Fairfield Cemetery. Thus passed a colorful life whose influences for progress was always evident.

Amelia Schmoll

I, Amelia Maria Catherine Hauberg Schmoll, oldest of the Marx Hauberg family, was born in a log house on Sugar Grove Farm, Coe Township, Rock Island County, Port Byron, Illinois, August 20, 1863. I can remember when we moved into the large stone house. I was between three and four years old. Soon after that Grandfather and Grandmother Frels and Aunt Etta, then about five years old, came over to see the new house. Sister Anna was the first child born (1867) in the new house.



Amelia Hauberg Schmoll



William Theodore Schmoll

Grandfather Henry Frels lived on Hampton Bluff. He first married Catherine Mandler. They had six children: Margaret, Mary, Henry, William, George and Etta. My mother was the oldest child and was married when she was seventeen years old.

Grandmother Frels passed away a couple of days after Aunt Etta was born. A neighbor, Mrs. Gernant, came over and took care of Etta and kept house for grandfather. Later Grandfather Frels married Mrs. Gernant.

Grandfather went to Hampton (a coal digger town) to get mail and supplies every Saturday. We would see coal diggers lying along the hillsides under the fence (drunk) resting. They had Saturday off.

Grandfather Frels was the first man to discover coal in the surrounding area. He used it only to burn. Oltman discovered some later on his property and then developed the coal mine business.

When he was 14 years old Grandfather Frels left home and lived on sail boats where he learned to splice rope as well as other things. Whenever a rope broke on a ferry or a food grinding mill in Rock Island County, he would be sent for to fix it. He did it so well that they could not tell where it had been broken.

I started to Bluff School when I was six years old and quit when I was fourteen so that I could go to German Lutheran School on Hampton Bluff. Each year I was given a two weeks vacation about Easter time at Grandfather Frels. Here I spent the happiest days of my life, Etta and I had such good times together and Grandmother was so kind to me. I lived here while I attended Lutheran School. Pastor Winter was the teacher and I was confirmed when I was fifteen years old.

When I was thirteen or fourteen years old Grandfather took Etta and me to Hampton. He entertained us by letting us look in the store windows. We saw a hat in the millinery store window that we both liked. It was white leghorn hat with red ribbon streamers and a wreath of red roses and green leaves near the crown--which neither of us could wear well as Etta had auburn hair and I was a blonde. Grandfather asked the milliner if she could trim another just like the one in the window. We wore them Easter Sunday. We would look at each other admiringly.

Grandfather Frels gave the land for a public school. It was on the way to the church.

Grandfather never worked in the fields on Sunday. He took his entire family to church. All people near him took their families in a lumber wagon. Grandfather took his family in a "democrat buggy". He was the first one in this section to have such a comfortable way of going to church. Grandmother would shine the special shoes on Saturday and put them by the fireplace.

Everybody stopped at Grandfather's spring along the road. He had the children carry water up hill from this spring for cooking, but water from a well nearer the house was used for other purposes in the house and for livestock.

Grandmother Frels passed away the year after I was confirmed. Later Grandfather passed away and left William, George and Etta at home that were not married. William was the oldest of the three so continued the farming and care of the home. George had had the best education of any of the children. Grandfather had had him stay with Gody's in Clinton while attending school there.

After Grandfather died Uncle William used to sit on the porch and fiddle. He could play all the popular tunes by ear.

Aunt Mary Frels Gernant needed help badly so she sent word asking if Etta could help her. This left Uncle William without a cook so he came over to see my mother and asked if I might come over to cook for him. Ma said to me, "If you think you will get lonesome, you can take Louis along for company." Louis was three or four years old. Every night he would chase the chickens out of the trees.

After I was with Uncle William all summer he decided in the fall to marry Bertha Guildenpfennig. Her father had a heavy black beard that almost reached his waist. Aunt Etta and I were the bridesmaids and the groomsmen were Uncle William's hired man and Charles Oltman. The wedding was in Grandfather Frels home.

George Frels then went to Barstow and worked for some people by the name of Edwards. Here he met and later married Aunt Nettie Golden.

After Uncle William's wedding Aunt Mary Gernant and Etta invited me to come over to Henry County to spend a few days with them as Aunt Mary wanted me to do some sewing for her. Etta had met Fred Schmoll while staying there. He drove a high-lived team of pinto horses to a one-seated buggy. Fred and Etta invited me to go with them to a fourth of July celebration between Geneseo and Cambridge. They had dancing at these places, most of them being

in barns. This is where I first met my future husband, William Theodore Schmoll. Will was a wonderful dancer, nimble and light on his feet. He worked for Uncle Dave Hauberg, Joe Libey and Ernst Walther, his brother-in-law. He was the only boy of the Schmoll family that worked for other people. In the evening Fred took us to his home where we were treated to our choice of wine, beer or whisky and were royally entertained. This was quite a contrast to our own home where liquor in any form was never served.

The year after I was confirmed Emma worked for Aunt Mary Gernant and during the winter she went to German Lutheran School on Hampton Bluff and was later confirmed.

I worked for Aunt Mary Hauberg after working for Mary Gernant. And how I did work! I milked two and three cows, fed calves, did all baking and cooking, sewing, patching and general housework. Father Messer lived with them. He made wooden slippers. Grandmother Hauberg, Uncle Dave, Aunt Mary, John, Herman and Luther were there also. Besides this they had company nearly every afternoon to which I had to serve coffee cake and jelly and coffee. For this I was paid $2 per week. I was not paid for six months. Then I got a cow which Pa sold and took the money for.

Aunt Etta married Fred Schmoll while working for Mary Gernant. She was married in the Lutheran Church attended by the Schmolls and they celebrated afterward at the Schmoll home. Sister Emma Hauberg and Emma Eberle were the bridesmaids and Will Schmoll was the groomsman. Uncle Adam wanted Etta to marry Blankenfelt, because he was a potato king, but she disliked him.

I was fifteen years old when I worked for Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Henry Frels, when they lived in Henry County on the place left by Fred Broady and now occupied by Ben Frels.

After Aunt Etta was married the Frels estate was settled. My father was the administrator for the Henry Frels Estate. The family decided they would like to have a change. Fred Broady wanted to have a share in the estate, but since he had refused to take the name of Frels and wanted nothing to do with grandfather, he was not permitted to have anything. Since Henry was named for Grandfather, they gave him the homestead and George was given the place in Henry County now owned by Ben Frels. William was given the place adjoining George in Henry County.

When Henry Frels moved back to Grandfather's, Lydia would sit on top of the picket fence. Aunt Lizzie would say that Clara was proud. I made her a bright red dress and Lydia a blue dress.

Emma and I were the oldest of the Marx Hauberg family. As soon as we were tall enough we stood at each end of the table to eat. We all said a German prayer of our own before each meal. When the next two children became tall enough they then took these places and we sat down to eat. We learned to milk when we were five or six years old. All of us learned on an old cow named Brindy. In the summer when Brindy got tired of having us fool around she would lie down, before we had finished milking her.

One Easter it was a very pretty day. We had to make nests under the seats on the front porch so the rabbit could lay eggs there. We all (four of us) had our baths and were nice and clean. Emma and I were between six and seven years old. We were clean first. The rabbit would not lay until we were clean. When we were through we ran around to the front porch to see if the rabbit had laid the eggs. John Wiggins had just finished putting the eggs in the nests when we came around the corner of the house, so he ran to the front gate, clapped his hands and said, "siccum". We got two or three eggs apiece. We were peeved because we thought that we should have had more eggs if he had not chased the rabbit away.

When brother John was nine years old he still thought that rabbits laid eggs. There was a rail fence between Grandfather Hauberg's and our pasture. John had insisted on taking a big water pail to gather rabbit eggs. Grandfather met him at the fence and told him to leave his bucket there because Grandmother had a bucket for him. Grandfather asked him where he was going. John said, in low German, that he was going to get rabbit eggs. Grandfather had told him that he could not understand English and asked John to talk to him in low German.

John loved his Grandmother and Grandfather Hauberg very much. When he was four and five years old he would sit in the big deep dining room window and say that he was going to buy his Grandmother Hauberg a green silk dress.

Ma always tried to have a happy Christmas for us. When Emma and I were small she did not have a tree because they had to be bought. Old man Pearsall sold Christmas (pine) trees. We were in our early teens (12-13-14) when we had our first tree. The next year Uncle Dave Hauberg had the tree; the next year the Brackers had the tree and all the families were there. One year before we had a tree Ma cleaned the parlor then put a plate for Em and me in one of the big deep windows with our names on them. She then raised the window about four to eight inches and Santa put the gifts on the plates. This year John Wiggin (whom we all liked because he was so jolly) was Santa. We had to say our prayers first then the things were put on our plates. The wind was blowing to beat the band. When Santa put the doll on Emma's plate she was so excited that she grabbed it and Santa slapped her hands. After Santa left we then picked up our things. The day before Christmas Ma would have things scrubbed and spotlessly clean. Other years on Christmas Eve Ma would put plates around the dining room table with our names on them. Christmas morning we would get up before Ma and Pa and look at our presents.

When I had reached the age of eleven, Emma and I had to help with the farming. We would help grandfather by carrying the bundles to the shocks. There were about twelve bundles to a shock. After about three years Pa thought that we were old enough to bind stations. At first, if the hired men were behind with their stations we had to help them. We had to help plant the corn by hand from a box which dropped three or four kernels at a time, and after the grain came up we often had to pull weeds by hand. When we were about fourteen or fifteen we drove the harrow. During harvest time when Ma did not have the lunches ready for the men, we had to carry them into the field twice a day: at 9 a.m. and between 3 and 4 p.m. In the morning the lunch consisted of one-half pint of whiskey, a jug of water and home-smoked sausage sandwiches. In the afternoon we took a two-gallon pot of coffee and a big basket filled with sandwiches and cookies, pie or cake. At corn husking time we had to help Pa too. He picked the down row and drove the horses. We had to put up any corn that had been thrown over the wagon box by the helpers and any that they overlooked. Corn picking time we also had to herd cows in the meadow and see that they did not get into the corn field.

It was at Aunt Nettie's wedding that my mother noticed how beautifully her dress was made. Ma inquired where the dressmaker lived and then and there decided to send me to Moline to learn the dressmaking trade. I stayed with Aunt Mary Hauberg's sister, Mrs. Timmerman. At the end of ten days Pa came for me to husk corn and this ended my professional training. I learned to cut patterns by a model and from then on was a full fledged dressmaker. I worked for different people for a few years and then Emma and I went into business in Port Byron where we had a first class establishment. Emma was the milliner and I the dressmaker.

For seven or eight years after I met Will Schmoll he would take me to visit his relatives, to parties or dances. He had a fancy driving horse and single buggy. In winter he would either take me in a cutter or take a group of us in a big bob sled drawn by two lively horses with jingling sleigh bells on their harness. They were fine dancers at Dipmarschen Bluff so we went there often. The sled was filled with straw and we sat flat in the box on that. We put lap robes and blankets over us. We wore nubies on our heads, wide quilted or hand crochet woolen petticoats, pants, skirts, waists, short or long coats, over shoes and leggins, if we had them. All wore hand knit woolen stockings. Grandmother Hauberg knitted all the stockings for all of her families taking one family each year. She did all the washing, coloring and spinning of the yarn.

Will Schmoll went West in 1886 with their neighbors, the Libeys. He finally homesteaded near Winona (then called Gopher), Kansas. He first built a dugout and batched for about two and one-half years. Then he came East and we were married at my home on January 22, 1889. We visited in Illinois for a week or two and then went by train to Kansas. When we arrived in Winona, he took me to the claim in a hired one-horse buggy. We had a new one-room sod house 12x16 feet with a board floor which he had built for me. Few of my neighbors had board floors. The shanty had a full-sized window in the south, half-sized windows in the north and west and



The Sod Shanty on the claim in Logan County, Kansas
The walls were two feet thick, and the roof was of sod. You couldn't hear the wind blow when inside the cabin. Cool in the hot summer time and warm in the cold winter. This was the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Theodore Schmoll 1889 to 1891 when they moved to Colorado.

a door facing west. Everything in the house was arranged as well as I could have done it. There was a corner cupboard, a parlor cookstove, a bed, wardrobe, table, four chirs, a rocker and sewing machine in our house. The bedstead that Print Teeter had given Will was standing outside when I came so we stayed with the Jacksons the first night. Upon examination I found it was full of bed bugs. Next day Will got a barrel and made a sled to which he hitched one of the wild horses that he had broke and hauled water from the Smoky River, about a half a mile away. I heated water in a dish pan and scrubbed the bed. Then I rubbed it thoroughly with kerosene and I was rid of the bed bugs in spite of the fact that my neighbor said it was impossible.

The dugout which was about a block from the sod shanty was filled with old railroad ties. These lasted me one year for fuel. After that I had to burn buffalo chips just as my neighbors did. They were dusty, burned quickly, made a lot of heat and left much ashes. In the fall people gathered them for winter and they would have stacks as high as the house.

Print Teeters, for whom Will worked as a cowboy, gave us a Plymouth Rock hen with thirteen eggs and a sow for a wedding present. All the eggs hatched and the chicks lived. They were so beautiful with their bright red combs that I hated to give them up when we moved West. The sow had fourteen little pigs in spring. A blizzard came up so we brought the little pigs in the house. We raised all of them. Eggs sold for four and five cents a dozen; butter for two and one-half to five cents a pound. We had a white cow. I had to walk long distances to find her each evening, as the place was not fenced.

Will brought all of Teeters cattle (over 100 head) in every night both summer and winter. It was very hard work. There was always the possibility of a stampede. He also helped put up wild hay. The thirty dollars a month he got was considered big wages those days. We had blizzards in spring. The wind was so strong that it would drive the cattle ahead of it.

Hazel was born August 23, 1890 in the sod shanty on the claim. We lived here two and one-half years.

Will went to Lyons, Colorado and worked in a sandstone quarry after Hazel was born in order to earn enough money to prove up on the homestead. While he was away I would get up early in the morning and do the chores and housework. About 9 o'clock I would later peek in



at Hazel and she would be lying there with her feet up in the air and chewing her toes. She would sometimes look over at me with her big blue eyes.

The neighbors took good care of me while Will was away. They brought my water and butchered two large fat pigs for me. I rendered the lard on my parlor cookstove, and then put it in wooden firkins. I also made sausage and head cheese. These were all kept in the dugout. I gave quite a little to the neighbors. When Will came home he was very happy to have all this meat as it was like he used to have at home. Will smoked some of the meat with the railroad ties.

Will had lived here five years so proved up on the homestead March 27, 1891. The soil was very rich and when there was enough moisture the crops were very fine. Crop failures however, were the rule and were unaccustomed to this so decided to try to get work in Colorado where wages were high. We sold some of our things and stored the rest in McAllaster until we got settled. We took some of the lard to Colorado with us but some soaked out and the rest got rancid. We finally landed in Caribou, Colorado July 4, 1891. Brother John Hauberg had come to Kansas and finally joined Will in Colorado. After a summer of harvesting Will returned to Caribou and we sent for our things.

Caribou was then considered the richest silver mining area in Colorado. The only work available at first was wood chopping. Later, because of his superior ability in handling horses, Will was selected as head wood hauler when the Caribou Mine opened. In winter he had to shovel snow every morning to get out of the house and to get the horses out of the barn. The wind and snow were terrible. Just as they had the Caribou Mine unwatered and had it ready for production silver was demonetized, silver mines closed down and we were forced to find work elsewhere.

Ward was a booming gold mining town at that time so we moved over there October 1892 and have lived there ever since. At first Will worked in a mine. He did not like that work so he again first chopped and hauled wood. Later he bought Major Jain's livery business and ran ten to twenty horses. When automobiles came in he changed from horses to automobiles.

Will never located but one mine -- the Century -- in 1897. He owned others but disposed of them. He dug a shaft seventy-five feet deep on the main vein which was sixteen inches wide at the bottom of the shaft, and ran three ounces in gold to the ton, which is considered very good. He also ran a tunnel 125 feet toward this shaft. Will never made any money from his mine, but we hope that the recent revival of mining will enable us to at least make back a part of what we put into it.

Will and I were both interested in civic affairs. Soon after the town was incorporated Will was elected to the Town Council. Later he was treasurer, then secretary and finally served as mayor for twenty-one years. I was on the School Board for over twenty years. As a member of the Ladies Aid Society, I helped to build the first church in Ward -- the Union Congregational Church. Much time was also given later to the Woman's Civic Improvement Club and the Woman's Club. During World War I, I had charge of the Red Cross work for the Ward District. For many years I was Republican Committee Woman and often served as clerk or judge of local, county and national elections.

Ward was not only one of the richest gold mining towns in Colorado, but the center of one of the most scenic spots in the United States. The railroad which came in 1898 was called the Switzerland Trail of America. For many years Will hauled the mail from the railroad station, or in winter, anywhere that the train had to stop. Later after the railroad was abandoned in 1919, he hauled mail and passengers and freight from Boulder to Ward for a time.

Before the establishment of the United States Forest Service some of Will's horses ran wild on the range in winter and spring. They covered the area between the highest peaks of the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains and the foothills. In spring Will would have to hunt them on horseback. This enabled him to learn the country very thoroughly and their haunts and habits. He was a keen observer of nature. He first took people on trips into

this scenic country on horseback and with buggies. As a result of his thorough knowledge of the country together with his accumulation of observations made, he was very popular with the tourists and his services as guide were in great demand and highly regarded. He was one of the first people to make a business of guiding tourists into our scenic country which he loved. Due very largely to his interest in this area, Ward became known as the Inner Gateway to the three largest glaciers in the Southern Rockies. Because of the wide variety of his activities, Will became one of the most widely known men in Boulder County. He passed away March 19, 1946.

Emma Elizabeth Fairhurst



Emma E. Hauberg Fairhurst
and Albert Lyle Fairhurst

Emma Elizabeth Hauberg was the second child born to Marx and Margaret Hauberg on February 2, 1865 in a log cabin on Sugar Grove Homestead, Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois.

About one and one-half years later our family moved about one-fourth mile west of the log cabin to the newly built stone house. My first recollection of my existence was when I was playing with some curls that had fallen from the Carpenter's bench in the northwest corner of the yard.

Our new home was erected on a barren hill without shade or shelter, so an early effort was made to plant fruit trees as well as different kinds of shrubs and herbs. Soon after this was done the whole family got into the wagon and drove down east of Hillsdale on a flat that had a large number of old maple trees that were bearing seed. We had an exciting time getting there. We forded a branch of the Rock River extending northward. The overflow from the river came within a couple of inches of the top of the wagon box and almost covered the horses backs. Once across we soon gathered plenty of seeds to plant a forest around our home place. I recall that the following day Pa and the hired man plowed long furrows and dropped the seeds by hand in about the same way that the farmers planted their corn. That was a job well done and mother nature did the rest. Most of the trees are still standing. There were plenty of other fine native trees at the foot of the hill on our place such as oak, walnut, butternut, and locust.

We had a most wonderful view from our new home overlooking the Docia bottoms where the Mississippi and Rock Rivers occasionally met during the high water season. This area was a real hunter's haven. There was plenty of wild life including geese, brants, ducks, prairie chickens and quails. Our grandparents said that in former years there were plenty of deer and wild turkeys. People came from everywhere, even as far as Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to hunt. These latter people brought servants with them and built a fine lodge south of the Bluff School House. They erected a flagpole in the southeast corner of the school yard on the top of which they placed a lantern so that if they did not return home before dark that it would serve as a guiding light.

School Days

Since the folks did not want Amelia to go to school alone I started to school at the age of five. We attended Bluff School which was a one-room, one-teacher school. Our first teacher was a Mrs. Brown, for the summer term and Mr. Lambert Torpin for the winter term. There were 12 to 15 pupils in summer and 60 to 65 in winter. It was three-fourths of a mile from our house to school. During the winter months it was a very cold walk, though our mother dressed us warm with quilted lining in our coats, hoods and petticoats as well as long heavy underwear.

Ma had purchased a bundle of goods from a Jew peddler who was going through the country with a pack -- which was the custom those days. Those bundles contained some very good pieces of material such as broadcloth. Our mother was endowed with a creative mind and thought things out for herself. So she proceeded to make Amelia and me some bloomers out of the broadcloth to wear during the cold weather. Previous to this we had worn white cotton flannel that buttoned below the knee. As this new garment was new to us we felt embarrassed to wear these dark garments to school because we thought that the children would laugh at us. We decided we would be very careful so that none of them would see them, but to our surprise and kid fashion the kids spied them and thought they were just fine and were going to ask their mammas to make them some. This surely was a great relief and end to our troubled conscience. Grandmother Hauberg always furnished the entire family with her home spun and home knit mittens which helped to keep us comfortable. We wore heavy leather shoes. Over shoes had not come into use. On extra cold mornings sister Amelia and I would each wear a big shawl over our heads and coats. My feet and hands would get so cold that I would cry. Amelia would try to console me. Before I went into the schoolhouse I would wipe the tears away and try to be brave, but my fingers hurt so badly that the teacher sensed what he thought I needed. He would ask one of the big boys to get a basin of snow to stick my fingers in. I have always felt very grateful to them as when they would pass me on the way to get the snow they would give me a sympathetic look and never once did they call me a cry baby.

Bluff School not only served the community as a school for children but it was also used as a religious center. The Baptists held Sunday School and services there before they built their church one mile south of there. The Lutherans held a monthly service there for many years. Pastor Winter drove fourteen miles, from Hampton Bluff, to preach. Most of the John D. Hauberg, Sr., descendants brought their children there to be baptised. Grandmother Hauberg always prepared the table for communion and baptisms that were held here. She always extended an invitation to the pastor for a chicken dinner after the service. Funeral services for most of the Lutherans who attended here were held here. Grandfather Hauberg's service was held here.

Singing school, shows, school meetings and a horse club were also held at the Bluff School. In those days men would steal horses, so farmers formed a club to safeguard them.

It was customary for all districts to take part in spelling schools. This time brother John, locally called "Little Johnny" because we had a cousin who was much bigger than our John called "Big John", spelled down the Enterprise School. Those who took part were grown girls and boys from 16 to 21 years old. That caused some excitement throughout the schools. Enterprise School was two miles east of our Bluff School.

School teachers in those days received $20 to $25 per month. Hired men on the farms received $16 to $18 per month plus room and washing.

One cold chilly November morning during corn husking season a well-dressed man came to our house looking for work. My father looked him over. His hands were soft and white. Apparently he had been doing indoor work. Father said, "You don't look to me like a farmer. What have you been doing?" He replied, "I was a school master in Germany and fell out with the authorities. When that happens in Germany you never get another school, so I came to America hoping that I could find some work." Ma and Pa felt sorry for him so Pa suggested that instead of husking corn they would give him a job of teaching the children German as it would be but a few years when they would have to attend Lutheran School and be confirmed. Besides, we could stay at home and not have to attend school during the cold winter months. He had him help a little with the chores and paid him ten dollars per month in money and provided

room, board and washing. This pleased him very much and he took the job. He surely was a good instructor. I appreciate his teaching more and more. We learned our letters. At the end of four months we could read, write, spell and figure in German. We could read and write stories such as Red Riding Hood and others. He had us write compositions. Our school session was four hours a day.

One of the highlights of our school days was to be able to go home with some of the girls to spend the night. It came my turn to go home with one of our neighbors. They had a small two-room house of one and a half story -- a living room downstairs and a lean-too kitchen. Upstairs there was one large room with unfinished walls. During the night it rained. The raindrops falling on the roof delighted me. I thought "How grand!" So when I went home the following day I told my mother about this and what a good time I had. I told her that I wished we had a house where we could hear the raindrops fall on the roof. She smiled but said nothing. I know now what she was thinking, as we had a fine large two and a half story house and we couldn't hear the rain fall on the roof.

We were blessed with four grandparents. We loved all of them and were always happy to see them. Grandmother Hauberg was the good Samaritan in the community. She officiated at most all of the births in her large family. She was always there to keep in case of illness or death. There were no undertakers in those days. Their loved ones were cared for in their homes until the funeral. Grandmother could read and knit at the same time. She kept the entire family-- young and old-- in her homespun and hand knit mittens which she gave them for Christmas. Grandfather would read aloud. These grandparents lived only one-half mile from us.

Grandmother and Grandfather Frels lived twelve miles from us so we did not see them often. I was baptised in their large brick home when I was three weeks old. It was the same day that Uncle Adam Gernant and Aunt Mary Frels were married in this home. I also stayed here one winter while I was going to Lutheran School at Hampton Bluff. We walked $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles each way to school. I was confirmed in the Brick Church on March 21, 1880. Reverend Winter was the pastor and teacher.

Ma told me that she and her brothers and sisters handed the bricks which her grandfather had made to grandfather and his helper when they built their brick house.

This reminds me of what my mother told us about the Hubers of Rock Island. Grandfather, Henry Frels, was well acquainted with the Huber's -- in fact all farmers were, as they hauled the barley they grew to them for making beer. While talking with Mr. Huber one day Mr. Huber said that his wife was sadly in need of help and asked Grandfather if he knew of a girl that they could get. At first Grandfather said, "No, I do not." Then Huber said, "My wife has just too much work to do with the children and we cannot find any one. We would be glad to we could only find some one to help until we could get someone permanently. Grandfather had two girls, but they had never worked away from home. Mary was 13 and Margaret 15 years old. He thought perhaps grandmother would let Margaret help them out until they found someone. She realizing their need decided to let Margaret help them. They were so pleased to have her. In place of taking her in as their friend and helper to show their appreciation, they placed her with the servant class, and all the work that went with it. She had not been accustomed to this. When wash day came she was told to get up at 2 (two) a.m. and do the big family washing before the family arose, as they did not like to see the washing around. Margaret did all that she was told to do. When her father came down to see how she was getting along she told him what she had been doing. He replied, "You pack up your things and come home with me." -- which she did. That was gratitude, wasn't it? Those days a woman's work was only considered worth $1.50 to $2.50 per week. They were not supposed to waste much time resting in bed -- just keep going.

All clothes were hand sewn. Even men's overalls and shirts were made from goods bought in the store.

Mattresses in those days consisted of ticking filled with oats straw. Over this was placed a goose-feather pad. Farmers picked their goose feathers from the live geese about

every six weeks in the summer, so they had plenty of feathers for pillows and pads and the beds were very comfortable. Amelia, Anna and I slept in a trundle bed when we were small. This bed was rolled under a big double bed during the day to save space.

We made our own dye from oak and walnut leaves and hulls, and from onion scales for dying Easter eggs. Soap was made from hickory ashes. Ashes were put in a leaky tub and water poured over them. Then we caught the drippings. To these we added bacon rinds, cracklings or any grease and boiled this down. This made a soft spongy soap. Hard soap was made in later years. This soap made our clothes white. Candles were made from suet poured into a form.

Farmers had no market for live pork or beef in those days.. They would butcher hogs and cattle in the winter and load them into a bob-sled where the stiffly frozen carcases were piled high. These were then taken to the tri-cities to sell. We cured and smoked all of our meat for our own use.

For flour and cornmeal we took wheat, corn, buckwheat and rye to a grist mill to be ground. There was a grist mill at Cleveland in Henry County on the Rock River and one at Rapid City on the Mississippi. Both mills were run by water power. If farmers raised barley they hauled it to the Huber Brewery in Rock Island to make beer.

In the early days they did not can fruit. It was either dried or preserved. People said that fruit could not be canned without sugar. Finally they learned that if the fruit could be kept air tight that it could be done, so the problem was solved and is still in use. Apple butter was made in a big iron kettle outside. First they boiled down the cider then put the raw apples into this.

Grandfather Hauberg used to gather baskets of wild grapes and grandmother made wine from them. In the winter she would fill a glass about one third full of wine and sugar then fill the glass with hot water. This was served with cookies in the winter whenever company came in.

Grandfather smoked all of the family's meat. When he opened the smoke- house door you would see a fine picture of hams, bacon and rings of home-made sausage. When grandmother would waken in the morning she would often see the deer licking on the smoke-house door. Sausage casings in those days were made from entrails of the animals which were carefully cleaned. They had to be turned inside out and scraped. When we thought we had them clean we had to blow them up. If they were not clean we had to work them over some more. They were then washed in salt water and blown up again. Sometimes these cases were kept over from one year to another.

In the fall we would pick some wild herbs and dry them to be used in case of illness during the winter. These herbs included camomile, peppermint, boneset, horehound, sage saffron, and spearmint.

We made our own yeast from cornmeal over which was poured hop tea. She made this into patties.

Recreation

Ring Riding

Ring Riding was a special celebration usually held at different German people's farms. It was held in June, the day before Pentecost and after the corn was planted. A high archway was built. From this a ring was suspended. Each rider carried a peg which he was supposed to put through the hole and carry off the ring as his horse galloped under the arch. The one who caught the ring the most number of times became the King of the celebration.

Ring Riding was followed by a feast, the food being provided by the farmer and women guests helped with the serving. The feast was followed by a barn dance. I remember three of these occasions. The first was at Uncle Dave's place. Grandfather Hauberg lived here first and built the famous big old barn which is still standing. I recall that after the king was

crowned and the bounteous feast was partaken of -- and food was of the best and plenty of it, guests assembled in the big barn to dance. This was the first time that I saw Ma and Aunt Mary Hauberg dance. Each wore a fine white lawn dress; Mary's being dotted with a small red leaf and Ma's with a small green leaf. They were made with round necks trimmed with lace, flowing sleeves, and full whoop skirts (which were then at the height of fashion).

Another time when Uncle Dedrich Bracker lived at the Uncle Dave place I remember that our John and Herman Bracker wore new suits made by their mothers. They were of dark material. The pants were short and the coats were trimmed with three rows of green braid.

The last ring riding was at our farm. It was south of our house on a level place near the creed and where there were some large locust trees. John Wiggin, Ma's cousin, won the high honor of being king. Ma had made a crown from gold leaf sheet paper and it was really beautiful. The dance was held upstairs in our horse barn. Amelia, Anna and I had gathered wild flowers from which Ma, Aunt Katie and Aunt Maggie made wreaths about four feet across. These together with some gilded egg shells strung on a cord were used for decorations. About 100 or more attended these celebrations.

Dances

Once or twice a year the Schroeders gave a Community Ball in a big dance hall in Hillsdale. Special printed invitations were sent out for these occasions. They would have either John Beal or Blair's five-piece Orchestra from Rock Island. Tickets for this event were usually $1.50 to $2.00 per family with no limit to the number. All children attended. There were no baby sitters in those days. A nursery room was provided and someone, usually a grandmother, was left in charge. The young couples were all dancing. During the intermissions they either sang or some person or group of persons would put on a special dance. Some of the songs all sang were: "Silver Threads Among the Gold", "I Was Sitting One Evening by the Riverside." On one occasion I remember Aunt Katie and Aunt Maggie wore red and white plaid alpaca wool skirts that had three-inch ruffles from the waist to the bottom of the skirts and white Garabaldi waists.

I learned to dance in this hall. When I was nine or ten years of age Pa picked me up and said, "Come on Emma, let us have this dance." I was on my feet and waltzing before I realized what I was doing. I soon learned to dance everything that came along from a square dance to minuet, coming thru the rye, schottische, polka, and others. Those days all could trip the light fantastic. None were too young or too old to dance.

At midnight we would have a grand banquet in their dining room. The food Mrs. Schroeder put on the table was the very best on the market. You did not sit down and eat and then go home and fill up. People brought their appetites with them.

Parties

During the winter months we had a lot of parties. My birthday on February 2, was a good time for country people. Usually they had a surprise party on me. The boys would pay for oysters and the girls brought the other food. One of my friends brought a fine roast turkey and rolls. We played games, danced and sang. One time there were 65 guests present. They always had a nice gift for me.

Fairs

The Hillsdale Fair had exhibits of the finest needlework and foods made by the women. Pa was usually president of the Hillsdale Fair Association. We had some exciting times. One instance was of two of our leading women who exhibited butter. The one receiving the blue ribbon, was naturally very happy. The one receiving the red ribbon went into a rage of temper, threw the red ribbon down and stamping it into the ground in the floral hall shouted, "I don't make second hand butter". The judges were within hearing distance. I took a first prize once on a white sponge cake, and another on cookies, once I took 36 varieties of pickles. Amelia usually took bread and rolls. A fifteen or twenty-piece band of Beals or Blairs played during this three-day fair.

Ma and I made and cared for the flower beds and the vegetable garden. My steady job at the age of fourteen was cooking and baking for our family of ten or twelve, including the hired men. We had extra men during harvest and corn picking time. I made fourteen loaves of bread three times a week, besides, rolls, cookies, cakes and pies. I always was fond of cooking and loved to feed the hungry.

At the age of seventeen I started to learn the millinary trade from Minnie Zeis in the Harper House Building in Rock Island. While here I boarded with Aunt Maggie and Uncle Fred Schroeder. I walked nine blocks to and from the store three times a day. After spending two seasons learning the trade, I received a position in the new Peterson's store in Geneseo. That was a branch of the Davenport store. I worked here four seasons in the Millinery Department and was paid the enormous salary of $6.00 per week. I paid $2.50 per week for board and room. I stayed with our cousins Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoeft.

After talking it over with our parents Amelia and I decided to start a business of our own in Port Byron, Amelia to do the dress making and I the millinery work. All dresses and hats in those days had to be hand made. Pa advanced us $500.00 to start our store. There were already two millinery stores in Port Byron. We bought the very best materials that were in the Market. I went to the Harper House in Rock Island to their fine Sample room where I bought goods from representatives of several wholesale houses: One was D. B. Fiske & Co., of Chicago; the other was Fanley and McCrea of St. Louis. Goods were displayed on certain days of the month. All tri-city milliners came here to buy. We had a grand opening which was announced with a black and gold letter sign. This was something they had never had before in Port Byron. When the milliners first heard that we were coming to town to open a shop they called us "just country girls", but we did not let that interfere with our plans. City folks those days were snobbish about country girls. Our store was decorated with the finest of plumes, flowers, feathers and hats. Just about all the high class Port Byron people as well as some people from the country called. Later these people came and bought hats and had dresses made. We enjoyed a good business for four years. We were soon able to pay Pa back what we borrowed. Amelia then married in 1889 and Anna took her place for a year then we sold out to a Mrs. Brown of Denver, Colorado, who was related to the Barretts of Port Byron.

We also taught millinery and dressmaking, while they were apprentices.

We had many surprises and happy experiences. One day when I was trimming our window I saw Louis coming around Pearsall's corner on a white horse. It was his first trip to town alone. The younger children loved to come to visit us and would take turns. When Ada came she wanted to get up when we did, but it was too cold for her. To keep her in bed longer we would say you can get up when a certain freight or passenger trains goes by. She would say, "Will it be when the long one or the short one goes by?" Elnora liked to sing to us and tell us stories about things she had seen or done. John was older so Pa would send him on more responsible errands, such as going to the bank.

During slack seasons I attended art classes at the Port Byron Academy. The teacher came once a week from Chicago.

New Era

Pa and Ma were always interested in new things. They bought a new two seated buggy which was the first in the community. Our first ride in it was going to church in the Bluff School. We also had the first organ sewing machine and kitchen range. The stove had a reservoir on top of the stove through which the pipe went. About that time we also had new binders, corn planters and plows.

Ours was a singing family. We spent much time singing. Perhaps this is why Louis had done so much singing. Choosing the farm life was probably so that his voice could know no bounds. He has sung it all types of occasions all over upper Rock Island County. His voice has quality as well as volume.

On March 21, 1890 I ventured west to see the Schmoll's in Kansas. I first went on the Canon-Ball line to Kansas City then the Union Pacific to McAllister where Will Schmoll met me. We drove two and one-half miles to their homestead. I arrived about 10:30 a.m. at their sod house door, and soon our dinner was on the table. I could not help but notice how barren everything was as there were no trees. You could see the sun rise and set without anything obstructing your view. Nothing but sunflowers looked at you. No wonder they called Kansas the sunflower state.

Soon after my arrival Will suggested that I take up a tree claim. After sleeping over this big idea a couple of nights I finally said that I would. The requirements were that you had to build a house within sixty days and sleep in it at least once a month and at the end of three years pay $200.00 before you could prove up on it. Will and Mr. Massey suggested that they build me a sod house. It was about 8x10 feet, and had a four-light window to the south and a door to the west. The first month Amelia stayed all night with me. The second month I thought I could stay there alone, so I walked about a mile east of the Schmoll house. My house was about 50 feet from the east side of the Smokey River. I had to cross the river to get to it. When I opened the door I was welcomed by two squirrels that jumped past my arm and a snake was coiled up on the floor in the center of the room. They had fixed a hanging bed which was much like a pullman. After I had eaten the lunch that I had brought and it was twilight an electric storm came up. I decided that I was there and must make the best of it. Suddenly I saw a wagon coming toward the house. It was Will and Amelia knowing that all was new to me in that country, and if a heavy rain should come the water would rise over the banks and wash away the bridge so I could not cross. I hurriedly picked up my sun bonnet and climbed into the wagon and onto the spring seat beside Will. I watched one side while he watched the other. We drove towards home-- at least we thought we did -- by that time it was pitch dark and all the light we had was when it lightened. Once we were just on the edge of a draw. It lightened at that moment or we would have gone over the bank. Amelia had a light in the window which we soon saw after we left this spot.

One beautiful summer morning in middle July Will decided to drive over to Teeters Cattle Ranch about four miles northwest of their house. Amelia suggested that I go along and stop and visit Mrs. Owens, a neighbor about half-way there. While I was there Mrs. Owens kept going toward the window and looking out. I did not know the reason for this. In about two hours she said, "Yes it is a hot wind. Just take a look at the cornfield now. All is yellow." "This forenoon when you came the cornfields were all pretty and green and just coming out into tassel." You can imagine the disappointment for the homesteaders. They had reaped their grain harvest, but everything else was burned up and soon the winter would be facing them. This was a new experience for an Illinoian as I had never seen a crop failure, except when we were hailed out once.

One event which stands out in my mind was a Sunday afternoon service I attended in a sod school house. People came from miles around to attend this meeting. The preacher came from Wallace, Kansas, and preached a fine sermon. When he first came in he sat quietly for some time. When the spirit moved him he got up and preached and his sermon ended just as abruptly. They said that he was a quaker.

I had expected to return to Illinois in September, but while teaching French Lamoune and art work and talking with some women at Wallace and Sharon Springs I mentioned this fact to them. They said, "Aren't you going to see the mountains before you go back." I replied, "I will go there the next time I come West." I had always wanted to see them since I studied geography. They said that I could get on the train at night and would be in Denver in the morning.

I finally decided to go to Denver. Colorado. I stayed in Denver until October 25, 1890 still earning my way by giving art lessons. My landlady from whom I rented an apartment said, "How would you like to go up into the mountains? I have a friend at Caribou who owns a hotel, The Sherman House, and I have just received a letter from her asking me to try to find a dining room girl for her." She suggested that I try this as I could make my expenses and see the fine scenery as tourist rates were quite high. Again I said, "Yes, I'll go". A few days later I boarded the train for Boulder. The hotel sent a sixteen-year-old boy to

Boulder with a one-seated buggy to meet me. The day was sunny and clear. We left Boulder about 9:30 a.m. and drove up Boulder Creek Nederland where they had a silver mill. The rushing water was new to me. We stopped at the Hetzer Hotel in Nederland for dinner. There the driver, Dale Hinman fed the horses too. We left Nederland about 2 p.m. and began a steep climb to Caribou a distance of four miles and an altitude of 10,000 feet, arriving at 5:30 p.m. Usually the proprietor had a man who met incoming carriages, but today he asked one of his guests, Albert Lyle Fairhurst, if he would greet me and take my baggage in. This was the beginning of my romance. The dream of my schooldays had been fulfilled when I reached this spot in the mountains. This indeed was a new world to me, so different from anything I had ever dreamed up. Here high in the Rockies I felt as if I were on top of the world. The people I met all seemed so intelligent and friendly, --much different than I had anticipated or read about. When I mentioned this to a lady she said to me "You know the cream of the East and South came West during the gold rush of 1859." My landlady, Mrs. Donald, was from Iowa and I met some from Illinois. Soon I felt quite at home.

I had expected to stay up here only a few weeks, but remained two years before going back to Illinois.

While in Caribou Bert Fairhurst took me and Ed Donald took the school teacher down into the Caribou Mine which was a very rich silver mine. It is now producing very rich pitchblende (uranium ore). When silver was demonitized men were planning to go to the gold camps. I was by then engaged to Bert Fairhurst, so the Schmolls and Bert and I came to Ward about the 1st of October, 1892. We first went to the McClancey Hotel. There was a shortage of houses and rooms. Luckily they happened to have two transient rooms in the log hotel. The men said that the beds in the other sleeping rooms never got cold because two shifts of men to a bed. The men work 10 and 12 hours a day.

We finally found a good-sized house in which to live -- the old Madalene Boarding House. We were married on November 16, 1892. Reverend Campbell of the First Christian Church in Boulder came with the Fairhurst family in a Concord Coach from Boulder. Charley, Will and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Fairhurst came. Hazel was about two years old. After the ceremony she peeked around and said to Uncle Bert, "Are you married now?" We had a big turkey dinner after the ceremony. Hazel sat on the minister's lap while she ate, and carried on an interesting conversation.

The town of Ward was booming. Dr. Jacob Campbell was one of the first doctors to live in town. His wife said that at that time there were 1300 men who voted and the population in town was about 3000. Fifty-two mine whistles blew each day. We were amazed to see that most of the miners were Americans. There were seven hotels, and five saloons when we came. In fact there were thirty-six business houses in the center of town before the fire on January 23, 1900. No decent women ever went into a saloon in Ward or smoked. I cast my first vote for President of the United States in Ward in 1896.

Ward was considered one of the best and oldest gold camps in Colorado. The first mine was founded in 1859. It is in a sulphide mineral belt and has true fissure veins. Mining engineers say that these mines can be depended upon since the fissures go to the depths of the earth. Sulphide ores in the Ward District contain gold, silver, copper, tungsten, uranium, iron, lead, zinc and even a trace of platinum. We mine most of the ores for gold because it predominates here. There is also a very rich silver vein near the town. There were five stamp mills within the city limits and many outside of town.

The day following the big fire of 1900 which burned all of the business places in Ward, the business men in Longmont and Boulder sent up a friendship train of food which lasted until we could establish some businesses again.

In 1915 we purchased the Columbia Hotel. It not only served the local people of the mining industry, but mine owners and capitalists met and put over mining deals. We also had a thriving tourist business because of the narrow guage railroad called the Switzerland Trail of America which had excursions three or four times a week. During the summer season they brought people from Denver and Boulder. The people had only two hours in town, including the

time out for dinner. I remarked to my husband that it was too bad that the people could not stay long enough to see some of the mines and the ore. Finally he said, "What would you do about it?" I promptly said, "I would build a monument made of all our ores in a park or a fireplace in the hotel so the public could see the ores." He replied, "Well, that's a fine idea". Before we had our plans finished he passed away suddenly February 3, 1920.

I finally decided to build a fireplace. Then I was confronted with the problem of how to go about it and how to get the ore. The thought came to me that I would ask the mine owners if I could get ore from their mines, and if they would like to have their mines represented. They all said, "We shall be glad to contribute the ore. We know you are familiar with and a good judge of our ores so take what you need." Some brought the ore, but I went out with the wagons and selected the rest. I wanted some ore from the Niwot Mine, the first mine discovered within the town limits and on the Columbia Vein. Since this was one of the last pieces of ore to go into the fireplace, I walked to the top of the mountain and carried the specimens down. The only specimen in the fireplace not found in the Ward District was from the Graphic Mine in Magnolia which is owned by the Fairhurst family. The Graphic Mine produced the richest specimen of gold ore (Sylvanite, which is the richest of all gold ore) ever found in the world. It assayed 7853 ounces of ore per ton in gold and 200 ounces in silver. It took two international prizes namely: a bronze medal from Paris, France in 1900; and a silver medal from Omaha, Nebraska.

The fireplace was completed in 1921. It has been most gratifying and a center of attraction for tourists. Some people come to Ward to see and admire it for its beauty; others for its value. Tourists call it the million dollar fireplace. People come from all over the world to see our scenery as well as to learn about our mines. John T. Bartlett who wrote up the fireplace in the National Hotel Magazine called it the community monument since it is the only collection of ores from the mines of the Ward District. Ripley also described the Columbia Hotel as one where you came in on one street and went upstairs and went out on another street.

Because of the monetary policies of our government our gold mines have been closed since World War II.

We enjoyed having Pa visit us summers because of the pleasure he received from visiting with people who came from all over the world. I recall Pa and our Forest Supervisor, Mr. Kraetzer, sitting in front of our fireplace and telling about Mr. Kreutzer's father being a forester in the Black Forest and his father being interested in the Vogelsang Forest in Germany.

Fairhurst Ancestry

The Fairhursts were of English descent. A Ruth Fairhurst married into the Miles Standish family. My husband's father, William Guy Fairhurst, was born in Patterson, New Jersey, but reared in Brooklyn, New York. His father and most of the family manufactured different kinds of engines. He really was heir to a large English estate. This large fortune was advertised in a New York paper but did not respond as they thought that they would probably not be able to get anything from it. My husband would have been a Lord had he been in England.

Mother Fairhurst was born and reared in Soco, Maine. She was of Jewish and English descent. Her father was a professor in a college. She and her parents came across the plains in 1859 in a covered wagon when she was twelve years old. Father Fairhurst and his sister Sylvia Thompson of Erie first came to Illinois later in 1859 he came to Colorado. He married a woman from Illinois had one child. Both passed away, so when he heard of the gold rush he came West, and went to Blackhawk, Colorado. Here he met Bert's mother, and was married. Bert was the oldest son.

Some of the Lee family related to Mrs. Fred Denkmann of Rock Island, Illinois, came to Blackhawk, Colorado, in 1860. In the book "Colorado's Little Kingdon" published in 1949 by Donald Kemp he says, "Lee Judd and Lee arrived May 23, 1860, with their famed Blackhawk quartz mill and erected it on North Clear Creek near the center of the growing settlement

which forthwith adopted for its name that of the mill. The later quickly developed into the largest and most efficient of it's kind in the mountains."

Later this company purchased more property and all of this netted them a large fortune. Father Fairhurst was in business in Blackhawk for a time then moved to Magnolia where he purchased the Graphic Mine.

My husband, Albert Lyle Fairhurst, was born in Blackhawk, Colorado, February 10, 1868. He attended elementary school in Magnolia and later took a correspondence course in engineering through the International Correspondence School in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Later he became engaged in silver and gold mining which he followed during his entire life, with the exception of five years that he served as a Forest Ranger in the Roosevelt Forest. He was an authority on mining as he was familiar with the ore veins in this county. He was popular and much sought after by the mining engineers because of his knowledge.

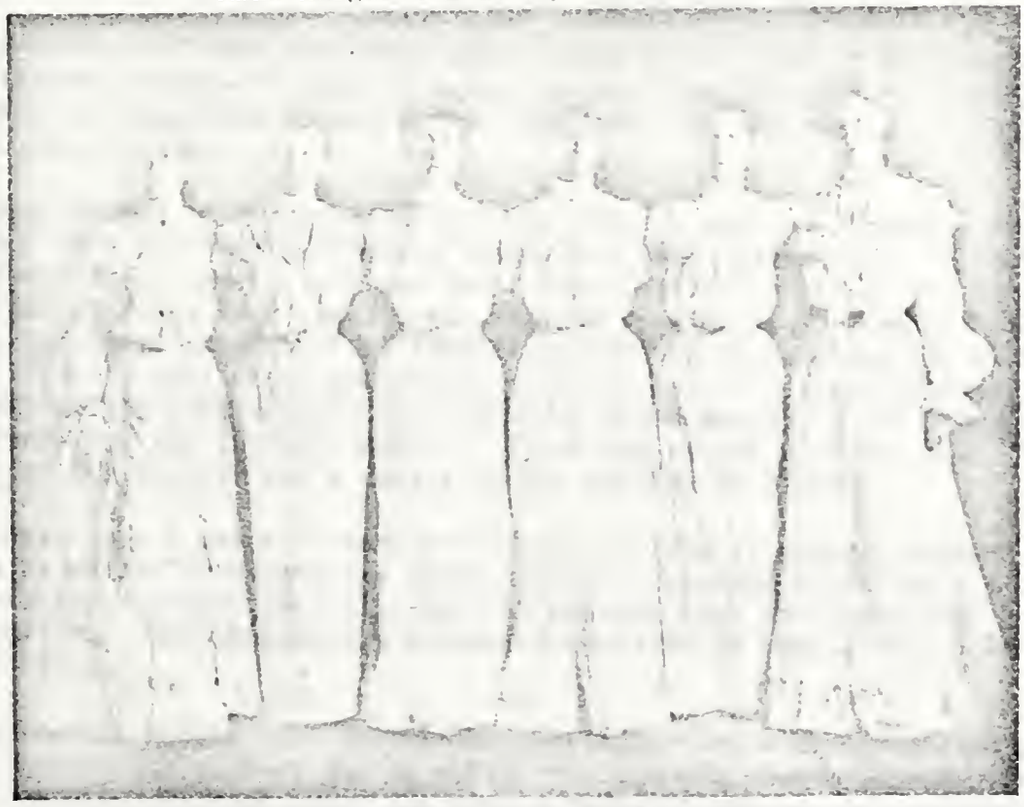
Bert was a member of the masonic lodge and had been a master mason, Oddfellow of which he had been a Noble Grand, a member of the Knights of the Macabees. He was interested in civic affairs and the welfare of the community. He served on the town council in Ward for some years.

I was a member of the Ladies Aid Society of the Congregational Church for 54 years: I am a Queen Esther Chapter No. Five Eastern Star member, Boulder, Colorado; Lady Macabees; Colorado Metal Mining Association, South St. Vrain Association, Republican Committee Woman. I have served on the school board and on the Town Council for twelve years and as Treasurer of the Town for three years.

I am most grateful for my early Christian training which has been an inspiration and guide throughout my entire life.

Emma Elizabeth Fairhurst
March 15, 1950
Ward, Colorado

Anna Margaret Hauberg -- 1867 to 1944



The Six Hauberg Sisters
Emma Rosena Elnora Amelia Ada Anna



Anna, the third member of Mr. and Mrs. Marx D. Hauberg was born February 25, 1867 -- the first child to be born in the new stone house on the hill. Girls and boys grow up fast and at the age of six she was enrolled in the Bluff School where the school year was divided into three periods- spring, fall and winter terms.

We youngsters were trained early in life to assume responsibilities -- such as keeping the kitchen wood box supplied with plenty of wood, gathering the eggs in hen house, barn and among the weeds, picking up the windfalls of apples in their season and, when spring rolled around the corner, the garden offered continued service all ages.

At the age of two, Anna was promoted to sleep upstairs with her two older sisters, in the girl's room -- 14 x 14 feet in size and the brothers had an adjoining room of the same size -- each having two double beds and there was also a room upstairs for guests. There were two stairways, the front one being used mostly by the girls and one at the back by the boys and hired men.

Tramps roaming the rural areas were quite common in those days and they depended on the farmers to give them something to eat and provide a place for them to sleep. Very few farmers turned them down -- however, I do not remember of them ever being allowed to sleep in the guest room but, at our home, it was usually a temporary bed on the dining room floor, and if in warmer weather, they were ushered off to the barn.

During harvest season, it required two men to run the reaper, five or more men to bind and shock the grain. With this number of hearty eaters to feed, Ma could make use of all available help, therefore it fell to the lot of Amelia, Emma and Anna to carry lunches to the field -- both forenoon and afternoon. Ma had the seemingly endless task of cooking, washing and ironing for the family while the girls picked the different fruits in their season, gathered vegetables from the garden and last, but not least, rounding up the cows from the pasture and help milk them night and morning.

With plenty of work and good plain food, all the children grew up strong and healthy. Our mother was the family barber--a pretty skillful one at that -- and, to quite an extent, she was also the family dentist. As I remember her practice, when there was a tooth to be pulled and she got her finger in the mouth, the tooth usually came out.

During the winters of 1881 and 1882, Anna stayed in the home of William Oltman, east of Hampton, while she attended Parochial school in the Zion Lutheran Church where she studied the Bible and Catechism in the German language. In the spring of 1882, she was confirmed in the Lutheran Faith.

Anna learned the art of dressmaking from her sister, Amelia. She was very efficient in this work and, when she made and hung a skirt on a lady, it was sure to have neatness and class in appearance. Amelia and Emma had a dress making and millinery shop in Port Byron for a number of years until Amelia was married to William T. Schmoll, January 22, 1889. After Amelia left the firm, Anna took charge of the dressmaking in the shop and continued in this capacity until Emma decided to sell out the millinery business and follow Amelia to Kansas. After this change, Anna then did dress making in the homes of relatives and friends around home and in Henry County. There was always a strong demand for her services, although the pay was not a dollar or two an hour as of now.

After a couple year's years of married life on a claim in western Kansas, the Schmolls and Emma pulled up stakes in Kansas and moved to Ward, Colorado which had a Gold Camp of fifty mines operating. Later, Anna also got the western urge and joined her two sisters in their new location. She immediately secured a position as head dining room girl in one of Ward's large hotels.

Ward was a booming mining town during this period -- the miners received good pay for their work and, consequently, were lavish spenders. I doubt in many people lived better than these Ward miners. I think Uncle Sam should take off his hat to the Hauberg family of those days for the postage stamps bought for letters going back and forth between mother and eight children.

However, Anna's stay in Colorado was cut short when she became afflicted with rheumatism, -- owing to the high altitude and cold climate. She was accompanied home by her brother-in-law, Bert Fairhurst and she under went terrific suffering for several weeks -- the slamming of a door, sliding a chair on the floor, or even touching the bed seemed to give her great pain. Dr. Block of Port Byron treated her case and in due time she was fully recovered.

Anna's next move was to California with her sister, Rosena, where they spent a couple years in the orange fields, packing fruit. Both were complimented on their speed and efficiency in this field of work. After returning from California, Anna spent the next few years doing Ladies' Tailoring in Clinton and Davenport, Iowa. After giving up this work, she purchased a home a couple miles north of Port Byron and started raising chickens. However, this venture was cut short when our Mother died in 1918 and brother Louis needed a house keeper. While head of this household, she found time to become active in the Home Bureau-held important offices in the organization, attended local unit and county meetings-becoming affiliated with the leading Farm Bureau ladies of the organization. She was urged to accept the chairmanship of the County organization, but declined. Anna was also an active member of the Ladies Aid Society of the Bethel Baptist Church, regular in her attendance at meetings-always generous in baking and making things for socials and bazaars.

Anna's trip to Europe with her brother John and family, in 1926, was, no doubt, one of the highlights of her career. This trip included the following listed countries: England, France, Germany, a ride on the Rhine, visiting the World War I battle fields, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Finland and back through Poland to Berlin and to Holstein from which our Hauberg ancestors emmigrated to America.

In 1932, Anna gave up her housekeeping with Louis and went to Los Angeles--a land of more even temperatures. This move was cut short when our sister, Elnora, suffered a heart affliction and Anna felt it was her duty to come back to Illinois to help in giving her proper care until such time that she could care for self. When Elnora's condition was improved, Anna then went to Beloxi, Mississippi where she made her home three years. After returning from Beloxi, she had the urge for having a permanent home. It was this urge that led to buying a home in Port Byron, which she proceeded to remodel to meet her needs. However, this plan was fell short of accomplishment when Anna suffered a stroke while on a trip to Moline to do some last minute shopping for her new home. She was taken to the Lutheran Hospital for diagnosis and treatment and when she learned that there was nothing medical science could do to help her, she preferred to go back and be cared for in her own home.

Rosena came from Mitchell and Emma from Ward, Colorado, closed up their respective homes to come and care for her during her last illness. With their loving care and the medical attention of Dr. George Hauberg of Moline, Anna's life was extended to December 8, 1944 when life ceased.

It is comforting in such a time to have old friends and good neighbors to help lay to rest one with whom they have had very close ties for a life time. The pall bearers were all old neighbors, viz-Clive Trowbridge, Forrest Cain, John Winterfeldt, Charlie Haak, Almer Wells and Claire Golden. Reveremd Walter Tillberg of Trinity Lutheran Church, Moline officiated at the service, assisted by the Elsie Chapter of the Eastern Star Chapter of Port Byron, of which Chapter Anna was a member.

At the time set for the funeral, the roads were blocked with snow, so the time was extended to two days, to December 13th. It was a nice service after which Anna was laid to rest in the Fairfield Cemetery beside her parents, at the age of seventy-seven years.

John H. Hauberg

"Hat der Johnny Schon candy gehabt?" That was my earliest recollection of Grandfather Frels. It was in Rock Island at the Farmers Store, which he had taken over from the County Grangers, and Uncle George Frels who had had a business college course was general manager. Pa and I were making a call, and the first order of business was to see that "Johnny" had his candy of which there was bushel basket full standing up against the counter.

I frequently saw grandfather, in later years, at these services at the brick church on Hampton Bluff which he had a hand in establishing. I am sure he was refreshed by the services because he always took a nap during the sermon. My father, M.D. Hauberg used to boast that he himself was a self-made man. I have never been so sure of it, but think we inherit most of what we are. Both sides the house, whether Frels or Haubergs we find our cousins to be churchly God-fearing people, belonging to that vast organized group which builds churches, and colleges and hospitals; homes for the less fortunate and helps to give the general population a spiritual uplift.

I have enjoyed greatly, calling on Old Timers and getting their stories of the breaking of the virgin prairies. It's a thrilling period of National advancement and once in a while one would tell of a neighbor who was too self centered to care much for his neighbor. Grandfather Frels did not have any compulsion as I believe, but took it upon himself to build a little frame shelter there for wayfearers to water their horses, and on a nail above hung a tin cup for the human thirsty. It was a fine unselfish service. As my mother used to say, the stage-coach would stop there for refreshment and that "Many a horse drank there." Incidentally, the pioneer first sought a spring and having found one, knew where his house was to be built. The old Torpin family of the High Prairie had no spring. They dug a well in a hollow, the water was bad and they lost a couple of their small children as a result.



John Henry Hauberg and Susanne Denkmann Hauberg
They have contributed so much information and so many pictures regarding the Frels family for this book. We are pleased to include a few pictures showing some of their special interests in life.

Speaking of pioneers. There is a world, in this country, of "firsts". Locally there were the "first settlers", in 1828, and "first towns" -- i.e. Port Byron, in 1836, Cordova in 1837, Hampton as "Milan" in 1837, also, and as a result one would think that a settler coming in 1840 or 1842 like the Frels would be among the seconds, but not so. Our first settlers, towns, etc. were along streams --the Mississippi and Rock and other rivers. The Frels, like the Haubergs who moved to the country from Moline in 1853, were strictly pioneers, i.e. when they "settled" there were in their respective localities no roads, no schools, no churches, no frame buildings of any kind, and no virgin sod plowed up, and all this because they were back from the river --backwoods if you please --and that, only a few miles, six miles from the river in the case of Grandfather Hauberg, so that in each family, they had, emphatically, a hand in starting civilization in the neighborhood. Read my Mother's account of spinning, weaving, of entertaining the preacher and christenings; of a wagon, the wheels sawed off a log, etc., etc. Let us include here a description of a sixty acres which Grandfather bought of his brother John Gerhard Frels, it sounds odd, as follows: "Beginning at the Northeast corner of the southeast quarter of Section 14, in Township 18 North, Range I east of the 4th Principal Meridian, thence south with the Section line 80 poles to a stake; thence west 120 poles to a stake; thence north 80 poles to a stake; thence east 120 poles to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres, etc. signed "Johann Gerhard Frels, and Eliza Mary X (her mark) Frels, and dated October 11th, 1842. This was Grandfather's first real estate purchase here. His brother John had made his first such purchase in 1840 and in 1842 John took up a 40 acre tract direct from the Government.

Odd too, that in my time, I should assist in securing a pension for service in the Black Hawk war of 1831-32. It was for Grandmother Frels' sister, Anna Elizabeth Wells, at the time living in Oregon. I had old Daniel Beal of the Frels neighborhood, swear that Ira Wells, her husband, was his cousin; that he knew of their marriage; that he had visited them in Oregon; married but once and that to Miss Mandler. The pension was granted but when the first voucher came, she was on her deathbed, so it did not do her any good. Her husband, Ira Wells, it was claimed, was a second lieutenant, at age seventeen! In that unhappy contest over a homeland which had been the Indians and for the love of which a thousand Indians gave up their lives --and lost. At Washington, D.C., I inquired at the Pension office if this might have been the last pension granted for Black Hawk war service, but they replied that all Indian wars were treated in a single batch and that it would take too much research to find any one pension.

This account is supposed to contain something about myself. November 22, 1869, was a great day in this World. I've looked it up in the "Argus" a Rock Island newspaper, it announced that a "Medical novelty to cure liver and stomach ills, had had a thousand successful experiments; that 500 people had borne testimony to the great medical discovery, Dr. Walker's vinegar bitters, and that at least we had something to restore hair to its original beauty. In view of all this my advent was overlooked. But I know that Pa took extra notice for however fond he was of daughters, a son, in the short space of nine or ten years would grow into an article half as valuable as a hired man, and farmers then as now were money conscious. And I grew. It was a tribute to the horse that he would obey the child voice of "giddap" and "Whoa". I was not tall enough to put the harness on the horse.

Included were public school, and confirmation in the Lutheran church, and as I came of age, the urge to see the World. Likely I got that from Grandfather Frels who is reputed to have sailed the open seas for five years and another five years on the inland waterways. I started out in December, age 21, and was disillusioned when I found that in the South -- in St. Louis to be exact, they had snow. I had expected a warm, balmy southern climate. I walked to Neeleyville, Missouri sleeping along the way sort of Indian fashion --as I suppose and touching the natives along the way for a bite to eat, and got a job at building a logging railroad from the timber, for a large lumber concern. It was with wheelbarrow and shovel, early morning to night --i.e. starting at the bottom, humble like, and in true American tradition, eventually, as the years rolled by going to the very top --president of three railroads, with your pockets stuffed with free passes over the country's leading roads. Mine were logging railways in the South --The Natchez, Coumbia and Southwestern, the New Orleans, Natalbany and Natchez, and the Canton & Carthage, and lest you think I was no more than a piker, I have a certificate from President Harry Truman, commending me on my extraordinary railway service through the war!

There are rich inheritances from my Grandfathers, including my Grandmothers for they too had their influence. For example: Grandfather Hauberg was a forester in Germany; his son Marx, my father was a tree planter throughout his life practically up to his ninetieth year, and his plantings were successful. Then, I married a very precious girl who had inherited a fortune in trees and wood products and I became official head of lumber projects, and along comes our son, Johnny who graduated, with honors, in forestry at the University of Washington, and is today up to his ears in tree farming and the like.

Walking too, is another. Pa said Grandfather walked 90 miles in one day and it was corroberated to me by the late Fred Owens, of Cordova, who at the time lived at the south end of the Middle Crossing at the 'Docia' at whose house grandfather had stopped for a cup of coffee both on the way to the Land office at Dixon, and again on the return near midnight of the same day. So Pa, not to be out done, would walk 8 miles to Port Byron --16 miles the round trip --rather than hitch up a team of horses to do the trick, and on down, so that I am today holding my 35th year as president of the Black Hawk Hiking Club, whose specialty and excuse for existance is that of walking. Brother Louis, too, is a member, and daughter Catherine and son Johnny and their respective spouses to say nothing of the Simpsons and Burkes and Charles and Peggy Pierce, and not the least, "Aunt Clare" as the hikers call her-- i.e. Clara Frels Payne. We thought we lost her one time on a Big Hike. We were camped in the great White Sands of New Mexico and had a hard wind through the night. Clara disappeared;

blown to the Lord only knew where, as was supposed and all were long faced about it --to return home with the sad story for Frank, but finally Peggy found her under a tarp on the bottom of the truck --sleeping.

My juvenile taste in literature was fed with such books as "Thirty Years among our Wild Indians", and Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, et al, and when I came of age and was looking for the World of adventure, I secured a place on the payroll of the Swan Land & Cattle Company, of Chugwater, Wyoming which claimed 60,000 head of cattle. I was "barn boss" --i.e. local ranch chore boy but often helped with the round-up --a technical term, meaning the herding into a group of up to 1500 head of cattle, for such purposes as cutting out beeves for shipment to market and the branding of calves, How old are you, Kid?, I was asked. "Twenty-one" I replied to which he said: "I thought you were about fifteen --for I did not get my weight nor stature until after age. I was growing at this time and was always hungry and sleepy.

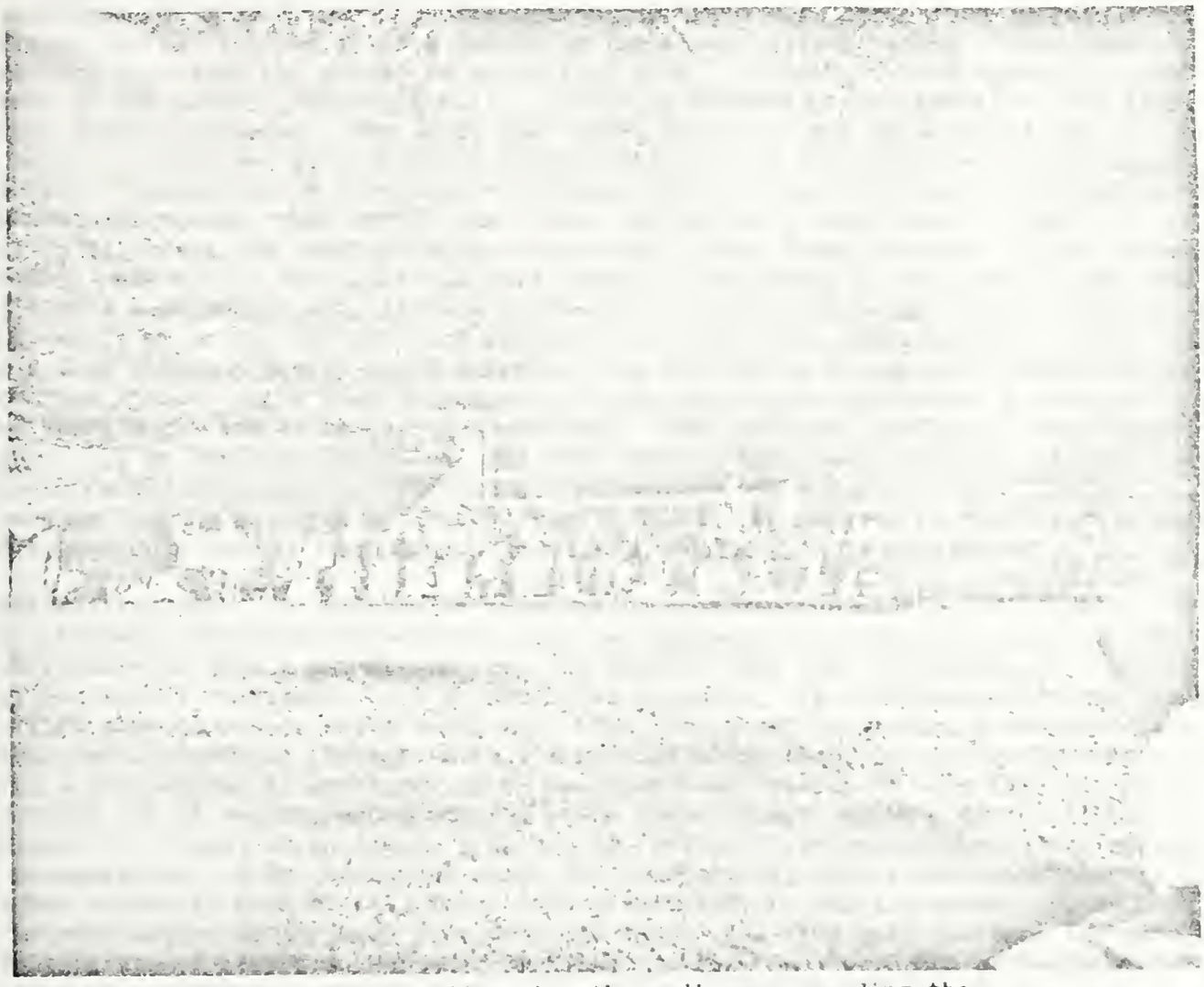
When State Parks became a habit in Illinois, I helped and when the head of the Illinois Public Works and Buildings --a job for spending millions of money for roads, parks, welfare, etc. wrote me that they'd build a museum at Black Hawk State Park if they could first be sure there'd be someone to look after it. I innocently --not knowing what I was saying-, said I'd look after it -- and in time, there it was and I was surprised that I was the elected one to see that it really became a sure to goodness museum. Today it is often referred to as the "Hauberg Museum". Only articles pertaining to Indians, and whites who fought Black Hawk are included. It is not uncommon, going there of a Sunday afternoon, to have the custodian say "We've had 800 visitors today", and they come from all states and all countries. In addition to this Sue and I drove to Tama County, Iowa, Indian settlement in 1940 and as a result



The Hauberg Museum which was completely furnished with interesting material regarding the Fox and Sox Indians in this area. The Haubergs had assembled this selection over a period of years.

we are having this year of 1954 our Fifteenth annual Indian Pow Wow. This too, has proven a success. We want only the ancient ceremonial dances such as were done here centuries ago. This year we are starting something new for them --a "Homecoming" for the Sauk and Fox. This means that we will have the usual crowd of practiced rehearsed dancers but in addition other Sauk and Fox who will come just for the picnic. We have appropriated money for their groceries and meats.

Speaking of the Museum, it was dedicated in June, 1939, with thirteen blood descendants of War-chief Black Hawk present, gathered from Oklahoma and from as far east as Detroit. The newspapers said there were ten thousand people in attendance, but Supt. Henry Johnson declared the crowd was nearer 20,000. It indicated the local interest in things Indian. In 1942 when we dedicated the Inn at the same State Park, Honorable Walter A. Rosenfield was head of the Illinois Public Works and Buildings Division. He said: "John write up your idea of a dedication program and send it to me." I replied we are together right now. You get the Governor and the East Moline Hospital band and I'll get the Indians and that will be enough. It worked, and again a very large crowd in attendance.



John H. Hauberg addressing the audience regarding the Indian Pow Wow. Indians are in the background.

Speaking of easy programs. I like to recall a time when the annual corporation meetings of the Weyerhaeuser & Denkmanns were to be held in Rock Island. They'd been coming year after year and I said they ought to have some extra recognition --I'd set a noon dinner for them at Black Hawk State Park and the local Lumber Co. manager Harold Risley said he too wanted to do "something". He would have a supper --or banquet if you please, for them at the Fort Armstrong Hotel. My part came off on schedule --perfectly awful --a rotten so-called meal of which I was heartily ashamed. Then came Risley's party --a perfectly wonderful meal; Sue

had sent special jellies and dainties. Now what? Risley said to me "You've got to be master of ceremonies". No, said I. This is your party. He almost wept saying he could not do it. Then we said someone ought to make some remarks of welcome, and, said Risley someone to tell of our industries. We had the leading industrial heads, newspaper men, etc., etc. there. Among those present was Oscar A. Aylshire, head of the Modern Woodmen Fraternal Insurance, and Col. A. K. Stiles of the Arsenal. We wished the job on them. Aylshire to say welcome and Stiles to be the second speaker, --all planned on the spur of the moment with no previous planning or warning. Never in all my life have I seen a more successful program. All were so well fed, everything was tops to them, Aylshire's address was masterful, --history, philosophy, sociology, religion all in one wonderful shot. Stiles had said he knew nothing of our industries, so he made notes and he had a take-off on almost every man present and kept them hurting their sides with laughter.

Another kind of fun: We were host and hostess to Dr. C. W. Cowles, head of the Botany Department of Chicago University, and his ecology class. We housed and fed and transported them. Sunday came. "Why" asked the Doctor, "can't we drive up to your House in the Woods". Okay, said we, and we had one of my Fife, drum and bugle boys drive them up in our old made-over Pierce truck. Sue and I, with Andrew at the wheel followed later. When about half way between Port Byron and the woods, we had a flat tire. "Dran it", said Andrew, "I put the good jack in the truck. They've got it." While we puzzled, along came the very truck loaded till they bumped the axles. The least they could have done was to stop and see if they could be of service, --but no, they drove on to our chagrin. We got to the woods and asked "Where's the truck?" "Taking one of our girls to Clinton, Iowa." Some fifteen or more miles up the Mississippi, deep sand roads beside the river, and the only headlights of gas, carried in cylinders and none too sure, --and only a boy, Tommy Campbell, alone at least for the return. Why hadn't they sent the girl across on the ferry at Port Byron? So, when they asked if we'd have supper with them we as politely as possible, asked to be excused! Well, said we, we'll go to the Lyford's and sponge a meal off them. Nora was very, very talkative, and talked on and on. Andrew would interrupt her and say he thought he'd start to peel potatoes for supper, --and Nora talked on. By and by we gave each other a knowing wink -- nothing doing here, and we begged to be excused. Now, said we, we'll get those beautiful peonies we saw on our Port Byron Lot, and take them to Fairfield Cemetery --it was decoration day, --for Ma and Pa's graves. Someone had swiped all the peonies. Not a blossom left. We continued to Port Byron, each occupied a high stool at the counter in their little cafe, and we had a genuinely hearty laugh at all our funny escapades of the afternoon.

But writing your life history is supposed to be a serious matter. Valparaiso --presently a Lutheran University was where I got two degrees: B.S. and A.B., then in 1897 to Ann Arbor where in 1900 I got my LLB --my law degree; then some six months of travel in Europe, for said I to myself, if I go now I can go cheap. If I wait until I'm a full fledged lawyer I'll have to put on style which will cost more money, so aboard a freight train, free, from Denrock, Illinois to Chicago; with a trainload of cattle from Chicago to Boston, free, and with a cattle-boat to Liverpool, free as to cash but having to take care of the fat cattle aboard which was of course second nature, since I was brought up on a farm, and then on my return home, to "bone" up on law in preparation for the State examination which scared all young prospectives. I was so scared about the results that when I went to Hillsdale for the mail I was afraid to look at it. Then, forgetting about it for the moment, doing some shopping, my eyes landed on the back of a postcard which said "You have successfully passed". Then setting up law office in McKinnie Building, Moline, in 1901. One of the Dennhardts asked me to draw up a mortgage --one of my firsts. It was a simple thing, but so wrought up were my nerves, the hollows of my hands sweated --just as they had done when I took the bar exam.

Frank Payne and I were recently exchanging experiences with a vice gang which held the city of Rock Island in its iron grip. Rev. Edward Williams, of Broadway Church, once asked me: "What were the good people doing at the time? What were the church people doing about it?" --Nothing at all that any could discover, except a few, and I never learned who they were but have my suspicions, but for safety's sake they did not reveal their identity. When the final show-down came Frank was on the Grand Jury. Said he"We stayed in session Three Months. We could have adjourned and been called back by the States Attorney, but we knew it would not be done, because the public officials knew how to hold their peace, while the



The John H. Hauberg Home
on 23rd Street Hill in Rock Island, Illinois

gangsters remained in the saddle. "Our jury members were afraid to go home for fear they'd be attacked on the way" said Frank, and that was not at all far fetched for when a committee of leading citizens was finally appointed, to raise $75,000.00 to root out the stuff, some, if not all, had their own personal guards with them on their way to office or home.

Brother Louis D. Hauberg and I recently called on cousin Walter Frels and were talking about this very thing. Walter, too, had mixed with it a bit. For the clean-up there was one head --a visible head --Harry E. VanDuzer. He and I had worked together in the County Sunday School Association. He came to my office in Moline and said they'd like me to be the attorney for the "Rock Island Law & Order League" --whatever that was; that they did not believe that a Rock Island lawyer would or could take it. I did. Among the scenes which followed were our workers bringing some big pieces of gambling parapharnalia down a stairs while the gamblers fled over back roofs; our constable escorting, gun in hand, the proprietor, with a basket of money; truckloads of gambling things strung along the sidewalk on Second Avenue; of my workers being released from jail their faces black and blue; eyes swollen almost shut, shirts soaked with blood, the free-will gift of members of the gang, and when my men were at a dentist's to get teeth fixed which had been knocked out, the Mayor's police came and arrested them --not the thugs but my men, and jailed them on a charge of assult and battery! One of my men, Sam Taylor, was jailed. His lawyer, William Jackson came to see him. "Can't see him" said the jailor. "Why, said Jackson. "It's everybody's constitutional right to see his lawyer". "Makes no difference. It's the mayor's orders", and so Mr. Taylor a retired farmer remained in his cell. Jackson got the Mayor --George Washington McCaskrin, indicted by the Grand Jury for it, but nothing came of it. "Who in hell is running this court?" asked John Peter Looney, vice lord, as I was suggesting something about law to his Honor, Justice Nissen. I was the prisoner at the bar at the time, having alledgedly broken a lot of laws in the criminal code. Two Moline bankers fortunately were in Rock Island at the time and accidentally had heard of my arrest and came and bailed me out. Later I asked: Who was Judge Nissen before he was a Justice of the Peace? The reply was: "He cleaned

spittoons in a saloon and cleaned the turtles for the free lunch counter". Then there was a real Judge who said when I wanted a search warrant for gambling stuff stored locally, "John, that isn't legal," and I had a stack of law books piled up before him and convinced him and got what I wanted, and was directed to give it to the sheriff for execution. "That isn't worth the paper it's written on" said the sheriff, and I replied: "This isn't for argument; It's an order of the court which he replied "Now don't let us walk down the street together or every window on Second Avenue will go up to see what's up next".

We had a big lot of gambling paraphanalia ordered by our Justice to be burned, and it was hauled to the river levee for that purpose. The gangsters illegally took it away from our Constable, loaded it up and hauled it to Davenport, Iowa, out of the jurisdiction of Illinois courts.

In short, Statutory and Common law were a scarce article in Rock Island as of the year 1910, and we got nowhere. I learned that public sentiment is stronger than law. I got no money for my pains but it is possible, that I got pay away beyond any other hope of reward. There was a lady living in the West end of town who read the newspapers, and she and I were getting acquainted bit by bit in spite of some other suitors who were wearing out her door mat. She phoned me "Come down and tell me all about it" and she wrote "I see you are still at large". We were married June 29th of the year following.

In 1912 we were soliciting funds for a new Y.M.C.A. building for Rock Island. H. E. Casteel, a banker, was general chairman. There were two grand divisions of workers, one headed by Hiram S. Cable, the other by myself. In the midst of it the underworld broke out again so violently that the governor called out the National Guard, which patrolled our streets for a time. Our "good" people still were so scared they were of no account whatever. As an example: I got up a lot of petition blanks addressed to the mayor, promising we'd stand by him if he would stand by his guns. The signing, among these hand-picked Y.M.C.A. solicitors, was going on well enough when a public official blustered in among us and said he wanted to know who was signing these petitions --and at once, in the wink of an eyes, so it seemed to me, every petition disappeared and have not since been seen nor heard from -- and yet, how brave they were. They selected a committee of three to solve our troubles: L.S. McCabe, Rock Island's best merchant. Mike Sexton, merchant, baseball promotor and prominent catholic with myself as chairman. Both men when I asked for a meeting to plan, replied "Yes--but not now". (Looney eventually was sent up for murder. His son was killed, in Rock Island, in gang warfare.)

But by and by, in 1914 the "good" people decided the best thing would be to vote out the saloons, because in all cases --prostitution, gambling, gangsterism, poverty, you will as a rule find hard liquor mixed up with it. I was honored with the chairmanship of the Local Option campaign and though we were defeated I still hold that we put on a remarkably good show, a formidable drive, with every ward and city Blocks organized; suppers for workers; our own newspaper distributed to every porch; our own detectives to get plenty of interesting facts for the publication; the most forceful speakers in the country --for our working funds were unlimited. I was further distinguished by having a total of $60,000.00 in libel suits against me personally--dismissed when the campaign was over, meanwhile it was declared on the streets that if the Drys win, my life would be worth ten cents.

Later, president of the Illinois State Local Option Committee; also a couple of terms as president of the Illinois State Sunday School Association and on the International Council of religious Education; president of the Illinois State Historical Society, and of the Luther Leaguers of Illinois and chairman of the Illinois State Older Boys Conference, a Y.M.C.A. project with thousands of boys; vice president of the State "Y" Association, etc.

Sue and I established two camps for children and young people. One for girls--Archie Allen Camp, and one for boys "Camp Hauberg" both a few miles above Port Byron, Illinois, on the Mississippi. Both camps are properly located for the "musts" in camp life --shade, excellent drinking water, athletic field, drainage, and all kinds of boating and swimming, so well located in fact that it has not ever been necessary to make changes, and money spent in buildings and equipment when placed, continued to serve until, in case of boats, new

rowboats and canoes had to be provided to take place of those worn out. It has just been reported that Camp Hauberg had had 540 boys in camp this season--to date; there are still a couple of periods to go, after which various groups, as churches, and others, will occupy till near snow time. The same holds for the Archie Allen Camp, a lovely spot on the very rim of the river, where old Archie Allen settled in 1828, the only house in the County which was raided by hostile Indians in the Black Hawk war; the first Post Office on the mainland; the first preaching thereabouts, etc. etc.

Settled ways of doing things have not always appealed to me. When my Sunday school boys practiced constant annoyance I started a fife and drum and bugle band with them which got their interest and they forgot about deviltry. Next I started hiking with them--a new thing hereabouts in 1909, and in 1910 we traveled by train and horse-drawn wagons--the beginning of what we called the "Big Hike". By "Beginning" I mean to say I had never heard of read of such a project before and we never met a like outfit on any of our outings until in very recent years when others adopted our program. It is quite common today hereabouts. In the course of the years, 1909 to about 1923 I had somewhere between 275 and 300 boys in this "United Sunday School Band" there requirement for admission was that somewhere or other, they must attend a Sunday School. Beyond that everything was free and one winter I had an average attendance at rehearsals of over 100 boys, with excellent discipline for when a boy threatened to get out of order I'd ask for a volunteer to take care of him. My best volunteer has since been a police sergeant in Rock Island --Earl Campbell. When we started the Black Hawk Hiking Club in 1920 --an all-adult membership at the time, of ladies and gentlemen, we took on the "Big Hike" because it had real merit -consisting of traveling in open trucks; sleeping on the ground; eating off the campfire, and every body sharing in camp tasks, so that a vacation covering thousands of miles cost almost next to nothing.

I want to tell in this connection about a very fine "Illinois Historical Tour", of 1946. Dr. O. Fritiof Ander, head of the history Department of the local Augustana College, raised the party --Fifty of us, of which I was given the leadership and doing the State in "Big Hike" style. These too were adult students--mostly of history. I commend it to anyone interested in history. In a couple of weeks or so we did 2,000 miles of the State, dipping into our neighbor states--Iowa, Missouri, Kentucky, Indiana and Wisconsin, enroute. After such a trip when a teacher of history, who was with us, would discuss a certain place or event, he or she could say to the class "I've been there personally" which greatly adds in clinching the point under discussion --i.e. places where Lincoln & Douglas debated, the room in which Joseph Smith, Mormon prophet was killed, cave where Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer and Becky were lost, home in which Lincoln lived, old French fort with a professor of French coming across from the University campus, telling us about it, and so on, camping in state parks overnight. I repeat: seeing where it happened is more effective than just reading about it in books.

Mountain climbing has been one of my diversions also, testifying further to the quality of my feet and legs. Longs peaks three times to the top, and another American peaks and Haleakala in the Hawaiians, Jungfrau in Switzerland, Vesuvius in Italy, and speaking of another very choice favorite --boating, I tell people that if they want to go abroad at home, to get themselves a boat. River life, somehow, is different, and you see familiar places from a new angle of vision. We have "13000 miles of inland waterways" so we are told, some of which were done by Grandfather Frels. Let Frank Payne regale you with experiences on a boat trip to New Orleans, or I can tell of boating all the way to Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, starting from Rock Island, or Sue and daughter Catherine and I, by our old love--the "Catherine", all the way to Chicago to see the "Century of Progress", going via the Illinois and Mississippi canal. Son Johnny was first Mate in some of these rare trips, such as visiting Black Hawk's last battlefield up the Mississippi, and the Kentucky trip.

My "Military Career"

These days when war on the regular bill of fare, a good American should be able by some hook or crook to tell war stories of how he bled and died in the service. At Ann Arbor the Spanish War was on. We drilled every day but were not "called to the colors." At Moline I joined Co. "F" Sixth infantry, Illinois National Guard; private, corporal, color sergeant.

And when W.T. Channon became colonel he told me he was picking me to be his regimental adjutant, but next thing we knew he was superceded. So I missed a Captaincy. Dr. R.C.J. Meyer of Moline was Captain in the Naval Reserves, and said he had the authority to select his successor. He came to my office and wanted me to take his position. Too busy! said I. So no Captaincy. Who does not remember 1914 when there came on the "War to save democracy -- the war to end all wars" and we were perfectly clam about it, "just another European squabble", except that almost on the instant we began to be victims of the most terrific propaganda, and by 1917 we had ourselves become so savage it seemed to behoove us to save the World. A head of one of the country's big Fraternal insurance Companies addressed our Rotary Club. He had become so wild he exploded with: "When this war is over I don't wany any Germany left; I don't want any german language left; I don't want any german literature left." Sue and I served on the Red Cross, and I was on a draft committee. Of nine draftees one day, eight wanted to be excused. I was chairman of several Counties to enlist Y.M.C.A. A secretaries for overseas service, but no one who had a tinge of german blood in his veins would be accepted. A mother, for instance, might have the most aristocratic english name --but wait-- What was her maiden name --? before she married? "Schmidt?" Ach. No good.

So, my only valient service was during the John Peter Looney riots in the city of Rock Island in 1912 when I served as acting Sergeant-Major, though we did have our excitement in the National Guards. One comes to mind: A rough recruit in Co. "F" sassed the Lieutenant. He, the recruit, was ugly. Next thing I found him marching beside me, throwing me out of step and being generally obnoxious. I spoke to him--kindly? about it and he replied with a vulgar and profane outburst. Before I was aware of it I had given him a really crushing whack across the back with the butt of my gun. "Halt" shouted the Lieutenant. "Who did that?" I did, "Forward march", and after that the rookie always addressed me as "Mr. Hauberg".

Anyhow I got an honorable discharge after six or seven years of it.

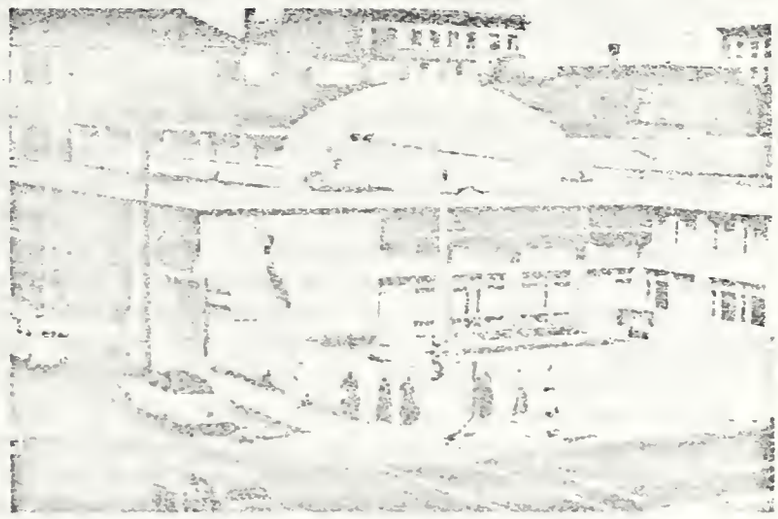
The great feature of my life was my marriage to Miss Sue Denkmann, daughter of Mr. Frederick C. A. Denkmann one of the Mississippi Valley's greatest lumber manufacturers. I did not learn until after Sue's death that in my courtship I had so much competion, though she did tell me of one who had proposed before me, and some weeks after she had said "yes" or its equivalent to me, another came a long ways to speak his piece --but too late. We were not very long engaged before we were believing in some sort of predestination --i.e. that from the beginning, we were intended for each other, and that conviction never faded. Our tastes, our interests in life were so alike that we worked consistently hand in glove, and I suppose no couple never enjoyed married life more than we. She passed to her reward February 13, 1942. I thought of it yesterday when I attended another's funeral. It seemed I had her even in death until the undertaker lowered the lid. That was the moment when it hurt the most, for it was now all over with.

She will never get full credit for all she did in this world. She built and supported a "Settlement Building" for unfortunates; continued her good works, and when the financial depression came on she helped save the family holdings in the South; she helped save the Servus Rubber Company in her own city and when banks were breaking down everywhere she signed a sizable note which was flown to Chicago and the cash which it produced saved one of our banks until it could merge with two others and all were saved. These are only samples. When the bank merger took place she had the satisfaction at least, that her husband was chosen to be chairman of the Board of the new set-up.

She appears in a couple of National biographical volumes. Catherine and Johnny and I gave the local Y.W.C.A. the money for a building in her memory. It is hoped it will be dedicated this fall. Sue was an organizer of the Y.W.C.A. in its beginning in 1916 and was its president the first nine years.

Speaking of recognitions, I was given the honorary degree of LLD by Augustana College and Theological Seminary on whose board I served for thirty-seven years; then I was discovered and given a place in Who's Who in Commerce and Industry--for I've served on many corporation boards as director, vice president and president, and finally, this year I found my name in Who's Who in America. I should find satisfaction in the fact that of all the

offices, civic, religious or business, I never, at any time, sought the office, not even so much as hinting that I'd like one, but they came nevertheless--presidencies including, among others, those of our County Old Settlers; County Historical Soceity; Rotary Club; Chamber of Commerce, Chippianock Cemetery and others.



John H. Hauberg and his two children, Catherine Hauberg Sweeney and John H. Hauberg Jr. contributed $200,000 toward the construction of this Y.W.C.A. for Rock Island constructed in 1954 in memory of their mother, Susanna Denkmann Hauberg.

Some trophies have come my way, but instead of the classical vases they have come in variety: There is a silver-mounted shield with eagle feather attached from the Old Settlers' Society in honor of my adoption as honorary chief --of the Bear Clan, into the Mesquaki tribe of Indians. Then there is a silver card-like bestowed by the County Bar Association for having survived membership with them for a half Century. Another similar silver piece from the Illinois State Archaeological Society for supposed distinction with them; Then a fine silver bowl "Affectionately presented" by members of the Rock Island County Historical Society. Another silver mounted shield "For steadfast interest in the youth of Rock Island "; a president's button or badge from the local Rotary Club. Then there's the American Heritage, an association for the promotion of State and Local history which annually makes elections for extra good service country-wide. Last year Illinois had two who were selected for honors. I was one of them. Then also, a certificate for interest in securing County Forest Preserves. This collection at least indicated which way the wind blows with me.

Republican in politics, I have been nominated when not present, for some political offices as city attorney and complimentary suggestions by sentimental folks who said I should run for mayor, but you-all have been complimented that way too, so we need not make a point of it. So, several years as secretary of Riverside Cemetery, Moline, and twenty years on the board of the Rock Island Public Library, both by political appointment have been the extent, except for faithful voting, and supporting others.

We Haubergs had a list of about twenty-two cousins of whom I am the only one, I believe, who retained membership in a Lutheran Church, but since the Missouri Synod into which we were confirmed was too strict for us, I joined a church of the Augustana Swedish Lutheran, and since I was adopted into the Sauk and Fox Indian tribe, I tell people that my pedigree now runs about as follows: American first of all, german origin blood, a Swede by affiliation and an Indian by adoption in which connection my Indian forefathers antedated the landing of the Mayflower by a long ways.

Maybe even, we of the Henry Frels are D. A. R.'s and Sons of the revolution for our Frels Grandmother was a Hessian. Possibly her Mandler antecedents were sent here to fight the Americans, and were among those taken prisoner, changed heart and joined in the American fight for freedom. Anyway some time, I'd like to get the facts. Sue and I passed her birthplace when on a train, up from Frankfort on the Main, in 1924.

As to the Oldenburg Frels, we are told that the church in which were kept the records of our branch of Frels, was burned with all its records, so to date, we have only visited--Sue and I and Frank and Clara Payne--the traditional site of their beginnings, a low lying country near the mouth of the Weser.

When Charles and Peggy Pierce were abroad last year I had hoped they would visit the place too--and also climb the Jungfrau in Switzerland which I had done, but a fit of weather prevented them. Next time maybe they'll do it. Presently, as Black Hawk Hikers the Pierces

and I are planning this month to visit the wonderful Canadian Rockies, on our annual Big Hike, August 5--to 22nd. Clara, I believe, is passing it up this year, but the Virgil Simpsons will be with us.

It's quitting time but we'll add some more. A lot of people helped get Black Hawk Watch Tower established as a State Park. My personal contribution was the writing of two editions of history of the property--books which were well illustrated and placed on each desk as the legislators were about to vote on it. The Senate voted unanimously; the House had only six or eight negative votes. I had twice spoken to Governor Len Small urging him, twice addressed the Senate Finance Committee, led a delegation of solons over the proposed park lands; was main speaker at the Fort Hotel to thirty lawmakers up from Springfield, with son Johnny operating the stereopticon. Anyway, we got the park. Then when the Conservation Clubs of our County wanted Forest Preserves they got me to head the project as president and again, success with four separate tracts the largest some 1400 acres and smaller about 70 acres or so. They are lovely and were secured just in time, for population these days are building their homes out in the country, miles from the cities. We personally have a rarely good private historical library. It is presently being catalogued by Augustana College librarians with an idea of publishing a story about it. Leading Lincoln biographers have knocked at our door, such as Carl Sandburg, Paul M. Angle, Louis A. Warren, J. G. Randell, Jay Monaghan and others, and one of our most interesting "books" is our Guest book, into which callers at our home have signed their names. I recommend the idea to you. Ours has signatures of such as Lt. Richmond P. Hobson, hero of Santiago in the Spanish war, Prince William of Sweden, an Archbishop or two from Sweden and Germany and quite a representative World of interesting people, including a lot of crazy curlicues supposed to spell "Korezak Zielkowski" the sculptor presently working on the immense statue of Chief Crazy Horse. Incidentally, daughter Catherine with her four children, enjoys Washington, D.C. because she says there are so many interesting people there. I visited them--the Edward Sweeneys this summer and met some of them, for example, Commander Finn Ronne and his wife, south polar explorers and who named a mountain for me--Mt. Hauberg, altitude 13,000 feet in case you are interested. They named a whole range for Edward and Catherine who meanwhile made three flights over Africa and are both now registered lecturers on Africa. John and Ann with their three children, too, are finding the greatest thrills in Seattle, Washington. My six sisters and brother Louis all found life to be full of richness and our family were inflinchingly loyal, one to another and to our parents. Ma was not to be outdone, and with all her other cares, succeeded in being awarded a patent on a dishwasher but unfortunately, she had to continue through life without the patent being made practical for her own use. Pa did a lot of buying of live stock for the Chicago market, and got so that he could judge the weight of a hog by just looking at him and come within but very few pounds of his actual weight. I believe too, he could tell whether the said hog had been slop-fed or corn-fed.

In 1925 we did a bit of thinking--we never meet as a big relationship except at funerals. Can't we change this? The result was a "Hauberg Family Reunion". We took over the Archie Allen Camp, their cooks and all, and for three days--Friday, Saturday and Sunday we celebrated, and repeated it ever since in five year spaces, and have gotten to know each other. In 1948 we celebrated the centennial of Grandfather and Mother's coming to America from Holstein, and said we in our innocence, "Let's each write his or her recollections and have them printed in a book. We had a thin, closely, cheapest job printing in mind to start with. By and by someone said "Why the lowest price; why not the best there is" and it carried the result was the Midwestern Family, 1848--1948, and if I do say it, it's a good book packed with stories illustrating life through a hundred years of time.

And THIS story is being written for a like book for the Henry Frels family who likewise lived through the formative period, from bare, raw unbroken prairies, just as the Indian left them, to the today with its vast new world with many, very many contrivances some of which seem miraculous. How far would one have gotten, in 1840, telling a housekeeper that some day, instead of Dad sawing wood for the kitchen stove, they'd just press a button; that instead of getting out the old washboard and tub of a Monday morning you'd turn another button and let a machine do it while you sat by looking at the pictures in a magazine? I thought of some of these things one time when we called on the Ben Frels'. There sat Stella, a farmer's wife, in a white clean dress and silk stockings--in her kitchen,

which was all white with fridgidaire, white enameled stove, white everything, and she apparently next thing to a woman of leisure in spite of being responsible for Ben's comforts!

I must be getting old, --dwelling so much on the yesterdays! Another sign is when Grandpa dotes on his children and grandchildren. Sue and I improved the world when we brought Catherine and Johnny into the general jam of things. Catherine was "peart" at a very early age. A seamstress of our house was one day singing, and Catherine, having reached the mature age of three years, remarked "I used to sing that when I was a child", and Johnny at a tender age was a mariner, like his Great Grandfather Frels boating up and down the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. As to the wider stream of life, Catherine married Edward C. Sweeney, lawyer, professor, etc. on October 22, 1938, and Johnny coupled up with Miss Ann Gould, of Seattle, June 9, 1941, and both couples are now parents on their own, with charming families with more than a promising prospect that the best in their elders will be passed on down to generations yet unborn.

Rosena Henrietta Hauberg Furland

I was born March 15, 1874 in Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois. My mother's name was Anna Margaret Frels and Father's name was Marx Detlef Hauberg.



Left to right: Eli Furland, Rosena Henrietta Hauberg, John E. Furland and Ada Helena Hauberg, married at the M.D. Hauberg home March 16, 1910.

I attended Bluff school in Coe Township, and Clinton, Iowa Grammar school and Valparaiso University in Indiana. I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church at Hampton Bluff at the age of fifteen.

During school vacations it would be necessary for most country children to help do whatever there was to be done indoors or outside. There were very few times in a year that we could expect a vacation. Between the ages of eight and fourteen, we children were sent out mornings during the springtime to watch the directions of our flock of turkeys. They preferred to lay their eggs in a semi-hidden place, (usually a brush pile) and would go to a mile or more from home. There was always competiton. Crows sitting in the tree tops were always waiting and watching. They liked nothing better to eat than a nice big warm turkey egg. So we had to hurry to get that freshly laid egg. Later in the day we would carry water and a lunch to the men in the field. Feeding chickens, gathering eggs, getting cows from pasture, and milking, were some of the usual chores.

In season we had to pick several varieties of fruit. There were blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, cherries, and plums. In the fall we gathered hazel nuts, hickory nuts, butter nuts, and walnuts in our own woods. Picking apples, peaches, pears, and plums came also before freezing time. Every fall we made apple butter. It required two days to make it. The first day we peeled bushels of apples, and made cider. Next morning, early, the quartered apples with sugar and sorghum were placed in a large brass kettle which had been filled with cider. Those days we had no refrigeration so had to depend on the sweetening as a preservative. What a sight to see gallons of this good apple butter placed in rows on the basement floor for winters use.

I might mention the style of beds and bedding used in those days. I recall the wooden post bedsteads with ropes stretched tightly from side to side. On this foundation was placed our "Beauty Rest" mattress (?). This was homemade of blue and white striped feather ticking made into a container stuffed with straw or corn husks. This tick had to be opened every day and leveled off. Pillows were made of same material filled with goose or duck feathers. One or more big fluffy feather beds were used for covers in winter. Quilts were all hand made into fancy designs and were used for covers and bed spreads. Later, and for years, wooden slats were placed crossways of the bed frame. Trouble with those slats was, they often shoved out of place and we would find ourselves kaplunk on the floor.

House-cleaning time, spring and fall, necessitated the moving of stoves and taking up the rag carpets which were tacked to the floors from wall to wall. Clean straw was used for padding under the rugs. Before the rugs were put back in place, the neighbors were invited to a dance--not more than eight to ten couples. There was always someone in the crowd who would play the accordian or harmonica for dancing. Anyone then, as now, could square dance but to waltz one had to keep step to a 3/4 time. Young people in the neighborhood knew very little about public dances and never attended one. Lunches of cake, coffee, sandwiches, and often oyster stews were served. Had no such conveniences as folding chairs. We placed clean planks between chairs for seats. Instead of riding in comfortable autos as we would now, we rode in cutters and bob-sleds. Usually had plenty of snow those years. Horses were unhitched and put in barns while the dance was on.

I began studying music while in grade school and began teaching music in 1892. My cousin Katherine Bracker and I were the pioneers to bring the teaching of music into the homes of the country folks. Since those were the horse-and-buggy days I drove Nell, our faithful driving horse from place to place. I gave an hour lesson to each pupil. Taught those who lived near my home on Saturdays and Mondays. Tuesday morning I left for Henry County, teaching pupils enroute. Crossed the Rock River on a ferry boat at Cleveland, Illinois. A large bell on the Rock Island County side was used to announce the fact that you wanted to cross the river. Within a few minutes you would see the ferry operator coming down the path from his home to bring the ferry across. The ferry was run with a cable stretched across the river. Nell was such a knowing horse that when the ferry came within a rod or two of the bank, she would begin to paw the ground wanting to have a ride across. When the ferry neared the opposite shore, she would again let me know that she was ready to walk off and be trotting briskly to the homes of my pupils. I also had pupils in Cleveland and Green River. I would return home by way of Barstow and Port Byron, reaching home on Friday night. The father of one of my Henry County pupils would come in from the field when he saw the music teacher drive up, to watch proceedings. I would have to play on the piano for him. Once he said, with emphasis, that I played just like a brass band. That was supposed to be a very complimentary remark. Since at that time there were few occasions in a year that they were privileged to hear music of any kind, I felt I had at least done some good. In Port Byron, I had the privilege of teaching a number of the only colored family living there. Incidentally, the husband of one of those girls helps in the Amos and Andy shows. My horse was not the skittish sort, so I could travel along and do a lot of reading during the week. The only formidable looking object we would see on the road was an occasional threshing machine. Some of the crew would take Nell by the bit and lead her past the machine without any trouble. She walked faster than other horses. I would be reading, she would overtake another rig and without my guidance, would turn out, pass the other on a brisk trot until past and then settle down again to a walk. She very positively knew where my pupils lived, and especially where her noon feed and overnight stops were.

After several years of teaching, I spent a couple of years in Ward, Colorado, with my two sisters, Amelia and Emma, while there I acted as organist at the Congregational Church and played in an orchestra. Ward, at that time, was a busy place with fifty or more gold mines working. I had many interesting trips in the surrounding majestic mountains.

One summer a party of six, including Will and Amelia Schmoll and their daughter Hazel, Bert Fairhurst, our brother-in-law, Louis, my brother and myself, went horse-back across the Range. An extra horse was taken to help carry provisions and tent. At that time there were very few roads. Only trails and it took an experienced person to find the right ones.

As we climbed to higher altitudes, we and the horses experienced difficulty in breathing. The pack horse was an independent sort and often tried to find her own trail with the result that we would find her stuck between huge trees too close together for her wide pack of long handled cooking utensils, sack of flour, etc., to get through. One evening we bought provisions at Grand Lake and were hurrying along at a good gallop when the saddle girth on Amelia's horse broke, saddle turned and Amelia fell on the (?) soft (?) rocky trail. Spot, the horse, ran away but Amelia still held the bag of sugar and bacon in her hand and was not badly hurt. Usually Bert Fairhurst would bring up the rear so as to see that everyone was getting safely but it was getting late and each one of us let the horses go as fast as they could go hoping to find a camping place before dark.

A few days later when our provisions were getting low again we met a bachelor rancher and inquired if he had a cabin and cook stove. We hoped we would be able to bake biscuits. Amelia was the cook all the ten days we were on the trip. The rancher said "Why yes, just go help yourself. You will find grease, salt, etc." Six persons to feed is no small job. When the first batch was baked, the cook suggested that we start to eat while she made a second lot. Those biscuits were so good! On our way out we again saw the rancher and Amelia thanked him and apologized for using some of the second batch of grease. He dryly replied, "Sorry, lady, but that was my wagon grease you used first."

On our return over the Continental Divide, we traveled several hours over a blazed trail in a blinding snow storm. This was in the month of August. Wind was so strong and cold we walked to keep warm and led our horses. The Ward people heard about the storm on the range and talked of sending a rescue party to see if we had perished. All along our trip we had plenty of fresh mountain trout to eat. I cannot use space enough to tell all the beauties of the forest and plain, varieties of beautiful flowers. The rushing of clear snow streams, that had to be forded.

Some years later sister Anna and I went to California, another beauty spot in the U.S.A. The one disturbing thought I brought home was that a man with whom I rode from one town to another --along with trunks and other baggage said, "I don't think you will ever get married." Why? "Because you would not quit talking long enough for a man to propose."

I spent four years in Porter County, Indiana, teaching school. I think of Whittier's poem --School Days:

"Here sits the school house by the road
A ragged beggar sunning."

Some of my interesting callers were escaped convicts from the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City. I was often entertained by an English family in this district. We would go horse back riding up the fine sandy Lake Michigan beach. One summer the thirteen year old daughter was sent to England to visit her grandparents with the result that the relatives insisted on keeping her there. Her father and I had to apply to our Ambassador to England to help to get her back to this country.

While farmers in that community put up marsh hay they put wide wooden shoes on their horse's feet to keep from settling down in the mud. I think it helped too against rattlesnakes which were numerous. These shoes were not removed until the season's haying was finished.

I started a Sunday School in the little town of Furnessville. Most of my day school pupils and I walked three and one-half miles every Sunday afternoon. We enjoyed the walk and the lessons learned at Sunday School.

While teaching school was very interesting, I later decided to have just one pupil. At that time sister Ada also decided to quit teaching so on March 16, 1910, I was married to Eli Furland, whose former home was in Ogle County, Illinois but for years had worked as a collector for Sprague Warner Wholesale Grocers in Chicago. Ada married John Furland -- a double wedding in our home. The Rev. W. H. Blancke of Davenport officiated. We four went

to South Dakota where the Furland brothers had purchased a stocked and well equipped ranch. We found our new neighbors very friendly. On returning from church the first Sunday, we found a family of five sitting in our living room waiting for dinner. We were invited to a neighborhood dance but none of us danced so declined the invitation. A few weeks later one neighbor said to another, "What do you think of our new men on the Hawkeye Ranch?" The reply was, "Well, I don't know what to think of them. They don't smoke or swear nor dance. In fact, they haven't any accomplishments." We soon felt interested in the welfare of our community and helped start a Sunday School. Sessions were held in our school house. Eli and I united with and became active members of the Methodist Church in Artesion. This section of South Dakota is noted for its many deep artesian wells. One on our farm was 800 feet deep. On my mother's first visit with us, she remarked that she did not see a water bucket. We never needed one as artesian water was piped to the house and all other buildings. We needed only to turn a faucet to get water.

I must mention an unusual wedding, Eli and I attended during our pioneering days in Dakota. A neighbor living three miles from us, called one February day and told us of his daughter's approaching marriage. Asked me to play the wedding march; also would like to borrow our silverware, dishes, and lamps. Ceremony was to be at 6:30 p.m. in the home. The day before the wedding date a blizzard struck our community --lasted three days. By telephone the wedding was postponed four days. On heels of the first blizzard came another. We felt we must get to that wedding at the appointed time. Temperature was 20 below. Not fit for man or beast to be out. It was five o'clock when we left home in a bob sled; took chains and scoop shovel in case we needed them. Half way to our destination, we met a sleigh load of people. Because of the blinding snow, we could not recognize them. This was the bridal party, parents, bride and groom and the preacher. The groom had obtained the marriage license in the wrong county. Could not legally use the one he had in our county, so preacher suggested that they drive to the county line three miles away. They were married in the snow banks on the side of the road in which the groom lived which made it legal. After they returned home and were sufficiently thawed out, the ceremony was repeated and I played the wedding march. I told our local preacher this story. He said "Oh, when I got married in New York State and I forgot to get a license, so the guests assembled had to wait until I went to town to get it.

We had many community gatherings those day, and did a lot of Red Cross work. Having sales of all sorts of articles, making socks and sweaters for the soldiers.

On July 10, 1918, Eli was accidentally killed. I left the farm and have lived in Mitchell since 1919. Have helped in many capacities in our local Methodist Church. Have recently been given the honor of making a life member of our Women's Society of Christian Service. I belong to a federated study club and enjoy preparing lessons suggested by the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

During the past twenty-five years I have driven a car. Made trips to Ward, Colorado, and several trips back home to Illinois. At the age of eighty years I think I am too old to drive a car and have disposed of it.

Among my hobbies are those of crocheting and making braided rugs.

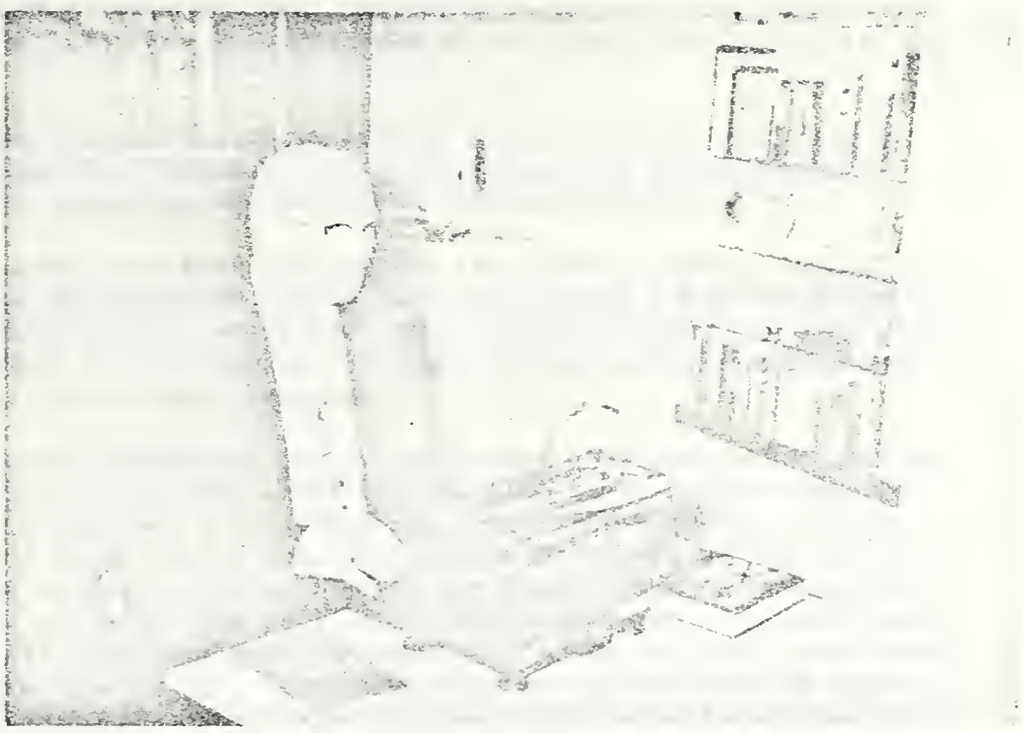
The changes in communications, travel, farming and house keeping have been marvelous in the past century. I realize it still takes courage and patience along with common sense to follow in the paths of our forefathers and enjoy the heritage that is ours.

Louis Detlef Hauberg

I am the son of Marx Detlef and Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg of Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois, United States of America.

I was a buster of a boy when I came on the scene of action January 8, 1878. I had three sisters and a brother on the welcome committee for this 14 pound youngster. I was too heavy to pack around when my folks visited the neighbors so they used a wheel barrow for a conveyance baby buggy.

I guess I was good company when I was young for Amelia took me along with her when she kept house for Uncle William Frels. I was 3 years old. Amelia and I both remember that I chased the chickens out of the apple tree along the sidewalk every evening with a long pole.



Louis Detlef Hauberg

I went to school when I was six, we most always went around by Grandmother's enroute to school for she usually had some cookies and milk to drink and besides we thought we needed a rest. We didn't have a telephone but we knew the latest news what Pa and Ma were doing, who got kicked by a horse, what cow stepped on our foot while we did chores. We had 15 or so cows to milk and every one had a name, they were not Bible names like they give children. We never heard our Grandmother speak a cross word. She was always busy.

This school we attended was organized in 1856. It stood along the main stage line that crossed our township. Our Grandfather was one of the first three directors. His sons, Marx and Dave and daughters Elizabeth, Cathrine, Doris and Margaret attended here. When township organization took place roads were laid out, farms were fenced so the school house was moved to the four corners where all of the M.D. Hauberg children attended. I always remember a picture in the Swintons Reader of children running from one bush to another picking berries. The title under the picture was: Stick To Your Bush. That is a good policy to follow through life.

School days is a valuable period in one's life. The more we learn the more interesting and helpful our life should be. Of course we all enjoyed the noon and recess period when we could play with our neighboring children. Games as Handy Over, Pussy Wants a Corner, and Pull Away and Crack The Whip. I climbed every tree in the school yard and jumped every fence, this included a five board fence with a level board on top. When it was stormy the boys would see who could kick the highest in the hall, we made a mark with a nail or jack knife on the waines coating so we would know who was ahead.

Of course you know we were not bad boys but some of us would carve our initials on the desk when the teacher wasn't looking. Boys and girls were penalized for misbehavior, the teacher would have them sit on a chalk box or stand on the floor at the front of the school. It was really humiliating. Somehow the stoves never lasted many years, it would be red hot at times. When we stirred the coals with a four foot lifter and put coal in it made a lot of noise and smoke came out, no wonder our school room had a dark complexion. We had six excellent black boards four feet square.

This acre school lot was purchased from my uncle Gottlieb Stiltz for $25.00 in 1866. The coal house stood in one corner, boys privy in another and girls privy in another.

We had spelling down every two weeks or so and a play or dialogue every winter. The County Superintendent of schools visited the school once a year, he was one guest that didn't rap on the door before he came in, he was a distinguished person those days. The teacher

cautioned us to be on our good behavior when he came. Rather strange now to us that we attended school up to twenty years of age. The total expense of operating this school in 1888 was $261.10.

The nine schools in our township consolidated in 1950 or sooner with one building in the center of the township. We have five teachers, the 145 scholars are being brought to school in three busses, the cost of operating the school in 1954 was $27,000.00.

All of the one room school houses were auctioned off to the highest bidder. My father and I built a chain fence along two sides of our school yard using hedge posts. I bored a two inch hole in the top of the posts through which the chain passed through that was fifty years ago and some of those posts are still standing and good. Hedge posts are really durable. The chain on that fence was stolen many years ago.

Do you know horses and colts are interesting to have on a farm. We had four colts one year and five the next. These little colts like attention and like to be fooled with, we used to teach them to lay down. If they saw a straw hat any place they were sure to tear it to pieces. If your handkerchief stuck out of your hip pocket they would see it and get it. In the barn they soon learned to help their mother eat her feed. Those horses always knew the way home regardless where you went, how they could follow the road on a pitch dark night is always a quadren. Most all farm boys like to stand on a horse and ride, even some of the girls like to do that. It's lots of fun. Horses delight to race as much as people young and old. I rode Prince and John rode Mike, even if those horses were tired they delighted to race with one another.

Some horses enjoy running away, I had some bad ones. Once with the binder when the main horse got his bridle off, well, I didn't cut oats for a few days until I got that binder fixed up. Another time I was seeding with a narrow track seeder when a red oil truck came along the road, away went my team I could not hold them, the ground was little rough, I bounced up and down one time when I came down I missed the seat. I found the team at the end of the field with a tree between them and the seeder near by. It makes one feel bad to go in the barn and see the harness hanging and no horses nor colts.

You can get a lot of work done with a tractor but I got more tired running a tractor ten hours then driving a team.

Getting up the yearly supply of wood was the winter job, cut the trees, trim off the limbs and haul the wood on a pile near the house. At first this wood was cut in stove length with an ax and saw, this took a lot of time. It was all neatly piled usually in a round pile near twenty feet across and six or more feet high.

Later horse power, steam engine and gasoline engine was used to run a circular saw, with this power our year supply of wood could be cut in stove length in one day.

I joined the Rock Island County Agriculture League in 1916. A year or so later it became the Farm Bureau. This organization has accomplished wonderful results in advancing the farmers interest. The first Farm Advisors visited the farm of every member annually his information to farmers was most valuable. I was on a number of membership drives, collected bills, and helped arrange many programs at our township and county meetings. I wrote songs for our male trio and some skits which we put on at our county meetings. Some of these songs were used in other county meetings so I am told.

Here is a sample song to the tune of Beautiful, Beautiful Texas.

We greet all you friends of the county
A message of cheer for the year:
Add Blue Seal oil to the motor
and Brunswick tires to the wheel
Aladen the gas for good sparking
All set for the joy of the day
As we journey along gayly singing the song
Of service from our Farm Bureau.

What joy we behold as we travel
The farmstead so gayly adorned
For soy oil paint been added
To the house, the fence and the barn
All farmers are happy contented
For sharing the profits so fine
When the melon was cut, yes we were in luck
For we were not holding the rind.

We eagerly looked forward to attending the Hillsdale fair. I still remember the brand new Mitchell wagon we rode in to the fair. It had a spring seat on which Ma and the driver sat. We kids sat on the soft side of a seat board. Ma held a couple baskets filled with dinner for all of us. Corn and hay was thrown in the box for the horses dinner. A new wagon was really a brilliant affair, box and wheels all painted and striped, it also had a brake controlled by iron lever. We saw men perform on the trapeze and horizontal bar and when we got home we soon had the same thing in our house yard. We could turn somewhat on these and swing and hang by our heals and toe. Sister Ada who was five years old could skin a cat on the trapeze bar.

When I was fourteen years of age we had a fife and drum chore. John, our leader, and Herbert Quick played the fife, Ernest Dennhardt, Raymond Quick and I played the snare drums and August Eipper the bass drum. We had a lot of fun practising and marching. We played at picnics and political rallies. Our most amusing experience was playing at a Peoples Party Rally at Rapids City. The beating of the bass drum caused such a vibration that it shook the wasps down from the ceiling of the hall. The wasps then proceeded to climb up the mens pant legs.

I was especially obedient to all commands around Christmas time when I was young. I carried in plenty wood and chips and water and even took hay down hill for Santa Claus' reindeers, and sure enough he came that night and his reindeers ate all the hay, at least it was gone in the morning.

It just beats all how customs are changing. When there were so many of us home someone had to cut shavings in the evening and put chips in the oven to dry, and usually the first one up in the morning used these to start the fire in the cook stove. In the winter we used big chunks of wood in the heating stove, these would hold fire until morning to keep the room warm. We had a heating stove in the living room and parlor. We didn't always have fire in the parlor unless the girls had a feller come to see them or when we had other company. We didn't always have the best kind of a smell in the kitchen in the winter time, wet socks, shoes, boots overshoes,and felt boots and mittens had to be dried around the stove in the night, these boots were sometimes hard to get off our feet even with a boot jack.

The following is a list of implements found on the up to date farms of Henry and Rock Island Counties. The prices of these implements was given me by the Allis Chalmers dealer of Port Byron December 1954. The corn stalk pulverizer and spray equipment have become a recent necessity. The European Corn Borer has reached this area, and unless effective measures are used to retard its destructiveness a farmer can loose $10 to $15, or more per acre. By pulverising the stalks the borers are exposed to the weather and killed.

Insect pests have entered our country from foreign lands and now we must spray much of our fruit or it can not be used. Chemical sprays are now available to kill obnoxious weeds and grasses in our fields and pastures. These sprays eliminate the use of the scythe which no farmer likes to use.

Tractor	$2270.00	Tractor Disc	$ 270.00	Side Delivery Rake	$ 280.00
Tractor Plow	190.00	Tractor Cultivator	250.00	Tractor Mower	325.00
Ensilage Cutter	1500.00	Corn Picker	1175.00	Hay Baler	1225.00
Manure Spreader	490.00	Corn Stalk Pulverizer	460.00	Grain Combine	1315.00
Spray Outfit	160.00	Manure Loader	315.00	Grain Elevator	450.00
		Harrow	137.00		

Larger and more expensive equipment can be purchased, but the above prices are for the average size. Smaller and less expensive equipment could also be purchased.

Farm wages for the last fifteen years for a married man, who is furnished a house to live in, a garden, milk and meat plus a wage of $175 per month. Single men get a similar wage or more plus board and room. Most farmers of today must be first class business men and good farm managers to stay in the farm game.

My last year of farming was 1949, at the end of the year I sold my last four horses for $100.00. Twenty-five years previous horses of this caliber would have brought over $500.00. This ended the 96 years of horse power on the Hauberg farm for my Grandfather graduated from oxen power to horse power in 1856. Scarcely one farmer in a hundred has a horse on the farm today. Farm activity is completely mechanized.

Compare the above equipment with that which our Grandfather used 110 years ago and remember he had the latest available. A wooden beam plow with a wooden molboard. A double shovel plow, a seeder (grain sack from which he sowed his grain by hand) scythe, grain cradle, threshing machine (the Flail), pitch fork, hand rake, hoe, spade. He may have had a saw but I never heard of it, but he did have a grind stone. Grandfather's equipment would bring more money today at an antique shop than the original cost.

I had a typical big woodsman work for me in February, March, and April of 1914. We cut over 200 logs in our timber and had 33,666 feet of lumber sawed from those logs at $8.00 per thousand. Our old horse barn built in 1853, the frame of which was pegged together, which was getting shakey, was torn down and rebuilt. Our low roof cow barn built in the sixties and a big pole cattle barn built in the early eighties both were taken down and a 40x64 foot barn with 16 foot post and a gable roof was built with concrete walls and floor. This big barn cost around $3000.

In 1913 we built a much needed hog house 20x48 with concrete walls and floor and 18 pens for $325.00.

We always had a lot of fruit on our place, apples, peaches, pears, plumbs, black berries, currants and crab apples. We had a lot of cider made, we had a press but when we went to market with apples and cider we took the apples to a custom mill. A bushel of good apples made three gallons of cider at two cents per gallon. Cider sold at ten cents per quart. Clinton was our best market for apples and cider. Pa and I were three days selling a load of apples. I hauled three loads of Willow twig apples to Moline one fall at fifty cents per bushel, had springs on the bolsters of the wagon so could trot right along.

Every boy likes to hunt rabbits. Every hollow among our hills had a clumb of hazel and black berry bushes and several rabbits in every clump. We had an old musket, muzzle loaded to hunt with. I couldn't hit anything on the run but could hit the rabbits most of the time when they were sitting. We were out of amunition quite a bit, if it was shot I used dried peas. Pa shot a coon once, it was just round with fat; Ma cooked it for dinner but the dogs and cats had to eat it. Just one taste and we weren't coon hungry.

We had a lot of parties but not so many dances in my day. On one occasion we carried our parlor organ out in the yard where we had a grand sing and played games. When we had dances in the winter those farmers really put themselves out. Turned our stock out to accommodate the guest horses, took down the beds and stored them in one room, carried in some nail kegs and boards to sit on, had a grand lunch, maybe oyster soup, the guest would leave around two o'clock. When I was in my twenties I became quite a promotor of literary society and debating club. These were just very interesting and helpful in developing our thinking. These meetings were held at Bluff School and in private homes with an occasional dinner, people came for miles to attend the meetings at the school, seats were all filled and many stood.

I attended the Port Byron Academy two three months periods in 1900 and 1901. The instruction gotten there was mighty helpful in life.

I attended Farm and Home week at Urbana a couple winters. I still think the information I received there on raising and feeding livestock, crop management and grain selection made me thousands of dollars in later life.

I'll never forget when I was 20 years old we had a German working for us, Theodore Helmers. He would get me up so early when we were picking corn. We did the chores, ate breakfast, we each ate five buckwheat pancakes, eight or nine inches across with fat gravy on them every morning. It was the most delicious meal I ever ate. At the beginning of daylight we would have our team hitched to the wagon and enroute to the field. Quite often there was frost on the stalks and our mittens, shirt sleeves and pant legs would get soaking wet. We picked like the dickens to keep warm, and about 10 o'clock our clothes would be dry from the sunshine if it was shining. We generally got our corn cribs full and often shoveled the corn six feet above our head to fill the addition. No wonder corn huskers have an appetite when meal time comes.

Along in the 1890's quite a few farmers cut and shocked corn to be shredded for fodder late in the fall when the stalks would be dry. It was usually cold weather, sometimes hard work, and how we did eat. This fodder made good feed and bedding for stock.

I did some stacking of grain in the nineties, also stacked hay, it was interesting work but I couldn't put up two stacks alike. In earlier days farmers stacked their shocked grain because they had to wait so long to have it threshed and some thought a better quality of grain was produced if it went through a sweat in the stack, not many threshing outfits then.

Jacob Marshall had the first steam thresher in our neighborhood. He had a portable engine drawn by four horses to operate the threshing machine. His run extended from the Mississippi to the Rock River and usually took over two months.

My uncle Charlie Walther and Alf Wainright came in our area to thresh having a horse power outfit, with five teams on the horse power. It seems I can still hear the wang of the gears that turned the cylinder from the tumbling rods of the horse power. Grain as it came from the spout of the machine clean, was measured in bushel and half bushel baskets. These baskets were full were dumped in the wagon and hauled to the bin.

In 1918 I joined with fifteen farmers in the purchase of a big 36 cylinder steam threshing machine costing $3800. This machine was equipped with a self band cutter and feeder, it weighed and elevated the grain into the wagon, it has a blower to blow the straw in the barn or on a pile. This machine required five pitchers in the field, nine bundle haulers, four grain shovelers, engineer, water boy, and one or two men to keep the machine in operation. The chief objection to this outfit was that we had to drive too far to help one another thresh, sometimes over four miles. Two thousand bushels of oats in four hours was our best record.

A few years later smaller machines were purchased requiring less help and fewer miles to travel. At the present time most every farmer has a combine with which he cuts and threshes the grain in one operation. The grain is hauled to the grainary and elevated in a bin. The straw is windrowed, then picked up with a bailer and bailed to store in the barn, or, with a hay loader, is placed on the wagon loose and hauled to the barn. What a change in 100 years!

No one wanted to work in the straw pile but some one had to. The straw carrier on those early machines remained in one place, therefore, it required two or three men to pack the straw from the carrier to stack it, and if it was dusty and dirty as it usually was, there was no way to escape it.

Time seems to go awfully slow for a boy that's growing up, after thirty years it's just the reverse. Every farmer welcomes the improvement of farm machinery. The harrow is still the harrow, but the disc harrow which came on the scene about 1895 was a great aid in pulversing the soil for crop planting. Riding plows and cultivators reduced the labor of

walking. Gang plows pulled with five and six horses doubled the speed of plowing. Binders with bundle carriers saved a lot of steps. We even learned that good cured hay can be put up without cocking it up in the field. Hay loaders will pitch the hay on the wagon for you and a track and hay carrier in the barn, picks the hay from the wagon and puts it in the barn. With these improvements we are enabled to farm more land.

Now the new day for farming methods have come on the scene, and they are coming so rapidly it's dazzeling. Competition between farm implement manufacturers is keen, such is trying to produce something new and practical to advance the farmers' interest.

I put in a couple years as a miner at Ward, Colorado, where my sisters, Amelia and Emma, lived. That was quite an experience working with men who worked out most all their life, not owners of anything except their clothes. I was no miner so I got a job of hauling rock out of the mine that had been blasted loose by the miners. Work nine hours and get $3.00 per day. My, my, I was used to twelve and fourteen hours and one dollar a day. Five hours to loaf, I never saw anything like it. These miners were a kindly sort of fellows but they had me beat. They could smoke and drink and cuss and tell more dirty stories than I ever heard in my life. In dumping the car of rock one day a large rock caught in the door and over went the car down the 70 foot pile. It was quite a job getting that iron car back up the grade. The Superintendent said to me, "How does it come that you don't swear, Louis?" I told him I just hadn't thought of it.

Albert Fairhurst my brother-in-law saw to it that I got work. The miners were very fine to me even though I didn't drink from their bottle which they passed to me quite often. William T. Schmoll was in the livery business and he saw that I got to go places. The miners sometimes would try to take advantage of Will. On one occasion two of them rented a single seated buggy to drive to some town, down the road a half mile or so two or three other fellows got in the buggy. Will surmised that that those fellows might be pulling one over on him. He sticks his six shooter in his pocket and jumps on a horse and down the road he went. He overtook these friends of his all in a one seated buggy. They were much embarrassed by being caught. Will ordered them out of the buggy and the language he used on them wouldn't be proper in a church meeting. They paid the price of a two seated buggy to ride in and went on.

I worked at Sunnyside several weeks that was twenty or so miles from Ward. I helped on a 210 pound machine there, every morning my partner Hans Peterson and I would set up the column and then lift the machine above our shoulders to place it in the saddle and start drilling. We would drill nine or ten holes four and five feet deep. Use thirty or more pounds of dynamite to load the holes, one stick in a hole had a five foot fuse with a cap attached stuck in it. We spit (light) the fuse in proper order and run for safety. The concussion from the explosion would blow the light of our candles out unless we had them in a barrel.

We all stayed in our bunk house and had a little reading material and just one lamp, the men got to playing penny annie (I think it's a poker game). They sat around a table with a gallon of whiskey on the floor between them. They became so engrossed in their game they neglected to get the proper sleep, especially the engineer. We were working two shifts. The mine had a two hundred foot tunnel to the shaft which was 350 feet down to the drifts where the men worked. The engineer had gotten the signal to get the dynamite and fuse ready to send down. He brought it in and set it down and hung his lighted candle on a board over the explosive. He sat down in his chair to await the signal to send it down. He fell asleep. The candle burned down to the iron bowl that held it and when the iron got warm the candle melted and fell in the box of dynamite, it began to burn at once, luckily the engineer woke up--saw the fire and ran for the entrance of the tunnel. Dynamite will burn and not explode, it takes a cap or sudden jar to explode it. When the fire burned to the caps they exploded and the thirty pounds of dynamite also exploded, it blew the engineer flat on his face. Men in the mine heard the blast and at once started for the ladder to climb out. Signal for the hoist was out of commission. The engineer came to the bunk house for help. We hurriedly got up and dressed and ran around that mountain side in the dark through eight inches of snow falling down every rod or two. We reached the shaft house

and found the men had climbed out safely all badly scared, but no one was hurt. Everyone wondered how it happened. These miners all know that when there is a fire over the shaft, it burns the oxygen out of the mine and human life cannot exist. A couple of weeks later the engineer confessed all. This could have been a very serious accident if the wood work had ignited over the shaft.

From my observation in mining every three dollars invested you may get two dollars back. We were all glad to get back to Ward to work. A boarding and bunk house were the only buildings here.

One Fourth of July the Schmolls and Fairhursts and I celebrated at Gold Lake. We had a snow storm during the day and it was mighty chilly with our summer clothes on. Sister Rosena was in Ward one year while I was there. Both Schmolls and Fairhurst had a piano and our cousin John D. Hauberg was a miner and stayed at the Fairhurst home, I also stayed there most of the time. We either had company or went somewhere most every night and always had a lot of music.

We attended the Congregational Church and took an active part in the service, Church, Christian Endeavor and Sunday School. I sang in the choir and in male quartets. I had so much leisure time I read the Bible thoroughly in connection with the Sunday School lessons and enjoyed its precepts.

There were two teachers at the Day School. The principal was from the East. I think he had a little more than an eighth grade education but since he was principal they called him professor, and he liked that, he would strut around like a turkey gobler.

Will, Bert and I attended a turkey shoot one New Years, Will furnished the rifle, Bert bought the tickets and I did the shooting and won two big bronze turkeys. I did some trout fishing. I still don't understand how I couldn't catch a big trout when the man beside me caught only big one while I caught only the small. My, they were delicious eating.

My second year in Ward, Emma and Lydia Frels visited me, and did we ever have a time. All the boys in town were after these two young good looking girls from East. We three took a camping trip over the Range. We had a cute little pack donkey, dark brown with a white nose, to carry our tent and cooking utensils. If the pack wasn't tied on good and tight it would hump its back and off went the pack over his head. This was a five day trip and we liked it very much.

Our folks and many of the Frels and Hauberg relatives have visited the Schmoll and Fairhurst several times in later years and greatly enjoyed the visit.

My father wrote me a couple times to come home and help on the farm so in March, 1903, I arrived home and became a hired man on the farm for seven years at $30.00 per month. In 1910 Pa rented me the farm, first two years I got two-fifths, after that on half of the earnings. I was young and strong and determined to make good. I arranged the fields so they could be farmed to a better advantage. Raised rye on some blow sand and got good crops and lots of straw for bedding. By using a lot of bedding we had a lot of manure which the land needed. I didn't have money to buy cattle, so, corn and hogs were my principal line. 265 hogs were the most I raised in a year and finally produced 109 bushel of corn per acre on a few acres, but 70 and 80 bushel got to be common. I never was a fast corn picker. It took me from daylight to dark to pick 96 bushel. We used to have trouble getting a stand of clover but when I top dressed our wheat fields, we got results.

My mother passed away in 1918, I then bought the 300 acre farm for $40,000. I had $10,000 to pay down and continued to hit the farming game hard. Along in the middle 30's I had the mortgage paid off. I have done a lot of traveling but I never went at seeding or harvest time. Built a tenant house in 1919 of five rooms and a basement for around $900. Such a house would now cost at least $6000. In 1920 I built a new kitchen, wood shed and enclosed porch to our stone house running water and bath. Our first lighting system was a setylene bought in 1911 with gas pipes to all the buildings used for 17 years. Then we had

a Delco electric for nine years and last the electric high line from the cities. It's simply astounding to see the latest inventions for the farmer indoors and out. Much of the drudgery for the back and limbs has been removed. Now the mental strain is added and more ink and pencils are used to write checks, for the new equipment. Believe me, I like the farming game.

Oh give me a home on the Illinois farm
Where the corn wheat and taters are grown,
Where livestock is fed and housed in a shed
Not left on the prairie to roam.

I like the wild flowers in the pastures of ours
Where the bacon and beef grow the best
We toil all the day and sure of our pay
And at eve we are happy at rest.

Chorus: Home, Home on the soil,
Where the brawn and the brain are at toil,
Where failures unheard of crops and of herds
And the farmstead a haven of job.

As I type this in 1954 I often think of how we worked on the farm sixty years ago, getting up at five o'clock in the morning and going to work at six, three horses hitched to a fourteen inch walking plow, and start plowing around a forty acre field, quit in time so we would be in for dinner at 12 o'clock, then at one o'clock get the horses out and plow until six or seven o'clock, do the chores and eat supper, day after day except Sunday, and how the men and horses did enjoy Sunday; that day of rest. This ground then had to be harrowed smooth for planting corn. By this time we had check row wire which enabled us to plant corn in rows both length and cross wise, corn could be cultivated both ways to be kept clean of weeds. We even sowed oats on stalk grown and cultivated them in, and harrowed the fields a time or two and raised excellent crops.

I just escaped the period of cutting grain with a reaper, and binding the sheaves by hand. I never saw a grain cradle used nor a reaper, such as our Grandfather Frels used in his farming, nor have I seen them thresh out the grain with a flail, or tramp it out with livestock. It seems corn has always been husked out by hand, and in our early days girls and women helped in this. It's just remarkable the speed which some men could husk out 100 or more bushels per day. And many of us remember the back breaking job of shoveling off the loads with those old scoop boards in the box.

We can scarcely believe now that we raked the new mown hay into wind rows with a one horse rake, then neatly cocked it in piles to let it cure for a few days before hauling it to the barn. At the barn the strongest person pitched the load off from the wagon into the barn, and we boys and girls packed it away in the barn, and how we did sweat.

I started out threshing rather young. I wasn't big enough to handle a fork so they put me to cutting bands. The threshing machine was set between the stacks of grain and every job was a dirty one. I would have so much dust on my face and eyes I could scarcely see. Work was the manly thing those days and no one backed down because of dust.

I think the biggest farm event this country ever had was the Corn Husking Contest. The Townships, Counties, State and National contests were held. There was keen interest in every contest. Usually there were twelve men in a contest and they husked eighty minutes. Each were provided with team, wagon, driver, timekeeper and judges to see that the contestant picked all of the corn in the row. They put in the bag what he left. This, and too much husk on the ears, were charged against the husker. In the National contest where the best huskers of the states entered they frequently husked 53 and 54 ears of corn in one minute. Here we saw both speed and endurance for an 80 minute period. These men picked as much corn in 80 minutes as most of us picked in a 10 hour day.

Several neighbors and I drove to Tonica, Illinois, where a National contest was held, November 3, 1941. The road and yard was very muddy but the field was in good shape. It

was a good event, they estimated the attendance at 125,000. The day following they reported picking up a wagon box load of rubbers from the muddy yard. Our county had a husking event at the Virgil Simpson farm in the 1940's. I helped conduct several of these county husking events, being chairman one year.

I had been an active worker in the Bethel Church for ten years. October 14, 1926, I was emmersed and became a member. I have done most everything in the church but preach, clerk for 18 years, trustee for five years at which time I was expected to get the church remodeled which was done in 1917. Was Sunday School Superintendent for 11 years, taught every class in the school and taught Teachers Training classes, sang in the choir for sixty years.

In the County Sunday School organization, I was Upper District Chairman for twenty or more years and president of our Coe Township unit. I attended many county and state meetings.

I held every office in our Christian Endeavor Society in our church, was President of the district organization for three and one-half years, this included Rock Island and Henry Counties. Was present at the World Convention at Chicago 1915. Truely a great meeting where the leading Christian workers of the world spoke.

In 1950 I attended the World's Baptist Alliance at Cleveland, Ohio. Truly a great meeting. I had never heard our colored people preach and pray. And I must say they gave the strongest messages of the convention. There were 43,000 Baptist present. I will never forget that meeting. I also attended a baseball game at their famous Stadium.

In 1952 I attended Our American Baptist convention at the International Amphetheatre at Chicago. In addition to the fine program, one half of the building was devoted to exhibits connected with the church. Chimes, bells, pianos, organs, harps, church furniture and church construction material. I had never seen anything like it. Another feature of the convention was the smell from the stock yards. For 11 seasons I had the fine experience of singing the Messiah Oritorio with 300 or more voices at the Handel Oritorio Society of Augustana College at Rock Island.

I have helped to sing at many funerals of our community and sang solos in most of the churches in our end of the county.

The Sunday School's of Upper End Rock Island County sponsored a celebration on July 4 for a number of years. I was chairman of this group for eleven seasons. In 1926 when our Nation celebrated the 150th anniversary of our independance, I wrote and directed a pagent for the occasion. Two years later when Port Byron celebrated the 100th anniversary of its first settlers in 1828. I wrote and directed a pagent for that occasion. Both of these celebrations were held at Dorance Park, Port Byron.

In November of 1952 I began getting pains in my arms and shoulders. The pain increased in spite of treatment. February 20 I started for Phoenix, Arizona for sun treatment. My arms were frozen to my side except the forearm. During June when the temperature reached 112 degrees my arms loosened up. I liked Phoenix very very much. Being so far west I thought of spending a week in Los Angeles before returning home. July 29 I started for L.A. I was there seventeen days, then a week in Long Beach. Saw the oil wells, beauty contest, Boy Scout Jamboree camp, 45,000 B.S. at camp. It was great. I met several boys from Port Byron and Joslin at camps. I attended Charles E. Fuller Evangelistic meeting, Farmers Market, visited my cousin Will Stiltz, whom I hadn't seen for years and visited Herman Frels on three occasions. Then decided to go to Hawaii by air June 22, 9½ hour trip. I arrived in the morning at dark. I stayed at the Islander Hotel three blocks from Wakiki Beach. Everything was new and very interesting to me, toured the Island, saw Pearl Harbor, attended Mainland Broadcast twice, attended a Hulu dance program, watched surf riding many times and visited with natives. August 4 I went aboard the plane for San Francisco, 86 passengers and six crew members, in ten hours arrive in the rain. Get a room at the Stanford Hotel. I was surprised to see the city so largely built up. I visited the opera two

evenings, over 8,000 present first night, a very fine program. I rode the cable car to Fishermans Wharf, saw China Town, took a boat ride around Alkatraz prison, saw museum, acquarium, concert open air, Japanese Tea Garden, the big bridges, and Palo Alto Tower and chapel which is especially beautiful. There was no train room to Denver for a week, so I took a bus, fine trip, a lot of scenery, arrived at Boulder the 15th of August. Hazel took me to Ward, had a nice visit with Amelia for five days, then John and Rosena, Ada and John Furland arrived and we all had a fine dinner at Hazel's ranch celebrating Amelia's 90th birthday. I brought a Hawaii lei for each one. John had gifts for each and the Furlands did likewise. We celebrated together for two nights and two days. Told precious stories of by gone days, showed pictures slides of travel, had music and plenty to eat. John and I couldn't get train accommodations to Rock Island for several days so we rode to Dakota with the Furlands. South Dakota never looked nicer or more prosperous. This was also true of Mitchell. The next day John and I boarded a train to Savanna.

I was home near five months to get things straightened around. I still had a great desire to see the Panama Canal, so started for San Antonio, Texas, expecting to fly to Panama. After a couple weeks of sightseeing I went to New Orleans, and here decided to take the 28 day Caribbean Cruise. February 4, 1953 I got on the Stella Polaris and was off for the cruise. Every day was interesting with new sights, Cuba, Jamaca, Dominican Republic, Virgin Island, Martinique Island, Caracas Venezuela, Curacao, Cartagena, San Blas Islands, saw Puerto Bellows from a distance, Panama Canal and Guatemala. A very easy and pleasant cruise. I recommend it to the readers.

Breakfast at 8, luncheon at one, at 4 anything to eat or drink you wanted. Dinner at 7. At the dinner and noon luncheon you could choose your eats from the Smorgasbord. Two dozen or more articles to select from. Excellent music while you dine and in the afternoon. Do take the cruise!

It was too cold up north to go home so I went to Florida to visit my rich relation, the Paynes and Cunninghams. Many things of interest there. At least two dozen friends from the Port Byron area I met at Bradington, all cozy and happy. A three weeks stay in Florida and I went to Washington, D.C. where I was the guest of the Edward Sweeneys. I bought a guide book indicating things to see. I saw every thing listed, and more and was in most every department building, the Capital, Supreme Court, Mount Vernon, White House. Was there during cherry blossom time, press reported 80,000 visitor and attended the Queen crowning. Saw changing guards at Arlington Cemetery. Ed took me for a ride in his plane over Washington, Mount Vernon and Balitomore. It was a beautiful trip. I also took a trip to Beltsvill where our Government does extensive experimenting in developing new types of livestock, poultry, grains and other interest to farmers. They have 14,000 acres (I didn't get over much of it) the largest of its kind in the world. The Sweeneys took me to Explorers dinner and program. Sat in their box seat at a travel lecture, sat in Senate sessions and Senate committee meetings where Ed's suggestions were discussed on International Aviation Laws.

Catherine and I attended the Presbyterian Church and saw President and Mrs. Eisenhower enter and leave the church. Ike is a taller man than I had thought. I also saw him throw the baseball to the players at the opening game of the season when the Senators played another team. The stadium seated 22,000. There were 27,000 present.

In the three weeks time I was in Washington I saw so much I was filled up and ready to go home.

I went on my first Big Hike in 1933 to Acadia Park in Maine and the Eastern Coast. Fifty hikers went in three trucks. I had always longed to see the Historical spots of the East, and we saw many of them. Each put in $30.00 for the trip of eighteen days and got $2.30 back as refund, average cost of the meals was 12½ cents. I have been on twelve Big Hikes and a number of local ones, as a result I have been in all the states of our union, through Mexico and most of the province of Canada.

In 1951 I took a conducted tour of Europe, visited England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, France and Switzerland where I was afflicted with pneumonia. Was in a clinic

at Montreau for four weeks. Then by wheel chair, train, Queen Elizabeth ship, wheel chair, and airplane plus automobile I landed safely at the Moline Lutheran Hospital where I remained for five weeks, then nearly two months with Brother John. I finally got back home but wasn't much of a farmer. I had rented the farm during the years of 1950 and 1951. The renter and I sold all our grain and livestock before spring. In February I sold the 342 acre farm to my nephew John H. Hauberg Jr. of Seattle, Washington, possession at once. It took some time to find a renter for the farm and I had to think about moving. A renter was found and in July I moved to my present home along the river. I went out to Seattle in August with the Hiking Club but didn't hike much. It was a grand trip going from Savanna to Seattle in a railroad coach. The Columbia river area has very attractive scenery, new sights such as we had not seen.

My latest travel venture was the Mediterranean Cruise. I left home March 1, 1955 for New York. Here I visited the sights of the city, including the United Nation Building, Rockfeller Center, The Chase National Bank, Riverside Church, and Dr. Peals Church, and heard Billy Graham speak at the Madison Square Garden. I went to the meeting before 7 o'clock. The 22,000 seats were filled before six o'clock, however, I got a seat high up. Church groups came by bus from everywhere. They used five blocks to park and busses during the services. During the preliminary service, Billy went outside to address the many thousands who couldn't get in the building. The male quartet also sang outside. It was a very impressive meeting.

I visited the John Schmolls at Piermont, New York, one day, they are Hauberg relatives.

March the 12th I boarded the Nieu Amsterdam for the 56 day cruise. There were 650 people from over North America taking the cruise, 99 from California, from Illinois and from New York state. Meals three times a day plus a lunch forenoon and afternoon, and fruit placed in your room daily. It was really hard on the waistline.

After nine days of cruising we arrived at the Canary Islands. I bought shore excursion trips from every stop. These trips took us through the cities and country side. This gave one a better impression, how the people lived. Three stops were made on the coast of Africa. Casablanca, Algiers and Tripoli. We cruised near the famous rock of Gibralter. The Holy Land the birthplace of three religions was indeed fascinating as was Egypt where we rode along the famous Nile River valley and the Suez Canal, arrived at Cairo for a five day stop. The pyramids and the Sphinx, etc. were the big attractions here. Water Buffalo, camels, goats, sheep, donkies, etc. a constant panarama of interest. A farmer with a wife and a donkey is pretty well fixed to farm. Istanbul Turkey, this used to be Constantinople where more nations crossed the Hellispont for supremicy of the country than any place on earth.

Cypres and Athens Greece, at the latter, March Frels Pike drove me around to many places of interest, the Parthenon, Mars Hill, Amphetheatres, Socraties Prison. In the afternoon George and March took me to the spot where the battle of the marathon was fought 440 B.C.

I dined that evening with the Pikes in their marble finished apartment. This was my second visit to Italy where I was in Rome, Florence, Venice, Pesa and Genoa. Everything looked better to me this time, they had made good use in spending our Marshall Plan money. Sicily and Portugal looked especially nice to me. I was somewhat disappointed with the appearance of conditions in Spain. I rode along the French Riveria, and saw the exact spot where I went in bathing in the Mediterranean in 1951. The doctor said that's what gave me the pneumonia.

At Rotterdam I left the ship for a month of visiting around. It was the time of Queen Juliana's birthday, this event is annually celebrated with the tulip festival. There were miles and miles of blooming tulips, jonquils and hyacinths and snap dragons of different colors and shades. They had a one hour parade with bands and floats. These floats had different designs made of flowers. Many of the house yards had emblems on their lawns made of flowers. I have never seen anything so beautiful in the flower line.

I went to Elsfleth, Germany, where I visited three families of Frels. The first was Carl Frels and family who had not been visited by the Haubergs, Paynes nor Pierces when they were in the village. Carl and wife have a son who is married and they have a son eight or so years old. They have a team of horses, cattle, hogs and poultry. They farm 40 to 60 acres I think. Their thatched roof barn was built in 1709 and lived in until 1912.

Gustaf Frels was visited by the Haubergs and Paynes. He has a charming wife and an elaborate old home of the castle type. They would prefer a more practical home but can't afford it with present economic conditions. He is tall and slim and farms 100 or more acres. He had more cattle, hogs, sheep, horses and chickens. A very alert man. They have a son and daughter.

I visited the Henry Frels at Bardenfleth and visited with his three daughters and Grandaughter. They have an enormous house and barn combined. Their farm evidently is large but Henry and the oldest daughter are so busy giving Massuer treatments to people they have little time for anything else. The one day I was there they treated thirty or so patients. Their patients come from Germany, Holland, Sweden, and Italy so they told me.

All these Frels folks whom I visited are well looking, hard working and have nice homes. They were happy to have me visit them, and wished me to extend their greetings to their relatives in America.

I went to the church in Elsfleth to find if our Grandfather had a Confirmation record on their books. The minister laid several of their membership record books on a table. These books dated back to 1600. I scaned carefully those dating around 1820 but found no Frels names.

On arriving home I consulted the Rock Island County Past and Present 1877. It stated that Henry Frels was born at Aldenburg, Germany, which is near Bardenfleth.

I visited several Hauberg families at Kiel and Preetz. These places were much written about by my father. I had to consult a directory to locate these Haubergs. To my surprise there were 29 Hauberg families or homes listed. It's likely they all originated from the same stock several hundred years back. I visited Frederich Hauberg and family at Preetz, Hugo and Adolph at Kiel. Adolph is a shoe maker. I must say they are up to date and progressive people. I spent over a week visiting them. John H. Hauberg visited them and took pictures some fifty years ago. I visited a Hauberg who buys and sells livestock, another who is a barber. August and wife who are the parents of nine children. He farms and works in the Government Forest. I then visited three families that are Grand children of Jochem Hauberg.

The city of Kiel was desperately bombed during the war. Adolph told me they had gotten the warning signal that the American bombers were coming. They ran for shelter, when they emmerged, his home and shop were completely demolished. Reconstruction is going forth in a big way all over the city.

I had a keen desire to see the Scandinavian Countries, and had a week to do it. I rode in the day time and stayed over in the cities at night. The country of Denmark looked very fine to me, also Copenhagen. Then the trip to Stockholm, the country side was more stoney and with more timber, and the big city is well built up. The hotel keeper said their city wasn't bombed so they had to take down many of their buildings to widen streets to accommodate increasing traffic of today. The trip to Oslo was just charming to me, many lakes, fine pine trees, many beautiful islands, saw mills every 30 miles or so. At Oslo I visited the Ski jump, and from the high tower beheld the distant scenery of water, shorelines, many islands with beautiful pines, the statuary and fountains of the park had a startling beauty. Two days in each country and I returned to Kiel.

I stayed two days in Hamburg, a very fine city which was badly bombed. I attended an American Church Service, visited Hagenbeck Animal Garden and a couple of museums and toured the city which is being rapidly rebuilt. From here I rode a plane to Berlin. Berlin once

the capital and pride of Germany had 72,000 tons of bombs showered upon it before HITLER gave up. The destruction over the city is appaling. Blocks and miles of her buildings are in ruins. The West sector surrounded by the Russian sector leaves a question regarding its permancy. Therefore reconstruction is slower. I spent a half day in the EAST Sector of the city. Saw Hitlers last bomb shelter. Was in a big department store and in three apartment houses, these were very modern. People may travel back and forth, BUT the Westeners have little occasion to go to the East Sector where reconstruction is very slow.

I attended the opera here two nights, had a full house. I would liked to have stayed longer in this city of culture. I returned to Rotterdam at the opening of the Industrial Fair where I think many hundred thousand dollars were spent in establishing exhibits. All an interesting study.

May 31st the Nieu Amsterdam started for New York. A somewhat rough ride except the last day, June the 9th. I left the ship at Hoboken, New Jersey. Went through Customs and three days later I am HOME, HOME AGAIN! AMERICA FOR ME.

Following the custom of these Haubergs, I have been an ardent amateur photographer for a number of years. For six or so years have had an Argus C-3 with which I have taken several hundred color snap shots during my travels. I haven't kept a record of the number of illustrated travel talks I have given at churches, family groups, Rotary meetings, HiKing Club and other groups. I presume it's upwards of fifty such talks.

I don't chew tobacco, nor smoke the stuff, and I don't drink intoxicating liquors. I recommend this practice to old and young, big and little, rich and poor. I now have plenty of money to travel and take pictures.

I was elected to membership in the Moline Rotary Club in 1943. I find the membership of this club just very interesting to meet once a week. Also the Moline After Dinner Club. This club also has a dinner and usually an excellent speaker. The Quad-city Music Guild is another organization to which I am glad to contribute.

I have kept an account of my cash income and outgo since 1910. While jotting these items down, I included the main activities of myself, family gatherings, church meetings and community interest. I find these records quite a help in writing this Frels History.

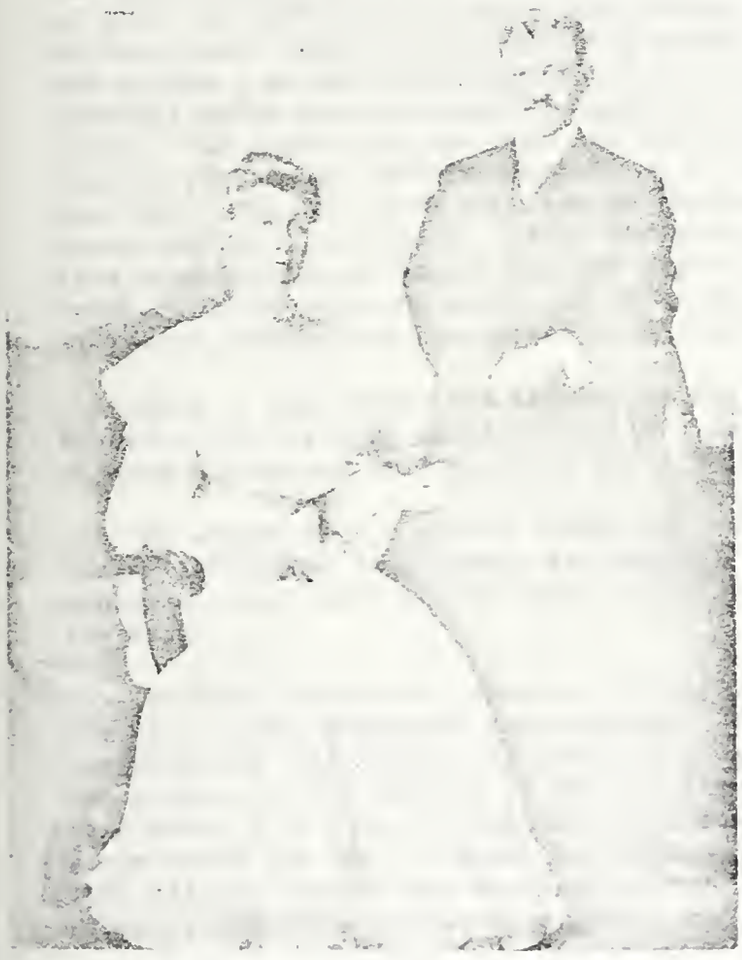
I like very much my new home along the Mississippi River, there is so much of interest here, and no responsibility of keeping up buildings, fences, roads, etc. Relatives and friends are welcome visitors. Come on over!

Elnora Hauberg Lyford

Elnora, the seventh child born to Marx D. and Anna M. Hauberg was born January 8, 1880, exactly two years after Louis was born. Nora, as we all called her, was a blond with large blue eyes and rather curly hair. She had a lovely soprano voice of sweet, rich quality, so she was in constant demand for solo and group singing, from the time she was three years old.

Nora was of a sensitive nature, --having a keen sense of right and wrong. When a child, she cried rather easily; but before the tears were dry she would often be laughing. She was always a good conversationalist. While growing up, she and her sister Ada were together constantly and Nora was always spokesman for the two.

Nora attended Bluff School where all the children attended --the average attendance in her time was about thirty pupils. After attaining an eighth grade education, she attended a sewing school in Clinton, Iowa. She also took music lessons from sister Rosena and learned to play the piano quite well. She enjoyed the out of doors in both work and play, and at Bluff School played in a girl's baseball team. While growing up, she attended the Baptist Sunday School at Bethel which was two miles from home. Sometimes she, Ada and Louis walked; but usually they could have a horse to drive.



Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hall Lyford

Nora, Ada and Louis joined the Grange when it reorganized in Coe Township. It was there that she and Edward Lyford became well acquainted. Eventually they were married in 1904 and attended the World's Fair in St. Louis on their honeymoon. After their marriage, they established their home on the Dr. Lyford farm where Edward carried on an intensive program of grain farming and feeding cattle for market. This was their continuous home until Edward passed away in 1927.

Nora and Edward were members of the Fairfield Methodist Church. They had two daughters Helen Jane and Ada Mary. Nora was an active member of the church's Aid Society and served as church treasurer for some time. She was also a charter member of the Home Bureau.

Shortly after Edward's death, the depression was on and, as a result, great numbers of the banks in our country failed. Nora showed much business ability in steering her course which brought her's and Edward's savings through without too much loss.

Nora and her two daughters moved to Port Byron shortly after Edward's passing. She saw each of the girls graduate from high school and later from college. Each taught school for awhile, until their marriage. Nora took several nice trips. Among the places visited were the Black Hills, South Dakota, Yellowstone Park, the Tetons and the high spots in the Rockies in the state of Colorado. She also visited her sisters in South Dakota and Colorado several times.

In 1935, Nora became afflicted with a heart ailment and was dangerously ill for several years. However, she partially regained her normal strength and lived long enough to see each of her daughters settled in comfortable homes with three grand children, Cynthia, Janet, and Edward, to greet her upon her visits to these homes. Frederic has not arrived on the scene at the time of her passing.

On September 22, 1944, Nora was fatally stricken while gathering apples in the orchard. She was buried from the Port Byron Methodist Church and laid to rest beside her husband, Edward, in the Fairfield Cemetery.

Edward H. Lyford

Edward H. Lyford was born in 1869 in the farm home of Dr. William Lyford. This farm had also been the property of Edward's grandfather, Dr. Jeremiah Lyford. Edward was one of ten children who was destined to look after his father's farming interests. This he did in a most commendable fashion, never sparing himself when there was anything urgent needing his attention. When he was still very young, he hauled cord wood to Port Byron and Cordova-by sled or wagon-to the ten lime kilns then running, as well as supplying many homes with their needed fuel. He had the proper equipment for hauling heavy loads, but often suffered from the cold in severe wintry weather. In after years, Ed was still suffering from chilblains he received during those winters when he hauled wood. He also hauled hay to Moline and Rock Island. This was a long day's work as he would leave early in the morning and return late at night. The buyers often came late, thinking that the farmers would gladly sell more cheaply so they could get home in time for chores.

Each fall Ed bought around three car loads of feeder cattle which he pastured for a few weeks before starting them on corn fodder. He usually cut from forty to fifty acres of corn for fodder each year. Later these cattle were put in the feed lot for a full feed of corn until they were finished for market. Ed's system of feeding these cattle was wise and unique. He had two elongated racks with poles 16 or so feet long set in the ground, parallel poles were attached to these posts two feet apart. The fodder was placed in these racks. The cattle ate the corn and leaves from the stalks, any corn pulled out the hogs readily picked up. Stalks accumulated in the rack and outside to the height of eight and ten feet. The 200 or so hogs rooted the outer stalks over and over until they were scattered and nicely shredded. After the stock was shipped out in the spring, there was a fine accumulation of manure six and eight feet deep around these racks. After one hundred years of crops from our soils, it is urgently in need of barn yard manure. Ed's system of livestock feeding had the answer to maintaining soil fertility.

Much of this stock was shipped by rail to the Chicago market during the month of June. Ed had a well trained saddle horse that understood the driving of cattle that he greatly enjoyed riding and he had a yell and a whistle that could be heard for a great distance.

Ed always kept a steady hired man throughout the year and he was furnished with a good, comfortable house for himself and family. During the growing season, it was necessary to employ several extra men to take care of the large acreage in crops. There was 634 acres in the farm.

Another interesting event on the Lyford farm was the annual butchering bee in which six of the near neighbors participated. This always took place in February and each family was provided with their year's supply of meat. When Ed's turn came around, he got up at two o'clock in the morning to build a fire under the big iron kettle which had been filled with water. At five o'clock the other members of this butchering bee would arrive on the scene ready for their respective roles in the work ahead. Four or five choice hogs were then killed, scraped and hung up to cool. During the cooling period, the men ate an early dinner which their wives, as a group, had prepared.

These big dinners deserve special mention because there was nothing left to be desired, and how those men did eat. A jolly good time was had by all. When the men were again ready for work, the meat would be cool enough to be cut up. It was then what specialized work called for the experts in their particular line. Charlie Simpson mixed the sausage in a large wash tub and Ed Lyford prepared the hams and bacon with the proper preservatives, preparatory to smoking. Others took care of the lard and what ever was needed for completion of the job, after which all went home for a good night's rest, so as to be ready for the same procedure for one of the other members the following day.

Ed always had a fine community spirit. He held several township offices and was a member of the local school board for years. His social life was limited mostly to his home and neighbors. His sister, Florence, kept house for him until he was married. However, at the turn of the century, he became an active member of Grange which had been reorganized in the Fairfield school house. The Grange had been organized in Bluff School in 1870, only to be disbanded after a few years.

This new organization in the community gave impetus for sociability among the young people. Ed attended the Grange meetings regularly and soon was attending other neighborhood parties and funcations as well. It was at this time that he became especially interested in Elnora Hauberg, which resulted in a courtship and marriage. Ed did his courting like he did his work -- whole-heartedly. He always dressed immaculately. His rubber tired buggy, his cutter and lap robes were always free from any dust or spots whatsoever. These, together with his prancing, well-mated black driving team, was the envy of all the young folks in his social circle. This team was sold to D. Y. Alsbrow, an undertaker at Watertown for $500.00. He then broke in another black team to drive.

On October 19, 1904, Ed and Elnora were married in the Hauberg home, after which they honeymooned at the World's Fair in Saint Louis. They lived on the Lyford farm which they later purchased from the Lyford Estate.

They were blessed with two daughters, Ada Mary and Helen Jane. Ed's devotion to his little girls was most outstanding.

In August, 1925, Ed had the misfortune to fall down a hay shute in his barn where the men were mowing hay. He never fully recovered from this accident and it, no doubt, had much to do with his early passing on May 4, 1927. His funeral was held in the Fairfield Church where he and his family were members. He was buried in the Fairfield Cemetery.

Ada Hauberg Furland



John E. and Ada H. Furland
March 1, 1950

Born, a daughter, May 19, 1882, to Anna Margaret Frels and Marx D. Hauberg in the rock house on Sugar Grove farm, Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois. This daughter was named Ada Helena --the eighth child born to the above mentioned parents.

I, Ada Helena, did not, like Topsy, "Just grew". Having five sisters and two brothers older than I, besides my parents, I grew up under rather close supervision. I remember Walter who was two years younger than I, and who died at the age of two. He and I used to play around the big cupboard in the dining room.

Also, in my pre-school years, I quite frequently visited my sisters Amelia and Emma in their dress making and millinery shop in Port Byron. I always enjoyed my visits as Amelia would replenish my doll's ward-robe and Emma had an errand or two for me each day. She often let me wear one of the new hats besides daubing me with perfume which I liked.

As we grew older, Ma had us do the little tasks about the house and help her with the garden. When company was expected, it was just as necessary to have the garden clean, as the house. In this modern age, we wonder how the mothers of earlier years received their enjoyment from life. I am convinced that Mother got hers at home with her family. She was "tops" at playing "Rabbit" at Easter and "Santa" at Christmas time. I know now that she must have spent many days and nights planning what she would do on these occasions for the children.

My first teacher was George Wheelock of near Erie, Illinois. He was highly respected by all the patrons. Since he had fifty or more pupils, ranging in age from six to twenty one, he often had the older pupils "hear" the primary classes. One outstanding experience which affected my whole life happened when Mr. Wheelock called in our home a few days before school started. While visiting with Ma, she suddenly turned to me and said to Mr. Wheelock "This little girl will start to school Monday --she is left handed, and if you see her write with her left hand, just slap her fingers." In deepest humiliation, I determined I must not let him slap my hands. I never tried to use my left hand in writing. However, I do everything else with my left hand.

During my school years at Bluff, we had some very fine teachers. Some of them were Anna Mathews, Chas. Swisher, Leonard Trent, Nan Sullivan, Ida Coffman, Eliza Durbin and Tillie

Hannewacker. County eighth grade examinations were introduced about the time I left the country school. Our teachers usually asked the pupils to mark in their books where they left off at the end of the term.

Even though we had no music nor dramatic instructors, no athletic director, and no hot lunch program, we did have wonderful "Exhibitions" and Literary Societies. We could almost raise the roof with our singing. Athletics consisted of games, such as "Blackman", "Baseball", "Snowball", "Hide and Seek", "Pussy Wants a Corner", and a generous amount of chores for each pupil after school as soon as he could get home and into his chore clothes. Occasionally our lunches would become frozen, if left out in the front hall.

My parents were great hands for raising fruit, so in the autumn we girls would gather up the hems of our aprons and fill them with grapes and apples, to take to school. Pa was school director for many years and he never allowed his children to complain about a teacher. However, if the teacher was poor, he took care of that matter at the next meeting of the board.

I attended Port Byron Academy after leaving country school. Rev. and Mrs. Almer Harper rented their upstairs apartment of four rooms to four of us students --namely, Winnie Day of Cleveland, Irene Henninger of Barstow, Dora Ziegler of Rapid City and myself. Later I received a Bachelor of Science degree at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. I taught school for seven and one half years in Illinois and Washington.

On March sixteenth, nineteen ten, John Furland whom I had met in college, and I were married in a double wedding ceremony, in which my sister Rosena, and John's brother Eli were the other couple. Rev. Blanke officiated and forty-five relatives were present at a home wedding. In the evening, we were charivaried by two large groups of men and women from the surrounding home territory. After honeymooning for two weeks, we took up our abode on a farm near Artesian, South Dakota. John and his brother, Eli had bought a 640 acre ranch the fall before, along with all livestock and feed. It was necessary for all of us to live together the first year of our marriage. The boys were surprised when they returned from their wedding, to find that most of the farmers were through seeding. They naturally thought that seeding would be later in South Dakota than in Illinois. They felt badly about this as they had a reputation to gain or lose in this new country. However, they soon demonstrated to the neighbors that they were workers, not loafers.

Rosena and I organized our work. One week she would cook and do the housework while I cared for the poultry and garden-the next week it was visa versa. Poultry there was one hundred fifty chickens, twenty each of ducks and geese and a large flock of turkeys and guineas, there were also five dogs to feed, four hounds and a shepard. One night, when the boys returned from town with groceries, they accidentally left the door open. In the morning, we found that the hounds had helped themselves to the ten pounds of steak the boys had bought. However, we paid only ten cents per pound, in Artesian, for the choicest steaks in 1910.

We attended church in Artesian regularly, beginning with the first Sunday. This was a distance of six miles and Rosena and I felt quite proud of the two seated surrey, the driving team and last but not least, our husbands. Rosena and I taught Sunday School classes and by mid-summer, we all had many friends and felt quite at home in South Dakota. The boys soon learned the technique of South Dakota farming the first year, and from then on, carried on quite an extensive program of combined grain farming and cattle raising.

In 1911, John and I moved to Mt. Vernon. Our farm was three miles from town and there we lived for twenty six years. The school house stands just across the garden fence, so it fell to my lot to board the teachers. In 1929, we completely modernized our home, thinking that we might like to spend our remaining days there. However, John's work with the Federal Land Bank became so heavy that we felt obliged to leave the farm and move to Mitchell where John assumed full time work with the Federal Land Bank of Omaha.

While at Mt. Vernon, we were active members of the Methodist Church. I taught the Women's Bible class for a number of years, was president of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society for seven years, and president of the W. C. T. U. and the local Extension Club, respectively. After moving to Mitchell, I worked in the Methodist W. S. C. S. as Secretary of Supplies, Circle Chairman, and was chairman of the Hospital Food Drive for fifteen years. I have been a Board member of the Mitchell Y. W. C. A. for twelve years, the last two years of which, I was president of the Board. It was then that the Board bought a new home which was completely remodeled to better meet the requirements of the organization. Other activities have been with the Red Cross, Community Chest, Study Clubs and various "District" organizations. As delegate, I have attended many state meetings and several national conventions --one at Minneapolis of the Methodist Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and one in Portland, Oregon, of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

During the depression in the "thirties" when drouth, grasshoppers and dust storms struck at the same time, it was necessary to have faith to tide us over to better days. Since John was, at that time, Secretary-Treasurer of the Mt. Vernon National Farm Loan Association, he heard many hard luck stories from farmers who could not hold on to their farms any longer. Some who never dreamed they would have to mortgage their farms came to John for Federal Loans. Farmers from a radius of thirty miles came and, if John was not at home, I would ask them to wait and often found myself with "extras" at meal time. John used the dining room for his office and, while he wrote a farmer's application, I would often entertain the "waiting list" in the living room. Many a night it was past eleven o'clock when we were free to retire. Farmers came in the early morning, too. I remember one morning when a man and his wife came at six-thirty. We were up but had not had breakfast, nor were the chores done. Before John finished the application, another farmer came, so we could not eat our breakfast until nine o'clock and it was ten by the time the cows were milked.

For several of those years, I planted garden seeds that came up the following year -- only to wilt and die in a few days or weeks. However, eventually, the rains came and together with the "Government Emergency" set-ups, the farmers got on their feet and all is well again.

The only trouble with the help of the latter is that some farmers now wish to keep "Santa Claus" working all the time.

John and I have taken many nice auto trips to different parts of the United States. We have also visited Canada several times --one trip as far west as Victoria, B.C., to Lake Louise, and another through eastern Canada, including Ottawa and Quebec. Our dream of an ocean trip has not yet materialized.

I have attended three World Fairs --the St. Louis Exposition of 1904, the Alaska Yukon, Pacific Fair of 1909 in Seattle, and the Chicago Fair of 1933. At each fair, the progress shown by man, along various lines has been great.

I have happy recollections of visiting in all the relatives homes when a child. We children did not get over to Henry County to visit very often. When we did, we thought it a wonderful experience to cross Rock River on the ferry. Whenever we stayed over night at Uncle Henry's, I was always amazed in the morning, when Aunt Lizzie would call the "kids" and how quickly they would answer, get dressed and run down stairs singing, etc. It always took the Hauberg "kids" a while to stretch and become wide awake on short notice. At Aunt Bertha's, I remember seeing the gallons of good dill pickles she used to make.

We all felt quite close to Aunt Etta as she was Ma's sister. We always marveled at the seeming ease with which she could prepare a good dinner. I could go on and on, relating the good times I have had with all my relatives. There were, of course, times when sadness entered too.

As a school girl, I used to use spare moments writing the names of all my cousins, aunts and uncles on my slate --am happy to say that the names filled my slate.

In conclusion, will say that I have always been proud to be a member of the Frels family.

John E. Furland

In view of the fact that I am merely an amendment to the Frels Clan through marriage, I do not feel justified in monopolizing too much space in this family history.

I first set my feet under my father's table February 26, 1879, in a modest farm home near Creston, Illinois. Both of my parents were born near Stavanger, Norway -- at the age of twenty-four. Each made the voyage to America in a sail ship which required seven weeks from Liverpool to New York. After this lapse of a hundred years, it is hard to evaluate the struggle that must have been theirs --learning a new language and the ways of a new world. After their marriage in 1866, my father bought a lumber wagon but had no spring seat for the first year unless they borrowed one from a more prosperous neighbor. No doubt that first spring seat was as much of a luxury for my mother as a new Cadillac is to an ordinary family today. I was seven years old when my father bought his first spring wagon and hard coal heater. (I might note that my parents had no W. P. A., F. S. A., Social Security, and what not during those twenty years when their only conveyance was a lumber wagon.)

I received my early education in a rural school and received a teacher's certificate to teach, without having gone any farther than the eighth grade, which entitled me to teach three terms in a rural school. I was paid thirty dollars per month the first and fifty per month the other two terms. My parents had only seven weeks of school per year, a handicap which made them more keenly interested that their children should take full advantage of the opportunities of our public school and always willing to make sacrifices to see that we were punctual in our attendance and that we took our work seriously.

I enrolled as a student in Valparaiso University in 1902 and received my B.S. degree in 1906. Just following my graduation, I taught school at Bangor, Iowa for one year and at the end of my school term, I engaged in farming near Marshalltown, Iowa, in partnership with my brothers, Theodore and Eli.

In the fall of 1909, my brother Eli and I sold our holdings in Iowa and purchased what was known as the "Hawkeye Ranch", together with all the stock and equipment, near Artesian, South Dakota. The livestock consisted of two hundred eighty head of cattle, eight hundred sheep and one hundred forty pigs. South Dakota had an unusual amount of snow that first winter, consequently, I got pretty well initiated to our South Dakota blizzards which were quite frequent that winter. We had two hundred seventy tons of hay included in our deal. This was located a couple miles from the feed lots and was always a question of getting much of a reserve for stormy days.

On March 16, 1910, I was married to Ada Hauberg and I often wonder how I could have been enough of a juggler to persuade Ada to resign from a good teaching position at Ritzville, Washington, to cast her lot with me in pinning our faith in South Dakota farming for our livelihood. The first year of our married life was spent on the ranch near Artesian, South Dakota, working in partnership with Eli and Rosena who were married the same day we were, in a double wedding ceremony.

On March 1, 1911, Ada and I moved to a farm near Mt. Vernon, South Dakota, where we carried on a combined program of grain farming stock raising. We, of course, had various experiences throughout the following years. However, as I look back, they were always full of interest and, with our youth to back us up, I cannot remember that we ever became discouraged or downhearted, if we had had some failures or other disappointments. It seems we always accepted the challenge which gave us renewed inspiration --an impetus for new ventures that we hoped would work out.

We soon learned that the best insurance for a South Dakota farmer was plenty of livestock in view of the cheap grass land in our part of the state. It was during our first years of farming that we took advantage of getting five year lease on school land which

rented from thirty to forty cents per acre. We had to go about fifteen miles into our adjoining county for this cheap grass land. The lessee had to furnish his own fence and water. However, the state issued permits for these improvements, which made one reasonably sure of a renewal when the five year lease expired. A close neighbor and I had joint leases on two sections, and sometimes three, for more than thirty years.

South Dakota was badly advertised during the thirties when, following the general run of bank failures, we had unprecedented dry weather, grasshoppers, dust storms, together with ruinous farm prices. Our state's first really tough year was in 1933. This was the year that the Roosevelt administration with Henry Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture, advocated the killing of little pigs and the government purchase of cows from fifteen to twenty dollars per head.

It was during this year that a couple neighbors and I drove to Fort Thompson, the Indian Reservation, located thirty miles north of Chamberlain, South Dakota, and leased nine hundred sixty acres of grass land at ten dollars per quarter section. This had not been mowed for two or more years, consequently, did give us quite a little hay. This was ninety miles from Mt. Vernon, but labor was plentiful and cheap --one trucker hauling the baled hay the distance of ninety miles for one dollar per ton. Therefore, this hay cost me less than four dollars per ton delivered to our farm and it enabled us to carry over the winter, one hundred twenty five head of cattle, thus saving our foundation herd.

The year 1933 was also the beginning of the period when farmers found it difficult to keep current on their mortgage indebtedness and pay expenses incidental to their farming operations. However, in early June, President Roosevelt gave a radio address over a national hookup, assuring the farmers that no farmer would have to lose his farm, if he would cooperate with the new government program that congress had approved.

I was then secretary-treasurer of the Mt. Vernon National Farm Loan Association which had about six hundred thousand dollars in outstanding loans. The job was a side line for me as I was then farming eight hundred acres of land and usually wintered about one hundred fifty head of cattle. With the new program for saving farms, it was soon taking all my time writing application for new loans and our association added close to one million dollars to its outstanding loans.

Congress had appropriated a large sum of money to be handled by the Farm Credit Administration and an added department to each of the twelve Federal Land Banks was set up to loan this money on second mortgage to Federal Land Bank loans. The Federal Land Banks loaned fifty percent of the appraised value and the Land Bank Commissioner would loan another twenty-five percent. Insurance companies, Banks and individuals were encouraged to compromise on their top heavy loans and the Federal Land Bank took them over.

It so happened that the following six years experienced continued drouth, grasshoppers and occasional dust storms; therefore, only the most thrifty farmers were helped much by the extra credit. Before 1940, the Federal Land Bank became the biggest land owner in the state. All this changed the demands on the Federal Land --there were loans that had to be extended and the many farms acquired had to be leased and serviced. This could not be done as a part time job, therefore several associations were consolidated, establishing a central office with a full time secretary-treasurer and sufficient office help to take care of the extra work.

Our office in Mitchell was established in 1936 and I was elected secretary-treasurer on a salary basis --with two office girls, two field assistants, and later, two salesmen for selling the bank owned farms. Since 1945, the bank has no farms and no collection problem and the office force has been cut down to only one office girl.

I resigned my position as secretary-treasurer in 1951, since which time I maintain an office where I can legally loaf. I do service several farms for non-residents, write some insurance, sell a farm occasionally and have a good time, generally.

Both Ada and I try to take our part in the moral, social and civic life in our good city. At present I am a member of the Methodist Church Board, being chairman of board of trustees, a member of the Board of Directors of Dakota Wesleyan University --now serving on the Executive and Endowment committees, respectively. I also serve on the Board of Directors of the other following organizations: Methodist Hospital, Friends of the Middle Border and Y.M.C.A.

I am a member of the Mitchell Kiwanis Club, having been a delegate to three Kiwanis International conventions. I served as president of our local club in 1952.

All in all, I feel that Ada and I throughout our forty four years of married life have much for which to be thankful --having been blessed with good health and fine opportunities for service.

Hazel Marguerite Schmoll



Mrs. Amelia Schmoll on Spot and daughter Hazel on Dimple at Ward, Colorado, 1896

I, the only child of William and Amelia Hauberg Schmoll, was born August 23, 1890 in a sod shanty on the claim, near McAllaster and Winona, Kansas, which my father homesteaded in 1886 and upon which he proved up in 1891. My parents soon after sold their livestock and some other things and moved to Caribou, Colorado in July 1891. After moving there the Caribou Mine, one of the richest silver mines in Colorado,opened. About a year later silver was demonetized and the mine closed so my folks had to move. Ward was then a booming gold mining town, so they went there and remained the rest of their lives. Mother lived in Ward continuously longer than any other person has.

I attended and graduated from the elementary school in Ward. From here I went to school in Boulder where I graduated from the high school, then called the State Preparatory School, in 1909; and from the University of Colorado received my A.B. and B.E. degrees in 1913 and again attended the University in 1927. From the University of Chicago I received an M.S. degree in 1919 and a Ph.D. in 1932. Both of these degrees were in ecological botany, which is the study of plants in their natural environment.

Summer schools attended were: University of Colorado Biological Station at Tolland, Colorado, 1912; University of Michigan Biological Station at Douglas Lake, 1913; Table in invertebrate zoology from Vassar College to Marine Biological Station at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, 1914, University of Chicago in Chicago, 1916, in Colorado 1919.

Research for my masters degree consisted of an ecological survey of the forests in the vicinity of Glencoe (New Trier Township), Illinois. For the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado I made an ecological survey of the vegetation at Chimney Rock in the Pagoss-Piedra region, Colorado, in 1924 and 1925. This research was used for my doctors thesis. I also made the first systematic collection of plants at Mesa Verde National Park in 1925. These plants were the basis for the herbarium at the Museum there.

After graduation from the University of Colorado my first position was as a member of the faculty at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, where I was an assistant in biology, 1913-14; assistant in biology and botany, 1914-17. After receiving my masters degree from the University of Chicago, I was assistant curator for the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado at the State Museum in Denver, 1919-20; 1921-23; curator 1923-25. Curator of the State Bureau of Mines, State Museum, Denver, 1920-21. Editorial work on a high school biology textbook for Rand McNally and Company, Chicago, 1932-33; edited botanical manuscripts at the University of Chicago for Botanical Gazette, 1933-36; for Plant Physiology, 1935-38. Worked in herbarium of Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago, Illinois,winters of 1933 and 1936-39. Substitute teacher of biology at Frances Shimer Junior College at Mt. Carroll, Illinois, spring of 1934. During the war (1942-45) I taught elementary school in Ward, Colorado.

I was elected to Sigma Xi, honorary scientific fraternity, from the Botany Department at the University of Chicago, February 21, 1919; to Kappa Delta Pi, honorary educational fraternity from the University of Colorado 1920. While in Denver I served for some time on the Board of Directors of the Colorado Mountain Club. I was head lobbyist for the Colorado Mountain Club bill for the protection of our state flower, the columbine (Aquilegia caerulea), After some modification this bill, which was drafted by James Grafton Rogers, became a law.

Uncle John and Aunt Sue Hauberg gave me a six months trip in Europe beginning December 5, 1925. Letters of introduction to the greatest botanists in Europe were given me by Dr. Henry C. Cowles, my Professor of Plant Ecology at the University of Chicago. Herbaria and botanical gardens were visited in France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and England. I also visited the village of Helsen by Arolsen in the Principality of Waldeck, Germany, where my father's people came from. The mother of Queen Wilhemina of Holland came from Waldeck. Other places of historical and educational interest were also included in my itinerary.

December 1954, KOA, Denver, is celebrating its thirtieth year of radio broadcasting. The summer of 1925 I broadcast over KOA under the auspices of the Colorado Mountain Club on the subject: Evergreens of Colorado, Crystal radio sets were the most common kind at that time.

My parents owned a great deal of property in the town of Ward and six and one-half miles north of Ward one of the most beautiful mountain ranches, scenically, in Colorado. They needed increasingly more of my help. In 1938 we selected a spot at the ranch and built a lodge which faces a panorama of high snow-patched peaks of the Front Range of the Continental Divide and comprises the three largest glacier regions in the Southern Rockies. This area is also called the Indian Peaks Area, and adjoins the southern border of the Rocky Mountain National Park. We called this 205-acre beauty spot Range View Ranch. A long desire of mine was fulfilled when I decided to take some friends as summer guests at the lodge. Here I had the opportunity to continue my work as a nature guide which was started as a child when I accompanied my father on trips into our scenic glacial area and for which I was prepared by education and experience. I not only take trips in the vicinity of our ranch but also go into our high country where we explore and enjoy at close hand the peaks, waterfalls, glaciers, and glacial lakes together with the plant life in its virgin state.

My winters are spent in Ward where it has been my privilege to follow in the footsteps of my parents by taking part in civic affairs. I was elected and served as president (1941-1943) and secretary (1946----) of the Ward School Board and have served as a councilman on the Ward Town Board continuously since 1943.

On May 18, 1949, at a meeting of the school boards of Boulder County, Colorado, I was elected as one of two people to represent the mountain districts on a County Committee of fifteen for the reorganization and consolidation of school districts.

Mother passed on May 4, 1954. Conforming to the tradition of her own pioneer ancestry she took a strong stand for what she thought was right and her unswerving devotion to her family and community remain an inspiring example of Christian citizenship. Generous, spontaneous and unselfish support of everything pertaining to the upbuilding and best interest of the entire community are priceless heritages from my parents. They did their full share in preventing Ward, which was one of the earliest and most famous gold mining towns in Colorado, from becoming a ghost town. How many of us appreciate the sacrifices made by these pioneers as we enjoy the fruits of their labors? They, however, lived at a time when they were free to express initiative.

December 1954

Catherine Denkmann Hauberg Sweeney

I was born on April 11, 1914, at Rock Island, Illinois, daughter of John Henry Hauberg and Susanne Denkmann Hauberg. Both came from German Background, of which the Denkmann family had early become prominent in the lumber business in America.



Merry Christmas
from
The Sweeneys
1955

Seated: Cathrine, Johnnie Sweeney
Standing: Susie, Phillip, Edward
Edward Jr. and Harriet Sweeney

Educated in Rock Island public schools until fifteen years of age at which time it was decided that I needed a bit of polishing so went to Dana Hall in Wellesley, Massachusetts, where my mother had gone many years ago. From Dana then to the University of Illinois, where I majored in geology and graduated a half year ahead of my class. Some of my classmates are today close friends after twenty years. Following my junior year, I was chosen to attend the Yosemite School of Field Natural History as one of twenty for further training in adult nature study leadership. Graduate work at the University of Arizona, then marriage.

My husband is Edward Cleaveland Sweeney, born in Rock Island on August 16, 1906, coming from a long line of attorneys. Dad tells a story of attending the funeral of the grandfather of my husband, back when Dad was a budding lawyer, and then going on to a carnival to let off steam. Edward received his education in Rock Island, Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts, then law at Northwestern University, from which he was graduated as the second highest in his class in 1931. He did further graduate work, specializing in aviation law, then quite a new subject. His work has continued to be in this field, and he holds many honors in that capacity, such as, full professor of law at Northwestern University, editor of the JOURNAL OF AIR LAW AND COMMERCE, Advisor on Aviation to the Senate Committee on Foreign and Interstate Commerce, and has served in an advisory capacity at two International Air Law Meetings, and will serve again in a few weeks at a similar meeting in Holland. During the World War II, he was aide to Admiral Richard E. Byrd, of Polar fame, and became well acquainted with many explorers. He is also an experienced airplane pilot, having flown numerous types of planes, now with a part interest in a twin-engined Aero-Commander. During the war, he rose to a Commander in the Naval Reserves.

Our first child died at birth, but we have produced five lively children since. Susanne Denkmann Sweeney arrived on March 31, 1941; Edward Cleaveland, Jr. on October 14, 1942;

Philip Miles on February 7, 1945; Harriet Hauberg on January 9, 1948; and John Henry named for his grandfather on September 1, 1954.

Susie, our oldest is now fourteen, has traveled abroad twice, is interested in school, speaks German and some French, has taken some prizes in art, also plays the piano and rides a horse very well.

Edward, Junior, called Teddy, loves model airplanes above all else, and plans to attend the Pessenden School in Massachusetts this year. He acts as if he were born on a western horse after three summers of horses.

Philip has a very even full personality, and like his older brother knows horses expertly and loves nature study. This past summer he took pack trips in various parts of the west, both with and without his family.

Harriet is a pert little blonde with pigtails, expert in swimming at the age of seven, and has a flashing personality.

Johnnie is just a year old, learning to walk and smiles at everyone around him.

My husband and I travel a good deal. His work has taken him all over the world, and since 1951, I have often accompanied him. His mother makes her home with us, and we feel confidence in her household leadership while we are away.

Edward's interest in exploring took him to Africa in 1951, where we climbed the Mountains of the Moon in the Congo. The following year we accompanied George R. Blodgett of Boston of a flying trip through Africa made in a small plane. We crashed in Tanganyika, but were unhurt. At that time, we decided to make professional lecture films of Africa, and the first film, Skyways to the Mountains of the Moon, was produced. In 1953, we returned again to Africa, this time in West Africa and made From Here to Timbuctoo. In 1954, we accompanied Senator George Smathers of Florida around South America primarily to see United States Interests in Latin American aviation. This year we plan to visit Holland where my husband will be advisor to our delegation at an Air Law Conference then to Ethiopia for a future film on educational work.

My interests have been gardening and writing on gardening. I was active in the American Womans Voluntary Services during the war as chairman of the Victory Garden section in Washington. I am on the board of the Child Welfare Society in Washington, an associate member of the Society of Women Geographers, a contributing member of the Museum of Modern Art. And I am an active member of the League of Republican Women of the District of Columbia. The Concoran Gallery of art of Washington D.C. and the New York Botanical Garden. We have membership in the Presbyterian church and often see The President and Mrs. Eisenhower in attendance. .

Our immediate family, consisting of my father and brother and myself contributed two hundred thousand dollars to the Rock Island Y.W.C.A. for a memorial building in the name of my mother. This was dedicated this last year.

We have lived mainly in Washington, D.C. with the exception of three years on the campus of Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. Our home at 3300 Nebraska Avenue, Northwest, is a center of great activity. My uncle, Louis D. Hauberg, co-editor of this book, visited us for three weeks last year, and claims that we resemble Grand Central Station in New York. With five children, numerous pets, many friends, some of national importance, and with various international students around us, he certainly described it correctly.

John Henry Hauberg Jr.

Our Frels book wouldn't be complete without the life story of this young Hauberg who was born June 24, 1916 at Rock Island, Illinois. His parents were Susanne Denkman Hauberg and John Henry Hauberg, both of whom were born in Rock Island County.

John attended the Audobon School of Rock Island and later Washington Junior High and in addition to the usual studies he took an active part in some of the athletic activities. Having considerable height for his age he was a likely member of a basketball team, this team won three city tournaments and several Y.M.C.A. tournaments.



Standing: Fay, Annie Hauberg
Seated: John, Sue Hauberg

During the young growing up period of his life he often visited the Hauberg and Lyford farm and watched the men during the Golf period of the day fix fence and haul manure, in fact he worked for his Uncle Louis one summer, plowing corn, putting up hay, pulling weeds out of the potato patch and cutting weeds along the fence rows. John also helped do some surgical work on a bunch of pigs. Some neighbor boys came over and we all had a keen desire to eat watermelon, we drove to the patch and when Uncle Louis pulled out his pocket knife and slashed open the melon, John observed this same knife was used on the pigs, his hands went into the air; and remarked, he wasn't melon hungry. John was reared in a home where they had a place for everything and everything in place. John liked the thrill of the Wild West and wide open spaces. He and I think Jim Burke came up one day to try their hand at roping cattle, they proved to be real cow punchers for they threw the lasso over the neck of a fine yearling, not having a saddle pony to hold this animal to they socked their heels in the earth determined to hold the critter at all cost, the long rope slid through their hands and the yearling got away, left them standing with burned hands and bloody fingers. They didn't want that yearling to choke to death with that rope around its neck so Jim watched the cattle while John ran for help a mile and half away. They had a horse and buggy but John figured he could make better time afoot. Your writer came to their rescue and had the boys snub the yearling to a tree and the rope was easily removed.

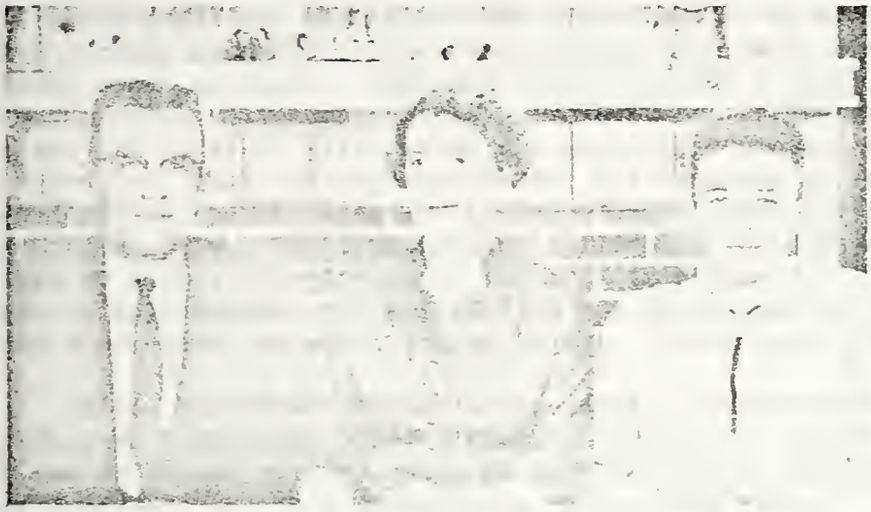
On a holiday visit to the farm we men were out hunting rabbits, John spotted a rabbit on a run with a 22 caliber rifle. Needless to mention the city and country Haubergs had many a fine time together riding over the Sugar Grove farm in bob sled, wagon, buggy and automobile.

In the 1930's John attended school in the East at Hotchkiss, Connecticut and Foessenden School near Boston, studied Greek and Latin and other subjects that a well bred boy should know. He was a member of a chorus and became a prominent tenor soloist. The only reason he did not become a Metropolitan Star was he took to the woods for his life's career. While in the East he had the fine pleasure of ice and ski skating among the hills and valleys, and at home in the summer he enjoyed boat trips on the Rock and Mississippi rivers with his Father and friends. One of these trips took them 900 miles from home up the Ohio in the Kentucky and Tennessee country.

John made a couple trips abroad with his parents and Aunt Anna Hauberg when he was in his early teens visiting all the countries of Europe.

After schooling in the East he was united in marriage to Annie Westbrook Gould of Seattle, Washington, June 29, 1941, it was a great wedding, your writer was there. He was in the Artillery section of the army in this country for two years and then mostly in Southern Germany where he served with some distinction for over a year. Returning home, he entered the University at Washington for a course in forestry. He is now a tree farmer of several thousand acres and has been entrusted with official capacity in the W. and D. Lumber industry.

They have two daughters Fay and Subie and a son Mark who died in 1954. Both John and Annie are very active in the civic affairs of Seattle. One of their notable activities in their home state was the purchase of the Hauberg farm known as Sugar Grove Farm from Louis D. Hauberg in 1952. The present size of the farm is 500 acres. There is a lot of plowing and manure to be hauled on a farm of that size. Grain, beef cattle and hogs is the line on this farm. John reports that more may be written about them in 2016.



Helen Jane Lyford Simpson and husband Virgil Simpson and son Edward Charles.

The Virgil Simpsons

It seems strange that an autobiography should be difficult. One's own life should be the subject one knows imtimately. However, other factors are to be faced. There are underlying reasons for one's actions that only a knowing psychologist can interpret. He must consider mental as well as physical factors. My problem I can analyze. It is the lack of mental ability to portray my life in writing

Helen Jane Lyford was born March 4th, 1907, in Coe Township, near Port Byron, Illinois. I was the oldest daughter of Elnora Hauberg and Edward Hall Lyford. The "Jane" of my name was in memory of my father's greatly admired mother, Jane Holmes Lyford. The word "explorer" should have been tacked on too, for all the early childhood stories center around my ventures when I ran away to go to neighbors, to town, or to find papa and the hired men working in the fields. My mother would be vexed but papa always came to the rescue saying, "She's the best little girl in the world."

There were very few playmates. The hired men's children and the ten or twelve attending Lynn Grove School comprised my associates until high school days. "Ladyette", my black half-broncho riding horse, was the best friend I had. She took me for piano lessons, to school, to Fairfield Sunday School and Church, to Simpson's Corner to play with Ruth, after the cattle, or best of all, on those leisurely jaunts following along the creek or out to the woods.

Great Grandfather, Dr. Jeremiah Hall Lyford, and his wife, came from New Hampshire to Port Byron in 1836, the first doctor in upper Rock Island County. He purchased the woods and our present home farm in 1840, built a log cabin on the banks of the great Mississippi, and for a brief time managed a sawmill. The stories Grandpa (Dr. Wm. Haines Lyford) told of Indians slipping to their cabin for meat in the frying pan, and canoe trips on the river, made "the woods" enticing to me. Added to that were my minor experiences of wading in the rocktiered creek bottom beside a high bank of overhanging rock where ferns grasped a foothold. Often relatives or friends enjoyed a picnic above that spot where a large area of the ground was moss covered. The oak trees in that 200 acre timber are magnificent. My father kept as many as 30 horses and lots of cattle pasturing in the woods until Grandpa Lyford passed away in 1923. Uncle John and Aunt Sue Hauberg then purchased the timber and built a beautiful summer home on a high spot overlooking the Mississippi. My horse and I made numerous trips at that time to watch the progress of the building. Memory often erases or minimizes unpleasant happenings, but I must admit the trips to the woods with my mother and the hired man's wife and children to pick blackberries, were not the happiest. In the first place, it was no fun to pick berries, and secondly, the mosquitoes were terrific. We really need some 6-12.

High School, summers at Archie Allen Camp or with Lyford relatives in Port Byron, Galva, Oneida or LaGrange, and Hauberg relatives in the Colorado Rockies, South Dakota or Coe Township, made happy adolescent experiences. Aunt Anna Hauberg and my mother schemed and sewed to get me ready for each occasion.

Christmas was a great delight. The belief in Santa was multifold with my father's bedtime stories of what they did when he was a little boy and my mother telling of Aunt Emma getting her fingers slapped by Santa because she was over-anxious for a doll in his pack. By daylight Christmas morning Ada and I were up to see what Santa had left under our cedar tree that papa had cut in the woods. At noon Grandpa, Grandma, Aunt Anna and Uncle Louis Hauberg, and sometimes Hazel Schmoll, were with us for oyster stew, then a big home-raised turkey and all the necessities to make a delicious meal. December 26th we went to Grandpa and Grandma Haubergs to have another big day. Aunt Sue, Uncle John, Catherine and John Henry would be there. Aunt Sue always brought a huge, beautifully wrapped basket of fruit for Grandma. It contained not only fruit but little packages of cookies, jellies, fruitcakes and nuts. I still think she would have brought me one if she had known how much I longed for those eatable surprises. But speaking of surprises, Aunt Anna always had a special centerpiece, place cards and favors. Uncle Louis could think of the most novel ways to present the gifts. One time he made a fireplace with built-in shelves. As each child took a turn to peek in the fireplace for a gift, it would hit him on the head. The adults would roar with laughter. If we tried to see why we got hit another box would bang us. I never did understand the mechanics of it all. Uncle Louis just said he pulled a string.

After high school came college days at Frances Shimer, University of Illinois, and with a diploma from Western State Teachers College at Macomb. Even though that was the time when I had to become mature enough to make a place in the world for myself via grades and quality of friends, they were outstanding, gratifying years.

After teaching a year at Pleasant Point, a rural eight-grade school that fulfilled its name in every respect, and two years of teaching Home Economics, History and Biology at Hillsdale High School, I married a neighbor and former schoolmate, Virgil Simpson on June 1, 1936. My mother and sister and I were living at Hauberg's House in the Woods at the time. My father had passed away May 21, 1927, the day Charles Lindberg crossed the Atlantic. The marriage ceremony was performed at the House in the Woods by Rev. F. I. Stevens, my uncle, and Ada sang. Amanda Cunningham and Mae Pierce helped Aunt Anna serve the wedding breakfast to the immediate family.

Our nineteen years of married life have been spent farming on the farm on which I was born and also Virgil's mother's place The "best little boy in the world" was born May 28th, 1942. At present he is an eighth grade student of Coe Consolidated School and stands 5'7".

Virgil and I have done a great deal of community work in our Port Byron Methodist Church, the schools, and township offices. I am a Past County and Unit President and Vice-president of Home Bureau and now teach Sunday School and do a bit of substitute teaching. Most every year we slip away for a trip with the Blackhawk Hiking Club or by ourselves. Virgil bags a deer, or tries to, either in Montana, Michigan or Wisconsin, each fall. All in all I have had a life of luxury and ease. I've worked, I've had a few troubles, but "God ... giveth us richly all things to enjoy." (I Timothy 6:17)

Ada Mary Lyford Burke

Life began for me on a middle-western farm located near the Mississippi River at Port Byron, Illinois. I was the second child born to Elnora Hauberg and Edward Hall Lyford, making my arrival on February 20, 1912.

One of the greatest heritages I have enjoyed throughout life's span thus far is the country in which my forefathers chose to live.

Greatgrandfather, Dr. Jeremiah H. Lyford, brought his bride to this area in 1836. They constructed a log cabin in dense woods by the shores of "The Father of Waters" and proceeded to raise a family and practice medicine. During the years the family prospered, always using their efforts to assist in establishing the rudiments of this pioneer community.

In time considerable farm acreage was acquired, part of which my grandfather, Dr. William Haines Lyford, inherited. He married Jane Holmes, the youngest in a family of seven

daughters who migrated from Vermont in 1846. In turn, my father, who had a great liking for farming, spent his lifetime cultivating this fertile prairie soil.

Likewise, my mother's people were pioneers in the same region. The Haubergs came here from Germany in 1848, and the Frels family settled in Rock Island County in 1840. Both families began life in log cabins, later building comfortable homes and adequate farm buildings as they prospered.

Most assuredly, we of later generations must understand the trials and hardships that were endured by our ancestors. Their devout ways of living ever balancing the uncertainties that arose throughout the years.



The James R. Burke Family
Cynthia, Ada Mary, Frederick, James R., Janet.

In a recent publication I read of a great scientist and philosopher, Alexis Carrel, who said that the whole human race is carried on the backs of a few heroes. Almost everyone of us is alive today only because somewhere along his genealogical line, there was a hero; someone who in a pinch was brave beyond the call of duty, outstanding in patience or courage or the heroism of sticking-to-it.

My father and mother were of large families which partly explains, perhaps, their sense of responsibility. They worked with never-ceasing zeal to make a success of their way of life. farming - one of life's best. Now that they have passed to their reward, my sister and I are reaping the benefit of their immediate past, since we are living on or near the two farms we inherited.

Beginning with my childhood memories, all associations were related to everyday activities on a farm. The whistle of the threshing machine engine as it entered our pasture gate; butchering bees, the bob sled and sleigh rides with bells a tinkling; freezing ice cream for birthday celebrations; Fourth of July family gatherings, and school picnics. Incidently, every spring as a grade school youngster, I began to worry for fear Papa would not have time to attend the school picnic. If the season was late and oats sowing delayed, he spent the day working. At that age I did not appreciate the fact that he farmed more extensively than most of the farmers of our community.

Then there were our family treks to the woods to gather spring flowers, or to carry pails of salt to the cattle and horses that grazed on the lush timber grass. From the berry patches we filled the pails with blackberries before starting homeward. (Mother always wanted at least 60 quarts canned each year). The hot summer days I often spent wading in Pebble Brook Creek or walking barefoot over the clods or grain stubble, carrying a lunch and cold drink to Papa and the hired men.

I recall our way of dressing up Pebble Brook Farm for the Fourth of July. Before the neighbors began to drive by on their way to Woodward's Grove for the big celebration Papa would hoist an American flag on top of the silo; next the walking cultivators (8-10) were lined up in the pasture, all of them tilted tongues upward with attached flags waving in the breeze. Flags were fastened to the road gate posts and yard fence posts. All day the dog and our riding horse, Lady, went into seclusion, adverse to any similarity of gun fire.

By the fall of the year we again hiked to the woods; this time for butter-nuts and walnuts. Oftentimes we joined Grandpa Hauberg, Aunt Anna and Uncle Louis in great grandfather Hauberg's woods to find choice hickory nuts and sample apples from the original orchard. This, too, was corn-husking season on the farm. Mother had as many as eight extras for meals week after week until the corn was cribbed. Nowadays mechanical pickers shorten the process considerably.

My grade school days are spent in Lynn Grove School, a distance of one and one half miles. Even though our enrollment totaled twelve or fourteen pupils at the most, we had the best of times and excellent teachers. Papa, who served as director, was instrumental in making modern improvements to the school building; constructing a sturdy fence, and designing a barn for the horses that were driven to school. The highlights of each year were our school programs, the picnic at the close of the year, and the rare occasions when teacher was entertained in our home.

At the close of my Freshman year at Port Byron High School my father passed away. In February of the following year mother held a closing-out sale of livestock and machinery and we moved to town.

As I concluded my Senior year I was offered the opportunity to accompany Cousin Catherine Hauberg to Europe for a six weeks tour. Thus I am indebted to Aunt Sue and Uncle John Hauberg for a most exciting and rewarding experience.

Late in the summer, after our return, I entered the University of Iowa. The next year I transferred to Augustana College at Rock Island where I pursued a course in Public School Music. Thereupon, a teaching career of three years in the Rock Island school system.

In 1937, while spending Christmas vacation with my family who now lived at "The House in the Woods" (originally part of the wooded area in which Jeremiah Lyford had settled) I met Jim Burke, whom I had not seen since College days. He had come with the Black Hawk Hiking Club for their annual Christmas party. His tenor voice added much to the carol singing as I accompanied the group at the piano. Conversation developed and "a romance was in the making". By spring I had acquired an engagement ring and the following year we were at "The House in the Woods" once again --this time the principals among a large gathering of relatives and friends at a wedding reception following our marriage ceremony held in Augustana Seminary Chapel on June 24, 1939.

After a honeymoon trip to Rocky Mountain National Park and Ward, Colorado, we began housekeeping in Rock Island. Jim was in business with his family at the Rock Island Transfer and Storage Company.

On December 25, 1940, our first child, Cynthia Sue, made her arrival. When she was two months old we moved to the Woodward farm, across the road from the old Lyford homestead, the latter occupied by sister Helen, and her husband, Virgil Simpson.

Jim adapted himself remarkably well to his new way of life but Undulant Fever resulted in poor health, thus necessitating our move back to Rock Island in 1946., where Jim rejoined his company. By that time we were proud parents of two little daughters. Janet Lyford was born April 28, 1942, the day ration cards were issued during World War II. Frederic James joined us on September 23, 1948, a few months before we moved into a seven room house we built in the southern section of Rock Island.

At present the girls have reached Junior High age and are participating in extra curricular activities. Y Teens; cheerleading; various clubs; piano and cornet lessons are the order of the day. Naturally, mother becomes involved in P.T.A. program work, Girl Scouts, Y Teen and church work. Frederic loves his first year at school and 'ere long, I'm secretly hoping to see Daddy materialize as Scout Leader for the benefit of his son. While I thrived on tales of Buffalo Bill as told by my father, I'm sure that someday Frederic will somehow develop stories for his children around the character of Davy Crockett - his current hero.

Jim is an active member of Kiwanis Club - a past director; trustee in Central Presbyterian Church and at present singing tenor in the church quartet; chairman of the Music Committee for "After Dinner Club" (a quad-city men's group). We both hold membership in the Blackhawk Hiking Club. We enjoy the Tri-City Symphony concerts and the Audubon Lecture series. Presently, I am on the Y.W.C.A. board and also hold membership in the Augustana Endowment Society.

The high lights of our family life are our vacations and occasional outings during each year. A hurriedly planned picnic or overnight trip are much to our liking - frequent jaunts to the farm included.

When the girls were four and five years of age we loaded our camping equipment for a trip to the Tetons to join the Blackhawk Hiking Club, stopping enroute to visit our ever hospitable relatives, the Furlands at Mitchell, South Dakota.

We've vacationed in Wisconsin and Michigan, our biggest venture took place in 1950 when we went by train to Seattle and San Francisco. Never will we forget the busy time the Junior Haubergs gave us as we spun around the Northwest region --including a boat trip to Victoria B.C. Our 1952 vacation was spent at 9000 feet altitude in the Big Horn mountains of Wyoming.

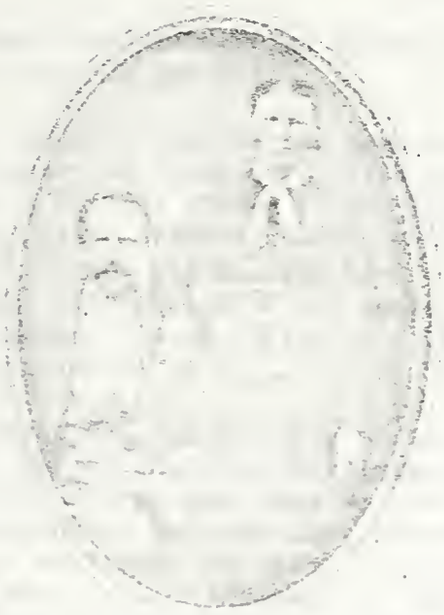
This past fall Jim and I vacationed for the first time without our children while attending the American trucking Association Convention at the Waldorf Astoria in New York City. We were gone nine days, driving both ways on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. The foliage was spectacular while the sights and activities of the city kept us on our toes every minute.

Occasionally Jim has ventured to Canada for fishing. I thoroughly enjoyed a National Music Educators Conference held in Philadelphia. Mainly due to the incentive I received from that experience, I, along with others, continued to urge the Rock Island school system to strengthen their music program. This year, at last, a full time music supervisor has been hired and we hope for more extensive action in the near future.

Now, at the close of this narrative, I can add Frederic to our family list of out-door campers. We have just returned from a twelve day outing with the Hiking Club which took us through State Parks of Pennsylvania and to Washington D.C. One of our camps was only a short distance from Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge. From a look-out tower at Gettysburg we saw President Eisenhower walking in one of the fields on his farm which is located in that region. Independence Square, Annapolis, impressive buildings and memorials in our nations capitol, were a fine experience for our teen-age daughters. What a wonderful land our forefathers selected in their quest for freedom.

Down through the years as we attempt to provide shelter, nurture and rainent for body, and soul, may our children derive some small portion of the incentive they will need to lead substantial and worthwhile lives.

We are ever grateful to Uncle Louis Hauberg and Clara Payne, co-editors, for their efforts in compiling this family record.



Adam D. Gernant
Mary Frels Gernant



Mrs. Gernant
Adam's mother and Henry Frels' second wife

Adam D. Gernant

Adam David Gernant was born in Saxony, Germany on August 23, 1845. His father was a blacksmith in Germany. In the year 1854 when he was nine years old he came to America with his parents and two sisters, Mary and Marguerite, and a half brother, Christopher Rohrback. After a short stay in Chicago the family moved to Hampton in Rock Island County and purchased the Old Hans Schave log cabin. In 1863 Adam came to Edford township where on February 1865 he was married to Miss Mary Frels who was born in Rock Island County, Illinois, April 15, 1847. To this union there were nine children born, six daughters and three sons. The two oldest daughters, Emma and Marguerite. Marguerite died July 22, 1875, at the age of eight years and Emma died July 11, 1875, at the age of six years--both died of diptheria.



Adam D. Gernant
Emma Koch Gernant

The children were named Henry, Amelia, George, Rosena, Minnie, William and Amanda.

Adam and Mary first lived in Henry County on the William Frels farm, which is now owned by the Wendt family. Soon after their marriage they bought the land known by all their children as the "Old Home" near Green River. He cleared this land for farming which was full of underbrush and trees and the wolves were quite thick around there. Adam and Mary worked very hard in those days, he worked in the Coal bank nights and did the farm work days. Butter sold for ten cents per pound and eggs six and eight cents per dozen. Adam's wife, Mary, passed away on September 12, 1887. Adam married Miss Emma Koch on February 28, 1889. From this union a son Louis and two daughters, Lillian and Leona, were born. Adam's second wife, Emma, passed away August 24, 1898.

In the year 1908 Adam moved to Geneseo. He passed away at his home October 31, 1919. He is buried in St. John Church Cemetery in Edford Township.

Mary Frels Gernant

Mary Frels Gernant was the second child born to Henry and Catherine Mandler Frels in a log house in Hampton Township.

The surrounding area of her home was covered with native timber. You couldn't see your neighbor's house but there were paths leading through the brush and timber to every home. Didn't need to go to a circus to see wild animals. They had them right in their timber, rabbits, wild cats, possums, coons, minks, weasels, deer, skunks and wolves. Most of these animals prowl around nights, the howl of the wolf at night would frighten any youngster. How could they raise chickens and geese with all those animals running around? But they did it. We wouldn't mind living in a place like that today. Constantly seeing people gets common and monotonous.

High German was the language spoken at home and with most of the neighbors for this seemed to be largely a German settlement. Mary's sister Anna Margaret writes that a Lutheran minister came to their home when Mary was about four years old. The four children of the home and neighboring children were Christened. A couple years later Mary toddles to the Mosher school with Fred and Anna. When we grow older we realize how important those early school days were to us. Growing and learning. It isn't likely that the women had quilting bees while they lived in the log house, but I'll bet they had them when that first brick house was built. I bet they had the neighbor women in to help sew carpet rags, then braid them and sew them together for scatter rugs. They could send those carpet rags wrapped up in balls to Mrs. Franke who was Uncle John's mother, and she would weave them into carpets. Braided rugs made out of corn husk were mighty practical to wipe ones snowy and muddy shoes on before entering the house. From all reports the chickens and geese didn't have the run of the Frels household, and they didn't have the pigs in the parlor. I was visiting with Mrs. Frank Wylie of East Moline just a couple days ago. She was present at her sister's wedding when she married J. William Frels in the present Frels brick house. She was surprised to see that they had such nice furnishings in the home, fine carpets instead of rag ones, a nice grade of furniture and the parlor was beautifully decorated.

Grandmother Frels taught her daughters to be good housekeepers for she set the pattern.



The Adam Gernant Homestead
Here is where all of the Gernant children were born and raised.



M. D. Hauberg in his Memoirs writes that the Lutherans at Hampton had service in a brick building up the hollow in Hampton, and that Anna Frels was confirmed in the Lutheran faith. No doubt Mary was confirmed about the same time and place. You will remember reading that Henry Frels was a member of the first class confirmed in the new brick Zion Lutheran Church.

There was a lot of work to do in the Frels household. Their family has grown in number and there were wood choppers and later miners. Daniel Holms was a busy man on the place for 14 years, then preparing the material for building a big barn and two brick houses. There was the garden to tend. No running to town for canned goods, they go to the cellar where the year around supply of vegetables would be found for fall and winter. The garden supplied their needs in the summer.

Emma Hauberg Fairhurst writes that she was Christened three weeks after she was born and that birth happened on ground hog day, February 2, 1860 and that Mary Frels and Adam Gernant were married in the Frels home that same day. This wedding never got the head lines in the daily press, what the bride wore and where they went on their honeymoon. It wasn't to Niagara Falls. Young Adam had been farming in Henry County. It's likely the young couple bundled up their belongings, put them in a wagon, crossed Rock River and went to work.

Henry A. Gernant



Henry Adam Gernant
Martha Hohenboken Gernant

Henry A. Gernant was born February 28, 1871 at the Gernant farm in Edford Township. He received his education at the school known as the "Old Wood School", as he was the oldest of the boys his father made him work from young up and the field work those days was hard with much walking.

He also attended St. John's parochial school and later became a member of that church.

His father, Adam Gernant, passed away at the age of 74 years at his residence in Geneseo. His mother, Mary Frels, passed away at the age of 45 at the farm home in Edford Township, which left seven children without a mother.

Henry led the occupation of farming until he retired in the year 1928, when we moved to the residence on 515 Oakwood Avenue in Geneseo. He was married to Martha M. Hohenboken in the residence of her parents on February 6, 1901, on a very cold evening Rev. A. Mennicke performed the ceremony with immediate relatives and friends attending.

Mrs. Minnie Maeltzer, sister of the groom and George Hohenboken, brother of the bride, attended the couple. After an elaborate supper a social evening was spent. A few days later we moved on a bobsled to the old Adam Gernant farm where we lived one year. We then purchased the Crane farm on Route 6, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Geneseo. We farmed there and worked hard until 1928 when we retired and moved to the present home which we had built the same year in Geneseo.

We raised four children, Everetta A., Viola O., Herbert W., and Maurice H. Herbert passed away in February 1927 at the age of 20 years which was a very hard loss. We have six grandchildren and one great-grand son.

We took our wedding trip in August 1929 with two of our cousins and their son. We went east to Niagara Falls where we camped one night which was very interesting. We stopped at Buffalo, New York and spent some time in Cleveland, Ohio and more places of interest. We

crossed the Detroit River on a ferry boat then landed in Canada and had a very good time camping.

Some years later my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fisherman and Henry and I went south to Sunny Florida which is a good place to go to spend a part of the winter. We rented a trailer at St. Petersburg for part of the time. We went sight seeing every day which we enjoyed very much. Coming home we took another route and came through Missouri, stopping at Poplar Bluff and spent some time at Henry's sister's, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Morgan, and had a very enjoyable time visiting with them.

Henry passed away May 11, 1949 at the age of 78 years, 2 months, and 13 days. The untimely death of Henry ended a successful career that had included farming and the directorship of three Geneseo business concerns. He served as a director of Geneseo Edford and Munson Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of the Trust and Savings Bank and the Geneseo Cooperative Gas and Oil Company.

Funeral services were held at the Rivenburg Funeral Home and at the Concordia Lutheran Church. He had been a trustee for the past 25 years. The Rev. H. J. Elling conducted the funeral services. Honorary pallbearers were George B. Dedrick, Fred Klemmerling, John Greenwood, Henry Goembel and Frank Swiger. Active pallbearers were Henry Nelson, Ed Hulting, Gilbert Pritchard, Ted Erdman, Louis Reher and John Mahlstedt. Burial was in Oakwood Cemetery.

My father, George Hohenboken was born in Oldenberg, Germany, January 14, 1837. He came to America in 1859. He married Caroline Firch who was born in West Prussia in Edford Township January 28, 1869. The couple passed their 66 wedding in Geneseo, Illinois. He was 98 years old and she was 90 years old that day. Father lived to be over 100 years old. They had always farmed until retiring and moving to Geneseo. They had four living children, George Hohenboken, Martha Gernant, Mrs. Charles Blank and Mrs. Fred Fuhrmann and John Hohenboken who is deceased and he married Amelia Gernant.

Amelia Gernant Hohenboken and John Hohenboken

Amelia Gernant, daughter of Adam and Mary Frels Gernant, was born March 2, 1873, in Edford Township, Henry County, Illinois. She was married on December 12, 1899, to John Frederick Hohenboken, son of George D. and Caroline Firch Hohenboken of Edford Township. They lived on the same farm in Colona Township, Henry County, Illinois, all their married life, and were members of the St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church of Edford Township. To them six children were born. Two passed away in infancy, namely, Bernice Marie who was born November 2, 1900, and died suddenly on August 22, 1901. She was learning to walk and had fallen backwards the day before. Their last child died shortly after birth. Their other children were named Vernon, Mahlon, Ruby, and Mildred. John Hohenboken died July 15, 1926, from a broken neck suffered in a haying accident. Amelia passed away suddenly in her sleep at the Cottage Hospital, Galesburg, Illinois, on May 14, 1929--the day she was to be released from the hospital.



Amelia Gernant Hohenboken and John Hohenboken

Vernon Arthur was born on June 22, 1902. He was married to Marguerite L. Peterson of Orion, Illinois, on February 15, 1928. He farmed the home place. He passed away on December 19, 1928 from diabetes, leaving his wife and four

children; namely, Nadene, Verneil, James, and Jacqueline. The family then moved to Geneseo, Illinois.

Nadene Marie was born August 12, 1929. She graduated from Geneseo High School, attended Illinois State Normal at Bloomington, Illinois, for one year, and then took the course at Augustana Nursery School of Nursing, Chicago, Illinois, from which she graduated. She now does case work in Chicago and suburbs.

Verneil Lester was born July 3, 1931. He graduated from Geneseo High School and received his Bachelor of Science degree in Farm Operation from The Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa, in 1953, and also was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Organized Reserve Corps of the United States Army. He is now on active duty at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma.

James Findley was born November 22, 1932. He enlisted in the Illinois National Guard when in high school, and after graduation was on active duty with the 44th Infantry Division at Camp Cooke, California, until his enlistment expired. He married Loretta Jean Anderson of Geneseo, Illinois on February 20, 1954, and is now farming near Geneseo, Illinois. (It is interesting to note that Loretta Jean is a great granddaughter of Henrietta Frels Schmoll, Mary Frels Gernant's sister.)

Jacqueline Lee was born October 7, 1936. She will graduate from Geneseo High School in 1954.

Mahlon John Hohenboken was born December 4, 1903, and he farmed near Galesburg, Illinois where the family had moved in the spring of 1928 when Vernon was married. A severe case of quinsy caused his death on September 9, 1931.



Carl M. Nelson Ruby Hohenboken Nelson

Ruby Caroline Hohenboken was born on December 11, 1906. She graduated from Orion Community High School in 1924. After attending summer school at Illinois State Teachers College, Macomb, Illinois, she taught in public schools in Henry County until her marriage to Carl M. Nelson of Orion, Illinois, on January 2, 1929. They live on a farm near Orion. They have a son, Lowell Dean, who was born July 7, 1934. He graduated from Orion High School and was a student at The Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa, in 1952 and 1953.

Mildred Amelia Hohenboken was born February 11, 1909. She graduated from Orion Community High School in 1926, received a Bachelor of Arts degree from Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, in 1933, and taught in the high school at Gilson, Illinois, until her marriage on June 30, 1937, to George Edward Painter of Waukegan, Illinois. They have one daughter, Judith Ellen, who was born on February 9, 1944.



Lt.Col. & Mrs. G.E. Painter (Mildred Hohenboken) and Judy

George Edward Painter served four years during World War II, advancing from Private to Captain in AUS with a terminal leave promotion to Major in the Reserves. He served with the 726th Military Police Battalion in Europe, and after the peace was signed, on Okinawa where the battalion was in charge of Japanese Prisoners of War. He received a commission in the Regular Army as Captain in Infantry on December 10, 1947. He transferred to the Military Police Corps and was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel on May 14,1951.

He has just recently completed his second tour of duty in Korea where he was with the Korean Military Advisory Group as advisor to Korean National Police. Until September, 1955, his assignment was Commanding Officer of 519th Military Police Battalion in Tokyo, Japan. At present his assignment is Chief of Industrial and Physical Security Division of Provost Marshal Section Hq. 4th Army, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Marguerite Peterson Hohenboken



Marguerite Hohenboken Family
Left to Right - Jackie, James, Loretta,
Marguerite, Phyllis, Verncil, and Nadine

1954 has been an eventful year for the descendants of John and Amelia Hohenboken. On February 20th was the wedding (before mentioned) of James F. Hohenboken and Loretta Jean Anderson, solemnized by Pastor Elmer Salhgreen at First Lutheran Church, Geneseo, at 7:30 p.m.

On June 29th Mildred Hohenboken Painter and daughter Judy sailed for Japan, leaving port at Seattle, Washington. They spent a year there with Lt.Col. G.E. Painter who was serving with the U.S. Army in Japan.

September 4th was another wedding date for Lt. Verneil L. Hohenboken and Phyllis Elaine Paulson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Paulson of St. Paul, Minnesota. Their wedding was solemnized at Central Avenue Baptist Church in Chicago by Pastor Gordon Johnson. They are living at Ft. Bragg, N. Carolina where Lt. Hohenboken is stationed.

Announcement was also made of the engagement and approaching marriage of Nadine M. Hohenboken of Chicago to George J. Kalehbrenner of Chicago. They were married June 18, 1955.

Lowell Nelson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl M. Nelson (Ruby Hohenboken Nelson) was quite recently also become engaged to Juanita Nelson of Cambridge. No definite plans have been set as to the wedding date. And we find Jacqueline Hohenboken attending college at Ames, Iowa, a freshmen this year.

The biggest event yet was the coming of the first grandchild, baby James Vernon, born December 29, 1954 to the James Hohenbokens. In March of 1956 they will move to the home place of grandparents John and Amelia Hohenboken and start farming as did the elder Hohenbokens many years ago.

I'm sure all of us can look back over these past months and gratefully say, "God has surely blessed us as a family."



George Charles Gernant



George Charles Gernant and
Pauline Anna Erdman Gernant

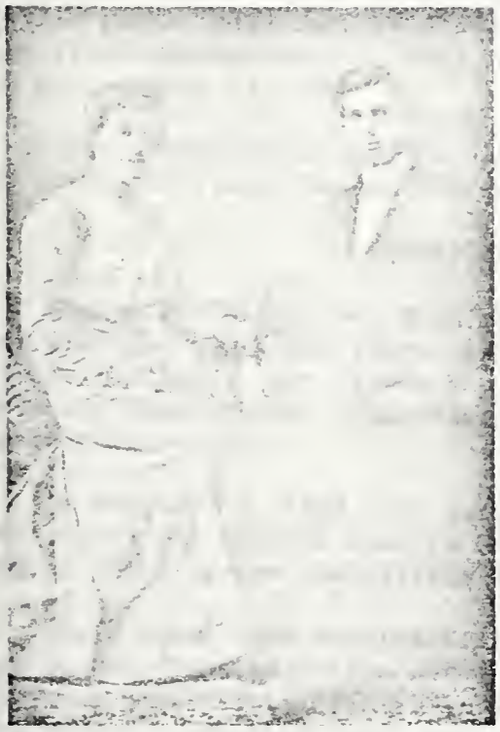
George Charles Gernant, son of Adam and Mary Frels Gernant, was born March 11, 1875 in Edford Township, Henry County, Illinois. Pauline Anna Erdman, daughter of Leopold and Otilla Redmann Erdman, was born June 18, 1875 in Edford Township, Henry County, Illinois. She died February 10, 1910.

George and Lena, as she was called, were confirmed in the St. John Lutheran Church in Edford and united in marriage there April 27, 1899. The wedding was celebrated in her parents home where many relatives and friends were guests at the sumptious dinner. They lived in the farm in Henry County where their five children were born: Elon Arthur born September 14,1900; Elmer Floyd born March 4, 1902; Wilbert Roy born March 1, 1904; Esther Marie born June 9, 1905; Laurence George born April 12, 1908. Elon married Marybelle Simmons on June 27, 1929, and have one daughter, Joyce Elizabeth born September 6, 1930, who married Gilbert Mahs, and have one daughter, Linda Marie born August 15, 1954. Elmer married Gertrude Humbert July 3, 1923, and they have three children, Betty Jean born February 1, 1924, James Laurence born August 4, 1928, and Jo Ann Pritchard. Wilbert Roy married Agnes VanHeffte on April 14, 1945, and they have one son, Gerald George born January 20, 1946. Esther Marie Gernant married Raymond Vandeveire February 26, 1927, and they have two children, Richard Raymond born April 25, 1928 and Harlan Wilbert born December 14, 1930. Laurence married Mary Opal Hansen August 1, 1932, and they have three children, Lucille Genevieve born September 19, 1932 and William Lawrence born September 24, 1939 and Charles Dennis born March 7, 1942. Elmer is employed as a top welder at the strip coal mine East of Geneseo.

Elon is in real estate business in Detroit, Michigan. He was in war service and he and his wife both are now in college as students at Urbana. They have one son Jimmy.

Wilbert served in World War II - trained in New York and was in machine guns assembling. The soldiers, a group of forty, had to take very strict exams and had to assemble machine guns blind folded. Wilbert and one other man were the only ones of the group to pass the test. He wanted so much to get into the war zones but they did not let him out of the U.S. Wilbert is now farming his father's farm N.E. of Geneseo. His father lives in Geneseo.

Betty Gernant and Edward McCann married June 4, 1955.



Rosina Marie Gernant and
William Stenzel

Rosina Marie Gernant

Rosina Marie Gernant was born in Edford Township on November 29, 1877. She was baptized and confirmed in St. John's Lutheran Church of Edford. Her parents were Mary Frels and Adam Gernant.

She was married to Wm. Stenzel on February 19, 1901. They lived on a farm in Osco Township.

They had five children, Myrtle, born January 24, 1902, Laura, born May 16, 1906, Roy, born Jan. 15, 1908, Harold, born August 1, 1910, and a son Ralph who died the winter of 1905.

Rosina took sick in the winter of 1918 and on January 8, she was confined to her bed with inflammatory rheumatism and with added complications she steadily grew worse and on July 18, 1919, she passed away at the age of 41 years, 7 months, and 19 days.

January 17, 1923, William Stenzel married Hilda Carlson, they continued farming. In 1929 they built a new home in Geneseo. They moved into this home in the same year.

On June 27, 1939 William Stenzel passed away at the age of 62 years of heart trouble.

Myrtle married Elmer Firch on February 6, 1924. They had three children, Dorothy, Lucille, and Lois. Elmer passed away on July 13, 1944. Myrtle is living in a new home in Geneseo which she built after moving to Geneseo. Lucille passed away on June 24, 1952. Myrtle has 6 grandchildren. Laura married Alvin Shaddinger on January 14, 1931. They have two children living and a twin brother which died at birth and another son Harry at home. Rosina married Davis F. Krause November 6, 1954.

Roy married Margaret Swanson on August 28, 1929. They have two children, Joyce and Royce. They are both married. Roy passed away on November 5, 1950 and Margaret is living in Geneseo and she has two grandchildren. Joyce married William Rickman on February 18, 1951 and Royce married Sharon Barritton October 18, 1953. Each one has a little girl. Harold married Lula Swanson on October 18, 1930. Annette married Bob DeGeeter on June 26, 1954. They have two children and are living on the farm that Rosina and Will started out their married life on. Dianne Kay DeGeeter was born January, 1955.

Myrtle's children married the following: Dorothy Marie Firch married John L. Greenwood October 6, 1946 - Dorothy has two children, Wendy Sue and Johnie. Lucille Myrtle Firch married John Klemmer May 5, 1946 - she had two boys, Michael Paul and Jay Douglas Klemmer. Lucille passed away June 24, 1952 five weeks after baby Gay was born. Lois Irene Firch married Virgil Nelson July 7, 1951 - Lois has two boys, Greg and Thomas Nelson. Thomas Henry was born August 22, 1954.

John Greenwood Jr. served in World War II for a period of five years, John Klenner for two years and Virgil Nelson for two years.

Henry J. and Minnie F. Gernant Maeltzer

Minnie F. Gernant was born on a farm in Edford Township on March 2, 1880. Her mother died when she was seven years old. She was baptized and confirmed in St. John's Lutheran Church of Edford. Her father and mother, Mary Frels and Adam Gernant, were also buried in the cemetary there.

On February 5, 1903, she married Henry J. Maeltzer at her parents home in Geneseo Township on which is now the William Gernant farm.

Their first home was the William Maeltzer farm in Osco Township, this being her husband's childhood home. They started farming there with five horses, a walking plow, and a small amount of cash. They resided on this 160 acre farm 25 years before moving to Geneseo.



Minnie F. Maeltzer and Henry J. Maeltzer

They had two children, Mabel Elizabeth, born July 3, 1905, and Boyd William, born July 25, 1910. Both children attended grade school in Osco Township and the Geneseo Township High School.

While engaged in farming, her husband was also a school director several years, highway commissioner of Osco Township nine years, and a director of the Farm Bureau for five years, at which time the Country Life Insurance and the Auto Insurance were organized. It was then also that the State Bank of Osco was organized, and he has served on the board of directors there for the past 32 years. In 1947 he was elected vice president and in 1950 president of the State Bank of Osco, which position he holds at the present time.

A highlight of those early years came in 1910 when they discarded their horse and buggy for a new four cylinder Hudson automobile and again in 1912 when they bought the farm on which they were living.

In 1914 they started construction of a new house on their farm. At this time Minnie boarded between nine and ten laborers for the greater part of the summer. The family lived in an old summer kitchen and the carpenters slept in the garage. Besides cooking and washing for all of them, Minnie also churned her own butter, baked her own bread, canned, gardened, cared for chickens, sewed for the family, butchered, and processed all her own meat. She did all of these things for most of her years on the farm. They also had one or two hired men in the house at all times for whom she had to cook and wash in addition to taking care of her own family.

Through the years they replaced all the buildings with the exception of the south barn with new farm buildings, including a corn crib, hog house, barn, and machine shed.

In 1928 the Maeltzers built another new home, this one being located at 518 S. Center Street in Geneseo, Illinois. They moved into this on September first of the same year. After moving to Geneseo, Henry sold Chevrolets and Dodges for the Brown Motor Company, wrote auto and life insurance for the Farm Bureau, and was a partner for three years in the Bollen, Wayne, and Maeltzer Cattle Company.

In 1939 they bought another 160 acre farm 1½ miles north of Osco, and to this day their main interest is farming, in which Henry still takes an active part.

Together they've taken quite a number of vacations, their first being their honeymoon trip to the World's Fair in St. Louis. They went with Minnie's aunts and uncles, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frels and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schmoll.

One four week vacation was spent camping out touring through Ontario, Canada, Niagra Falls, and New York. Another camping trip included Yellowstone National Park, the Black Hills, and Denver, Colorado. On these trips they pitched their own tents each night and cooked their meals on camp stoves.

They've also been to Hot Springs, Arkansas, spent one winter in California, and several winters in Florida. Their Golden Wedding Anniversary was spent in 1953 at a resort in Clearwater, Florida.

They are still regularly attending the same church they were both baptised and confirmed in. Henry has held many offices through the years on the church board, and Minnie has been very active in the Ladies' Aid. She, too, has held various offices in the society, and is now a Charter Member of the organization. Their two children, seven grandchildren, and three great grandchildren have all been baptized also in St. John's Lutheran Church of Edford. They're also all members there with their families except for Mabel who just recently transferred to the Lutheran Church in Geneseo.

Their daughter, Mabel, attended Brown's Business College, and worked as a secretary in Moline until she married Earl Miller on August 9, 1928. They took over the farm when Minnie

and Henry moved to their new home in Geneseo. Mabel and Earl had three children, Janice Lorraine, Marlene Marie, and Donald Henry. Earl passed away on April 16, 1949, and Mabel moved to Geneseo. She and Donald are now residing in her home at 25 East Main Street, Geneseo, Illinois. Her daughter Janice married Robert Rasmussen, and they have a boy and a girl, Randy Bruce and Carmen Renee. Marlene married Royce Lewis, and they have one son, Roger Joe and a son Gary Allen born October 17, 1954. Both girls and their husbands are engaged in farming.

Their son, Boyd, married Marjorie Moline on January 10, 1943, and they're farming their folks' 160 acre farm north of Osco. They are living there with their four children, Shirley Mae, Ronnie, Nancy Jean, and Daniel Boyd.

William Gernant



John William Gernant



Martha S. E. Maetzold Gernant

Martha S. E. Maetzold, born November 14, 1883, and John William Gernant, born February 4, 1882, were married at her home in Geneseo by the Rev. Bergen on March 4, 1908.

They farmed two miles west of Geneseo for many years. They then moved into Geneseo. Their son, Marvin, now farms the home place.

They are members of Concordia Lutheran Church and attend regularly and are active in church affairs.

They have two children, Marie born November 30, 1908 and Marvin William born October 28, 1916. Both baptized at home by Rev. Cr. R. Bergen and confirmed at Concordia Lutheran Church by the same pastor. They attended the Geneseo schools. Marie attended Illinois State Normal and taught school for ten years. Marvin enlisted in the army in 1941 and was stationed at an outpost in Newfoundland for two years. He received his discharge in 1946. All were baptized in the church in Geneseo by Rev. H. J. Elling. Robert was confirmed at Cambridge Lutheran Church by Rev. E. M. Lorimer. Family now are active members of Cambridge Lutheran Church.

Amanda Bertha Gernant



Amanda Bertha Gernant Stenzel and Henry Stenzel about the time of their Golden Wedding Anniversary

Youngest daughter of Adam and Mary Frels Gernant was born November 23, 1884. She was baptized February 1, 1885, in St. John's Lutheran Church of Edford Township where she later attended Sunday School. She attended the Wood grade schools. When she was 12 years old, the family moved to a farm near Geneseo. She studied Confirmation classes in the German language, and was confirmed at the Concordia Evangelical Lutheran Church at Geneseo, Illinois.

Amanda married Henry E. Stenzel on February 22, 1906. They had two daughters, Irene Caroline born August 10, 1907, and Pearl Bessie born January 18, 1915.

Henry Stenzel was born January 11, 1883 to Herman and Caroline Yager Stenzel. He was baptized and confirmed in St. Peters Evangelical Lutheran Church in Edford Township.. He attended grade school at Osco Center.

Shortly after Henry and Amanda Stenzel were married they purchased the old Yager Homestead from Henry's parents. This farm had belonged to Henry's Grandparents, William Yagers, originally, as it was their first spot to settle after their arrival from Germany. Henry and Amanda lived there and farmed the land for 22 years, during which time, in 1916, they built a new bungalow to replace the old farm house. In their youth and early married life, Henry and his brother Fred had a four piece orchestra and played for Bowery dances at Morrison, Illinois, and they also played at house dances, for weddings, etc.

They still own the farm, but have rented it out since 1928, when they moved to Moline, Illinois, and bought their home there. Henry was a Chevrolet salesman for 14 years, 6 years in Orion and 8 years in East Moline. Then at the beginning of the war he started working for John Deere Harvester Company where he stayed for seven years until his job was just a bit too much for his heart. Since that time, he has done a lot of part time work in order to stay active.

They have three grandchildren, Carol Eileen Schneider Heir born September 28, 1934, Clayton Dean Ratcliffe, born August 6, 1946, and David Brent born January 25, 1955. The immediate family always gets together at Christmas and many other holidays. Henry and Amanda always attend the yearly Gernant and Frels reunions and enjoy them very much.

Irene Caroline, daughter of Henry and Amanda Gernant Stenzel, was born August 10, 1907. She was baptized, attended Sunday school, and confirmed at St. Johns Lutheran Church at Edford township, Illinois. She attended Osco Center School and took a business course at Brown's Business College in Moline, Illinois was was employed several years in Davenport, Iowa. She was married to Maxwell K. Schneider on August 10, 1933. They have a daughter, Carol Eileen, born September 28, 1934, in Moline.

Maxwell Schneider, son of Carl and Allie Jaegger Schneider, was born June 10, 1908, in

Orion, Illinois. He was baptized, attended Sunday school, and Church at the Baptist Church in Orion; he graduated from Orion grade school and High School. He attended the University of Illinois, where he finished a course in Pharmacy.

He and Irene owned and operated the Schneider Drug Store in Moline. In 1939, they moved the store to Galva, Illinois, and it is still in operation there. Max's hobbies are hunting and fishing - he has won many prizes for his skill at shooting. They attend the Messiah Lutheran Church in Galva, Illinois.

Their daughter, Carol, was married to Wayne Heir on March 20th, 1953. Wayne was inducted into the Army on May 21st, 1953. He was stationed at Camp Polk, La. for one year, and is now a Corporal in a tank division at Ft. Riley, Kansas, where they are living at the present time in their trailer.



Top Row: Carol Schneider and husband Wayne Hier, Amanda Gernant and husband Henry E. Stenzel, Irene Stenzel and husband Max Schneider.
Lower Row: Pearl Stenzel, Clayton and Pyrl Ratcliffe.

Lillian Marie Gernant

Daughter of Adam and Emma Koch Gernant, born November 20, 1889 in Edford, Henry County, Illinois, was baptized in St. Johns Lutheran Church of Edford. She attended grade school in Geneseo township, and was confirmed in the Concordia Lutheran Church in Geneseo, Illinois.

Lillian lived with and cared for her Father in their home in Geneseo until he passed away October 31, 1919. Then she closed her home in Geneseo and moved to Rock Island to live with her brother Louis and his wife.

While working in Moline, she met and married Tracey B. Morgan, September 3, 1927, who was a veteran of the Spanish War. He was in the real estate and insurance business in Rock Island and Moline. Later they moved to Poplar Bluff, Missouri, where he carried on with the same line of business.





Lillian Marie Gernant and husband Tracy B. Morgan
and their daughter Audrey

Their only daughter, Audrey Mae, was born September 22, 1928 in Poplar Bluff, Missouri.

Tracy Morgan later served two terms as Chief of Police and two terms as Justice of Peace for Butler County, Missouri. He passed away on October 5, 1950.

Audrey Mae was married to Thomas Robert Taggart August 1, 1948. They have a son, Shem Lee, born May 7, 1952 and a son Michael, born September 8, 1954.

Thomas Robert Taggart is an Occupation Switchman and extra Yardmaster for the Missouri Pacific Lines in Poplar Bluff, Missouri. He is also the owner of the Taggart News Agency, distributor for the St. Louis Post Dispatch and the Memphis Commercial Appeal. He is also a veteran of World War II, served with the United States Navy on the USS Minesweeper 430, with the rating of Coxswain. He was inducted April 5, 1944, and discharged May 21, 1946.

Louis Adam Gernant

Son of Adam and Emma Koch Gernant, was born October 13, 1891 in Edford township. He was baptized in St. Johns Lutheran Church in Edford, and was confirmed in the Concordia Lutheran Church in Geneseo, Illinois.

He attended the Geneseo grade schools and the Geneseo Institute. He finished his last course in Pharmacy at the University of Illinois.

He worked in Drug Stores in Geneseo, Rock Island, and Moline; he was with the Sohrbeck Drug Store almost 25 years. He was employed at the Prescription Shop in Moline at the time of his death.

Louis married Dora Rumler March 18, 1915. They have one son, Louis Jr., born January 2, 1916. They attend St. Johns Lutheran Church, Rock Island, Illinois.

Louis Sr. passed away during a heart attack on May 26, 1950 at the age of 58.

Louis Jr. married Margaret Frances DuMars on October 22, 1938. They have a daughter, Sandra Lee, born March 9, 1940. Louis is employed at the East Moline International Harvester as a General Foreman.



Louis Adam Gernant and wife Dora Rumler
and their son Louis

Leona Gernant

Daughter of Adam and Emma Koch Gernant, was born on May 18, 1896. She attended grade school in Geneseo township. She contracted scarlet fever and passed away at the age of 11 on May 25, 1907.

Maurice Gernant



Maurice Gernant and Margaret Magerkurt Gernant
and daughters, Joan Lucile and Sandra Marie

Maurice Henry Gernant was born November 18, 1908 at the Gernant farm one and one-half miles west of Geneseo. He is the son of Martha Hohenboken Gernant and Henry Adam Gernant. Maurice was educated in the Geneseo public schools. He graduated from the Geneseo High School in the class of 1926.

Maurice was confirmed in 1922 from the Concordia Lutheran Church of Geneseo. He is a member of the Concordia Lutheran Church of Geneseo.

On August 15, 1930 he was married to Margaret Magerkurt. They have two daughters, Joan Lucille and Sandra Marie. Joan Gernant was born November 5, 1932. Sandra Gernant was born August 8, 1936.

Joan Lucille was married February 18, 1951 to George Steven Sears. They have one son, Randy Charles Sears, born October 25, 1953.

Viola Gernant Chrisop

I was born February 2, 1904 on a farm near Geneseo, the daughter of the late Henry A. Gernant and Martha Hohenboken Gernant.

I attended Geneseo schools, was confirmed in Concordia Lutheran Church. January 16, 1929 I was married to Kenneth T. Chrisop, the son of Robert Chrisop and the late Elizabeth Gerstner Chrisop.

We lived near Geneseo until the spring of 1932 when we moved to a farm north of Annawan owned by my father at that time. Five years later we located on a farm one mile north of Geneseo. The house was old and in very poor condition. After about ten years we decided to vacate it and settle in the tenant house near by. This was quite a problem living in four rooms, but we managed somehow. Four years later we moved in a new house which was built at the site of the old brick structure.

We are now living on an adjoining farm which we bought, it also has a new house.

We have two children, Arlyn Herbert born April 7, 1933 and Karen Jean born July 22, 1943.

I am a member of Concordia Lutheran Church, the Ladies League and Geneseo Edford Home Bureau.

Dorothy Frank Gernant

September 16, 1913 in the small town of Reynolds, Illinois, was when and where I was born. My father owned a garage and was a taxi driver. In those days it was a horse of another color, as the saying goes. The roads were rough when dry and muddy ruts when wet. When Doctor Knutson started his practice Dad took him in his taxi, a Reo, and oh yes, when it rained the top had to be put up and side curtains put on. Sometimes the Reo would get mired down so far they would have to go to a nearby farm and get a team of horses to pull them out.

The Methodist church was the only church in Reynolds so I was baptised there. I remember one Christmas program they had a huge tree and the ushers had a lighted candle on a long pole with which he lit the candles on the tree. He sat by the tree during the ceremony to see that it didn't catch on fire. At the end of the program each child was to have a toy off the tree. After sitting there waiting patiently for a while, I cried because I thought I wasn't going to get one, but I did.

November 12, 1918, the day after the Armistice, we moved to Geneseo. By then I had a sister Kathryn who was 11 months old. We lived on the north side for about four months. One day Mother took me to town and I got lost in Cook and Woods Dry Goods Store. Although I was only five and not too well acquainted I found my way home safely across the railroad tracks.

From there we moved to 511 West First Street where Mom and Dad still reside. My youngest sister, Marjorie, was born three years later. Dad was a mail-carrier and parcel post man. He brought home all kinds of diseases, and I remember once, all three of us girls had the chicken pox at the same time.

Aunt Jennie, my dad's aunt, and Uncle Mark Butler took a real fancy to us and proceeded to take us under their wings. Uncle Frank would come and take us to school if the streets were oiled, if it was rainy, or if it was icy. I especially remember one cold, icy day he even drove his car up in the school yard, right in front of the door. Guess what we naturally did, that's it, watched until he drove out of sight, then went out and slid on the ice. In Geneseo, we did not have a car, so they would come and take us to the Baptist Church, their choice on Sundays.

When in the fourth grade I started taking piano lessons. To begin with we didn't have a piano but had a wind organ that had to be pumped with the feet. My first popular piece was "Five Feet Two, Eyes of Blue" Eventually we did purchase a piano. As a girl, I was afraid of lightning and thunder. It seemed that by sitting at the piano and concentrating on playing with as much feeling as possible, I conquered the fear.



Everett Gernant and wife Dorothy
Frank Gernant and their two
children, Judy and Robert.

In the year 1926 Mom took us to her church, the Coucordia Lutheran Church. In 1928 I was confirmed by Rev. Chris. Bergen.

One summer evening in 1929, it was a Saturday night to be exact, and the last day of August, Mother and I were shopping in Cook and Woods Store. Albert Taube, one of the pillars of the church, was a clerk there. His daughter, Marie, the church organist, was working that night. She asked if I played the piano, Mom told her I did. She told us that she was going into nurses training and the church was desperately in need of an organist. Mom was all for it and so plans were being made. The next week I took two organ lessons from Mrs. Glenn Meeker and Sunday, September 8, I played one hymn in the service, "Holy, Holy, Holy". The next week I took two more lessons and September 15 I played for the entire service. (This is my 25th year at the organ.) The next day, September 16, was my 16th birthday. It wasn't easy at first, playing the organ. In those days we still had German services and I could not understand a word of it. Rev. Elling let his voice drop to signal for me to play what came next.

In 1932, 1933 and 1934 I was one of the Walther Leaguers who attended church camp at Camp Hauberg. I had the top bunk of one of those double deckers and one night just before the evening program I left a candy bar on my bunk. When I got back a mouse had eaten half of it. I actually did go to sleep that night, but not right away. I could imagine that mouse crawling all over me. One of the girls that was a country school teacher had some balloons left from her school program. After most of the girls were asleep one night, we blew up some and dangled them on the noses of the girls sleeping on the lower berths. We were hoping one would pop to see what would happen, but not one did. The girls just batted away thinking they were flys until they finally woke up. Something interesting happened most every night. Somebody removed all of one boys clothes from his suit case and replaced them with a few girls clothes. He wore them all next day until late afternoon when he found his own. Oh yes, it was educational too. We had lecturers every morning for a couple of hours and then possibly hikes or some recreation before dinner. Swimming after dinner. I could never swim, but I'm fat enough to float. We had a craft building that I enjoyed too. Mrs. Moon was the cook and I would like to know how she made french toast. I still can't make it like she did, and goodness knows, I've tried.

In 1932 I was graduated from Geneseo Township High School. The next year I took a post-graduate course in shorthand, typing, bookkeeping and art. In 1934 I worked for a Mrs. Ollie Richardson. Now, there was a character. She hung and pinned her undergarments on the outside of the curtains of the south windows so they would be sunned and warm for her to put on. I often wondered what the neighbors thought. She bought a dozen eggs from an old man every Saturday. One Saturday he had only eleven. He said he just couldn't squeeze out any more. It was all I could do to keep a straight face.

It must have been in 1935 that I took a business course in the Rock Island Business College. Then I worked as Secretary for the American Protective Association in Rock Island, then for Royce Atwood on the Reminder as typist and stencil cutter. I really enjoyed that work, even if it was upstairs over a laundry. This took place back in my home town of Geneseo. One day a Belgian from Atkinson came up to place an ad for a "Hoat". I happened to be alone, so I asked him what a hoat was. "Oh, you know, just a hoat." I advertised a shoat. That's all I could think of As soon as the paper got out he came up on the double. He was not a happy man. After some deliberation with Royce, we decided it was a goat. You can see how good a Belgian I am.

Isn't it funny how some important things can be right in front of you and you do not pay any attention to them. At church on Sunday a nice young man by the name of Everett Gernant would walk around the organ back upstairs and sat down on what was then the men's side. To me he was just another member of the congregation. Then one summer we were invited to the Thresherman's picnic at Charles Baum's. It was there that we became acquainted. But it wasn't until the following March, during Lent when we had church twice a week, that we started going together. If we had a lovers' quarrel in the year and a half that we kept company, I have forgotten it.

Sunday, August 13, 1939, Everett and I were married in the Concordia Lutheran Church by the Rev. H. J. Elling. For our honeymoon we drove up into the Wisconsin Dells, crossed into Canada at Sault St. Marie and went up to Calendar to see the Dionne Quintuplets. At that time they were five years old and riding tricycles. Up in Canada, so I'm told, they have a peculiar kind of wood that smells like horses. Our cabin was built of that kind of wood and I honestly felt like I was in a stable that night. From there we traveled on King's Highway until we arrived at Niagara Falls. We stayed on the Canadian side that night to see the lights on the Falls. The next morning we passed the customs without any difficulty and saw the American version. From there we went down to New York. The World's Fair was in full swing then. We stayed with an aunt and uncle in Elizabeth, New Jersey, which is just across the Hudson. Dick, their son, went with us to the Fair by way of the elevated. After a couple of days Everett was uneasy and wanted to start for home.

Our home address is 626 South Center Street, Geneseo, Illinois. We have lived here now, for 15 happy years. Bob, our son, arrived December 3, 1941. He was a big baby, weighing $9\frac{1}{2}$ pounds at birth and has kept growing. In 1948, June 1, our daughter Judy was born. There was two of us to spoil Bob and three of us to spoil Judy. But, you know, sometime ago I heard that any child that is loved, is spoiled, and I have realized more and more, how true that is.

Robert Everett Gernant

Bob was born December 3, 1941, in the Hammond Henry Hospital, Geneseo, Illinois. John Rochos was born 8 minutes after with Doctor Watters attending in both cases. He really was a busy man that morning.

As children go, he was very careful with his toys and whatever he took out of the house came back in. He never wanted to go barefooted unless he was wading in a mud puddle.

While bathing him one day when he was a year old I turned around to pick up a towel and just that quick he fell off of the bathinette. He seemed to be alright, at first, but then after awhile I noticed that he favored one wrist. He was taken to Doctor Adams an Osteopath, and after an x-ray was taken, one of his wrist bones was broken. Dr. Adams said

nature has a way of healing bones and it was too late to set it anyway. That wrist was never set. One day he rocked too far in a little rocking chair and went head first into the corner of a play box. That time several stitches were taken in his chin. Another time he fell off of the front porch and struck the back of his head on the bottom cement step. That scar still shows as no hair will grow there.

During late summer the American Legion would sponsor a Corn Show on a weekend. This particular weekend Everett and I were separated and I thought Bob was with him and he thought Bob was with me. All of a sudden we discovered he wasn't with either of us. Believe me, we spent a frantic 20 minutes and it was the longest 20 minutes of my life. Some friends recognized him in the book store. You know, he never forgot that little incident, for years afterward he hung onto my hand whenever we were in crowds. I never worried about losing him after that.

At the age of five he started Kindergarten. When he was in the first grade we thought maybe he would like to take piano lessons, but his mind was made up. Nothing else would do, it had to be trombone lessons. The teacher agreed to try, but Bob was timid and it didn't work out.

In the fourth grade they start music lessons in school and then Bob took to the Trombone again. This time he really stuck with it. He also started with a Dispatch paper route.

Bob has always been big for his age and has had to have a bigger desk than the rest of his class. His sixth grade teacher told me that when she saw the desk and then the boy, she thought a boy that size could really make things miserable for her. After studying him for several days she found out he wouldn't cause any trouble.

During last summer, 1953, he attended the Egyptian Music Camp at Du Quoin and won first chair in the trombone section.

Now at the age of 12 he is in the seventh grade and is 6 feet tall. The coach has high hopes of making a basketball player of him. This is the third year he had had the first chair in the trombone section of the Grade School Band. One of their numbers in the spring concert this year was a comical wedding. Bob was the bride and they picked the smallest boy they could find for the groom. He wore a house dress and a sun bonnet.

The Junior High gave an operetta in honor of St. Patricks Day, "Days of Kerry Dancing," and Bob was Patrick O'Malley. He sang an Irish song and danced and Irish Jig by himself.

Bob was a cub scout for a couple of years and now is a Boy Scout. He takes a real interest in scouting and enjoys it very much.



The Henry Frels II Family
Front Row: Emma Henninger, Henry Frels II, Mae Pierce, Elizabeth Frels, Henry Frels III.
Back Row: Lydia Erickson, Clara Payne, Fred Frels, Amanda Cunningham.

Henry Frels Jr.



Henry Frels Jr.

Henry Frels was born in Hampton township September 12, 1848, son of Henry and Katherine Mandler Frels. The house was made of log. It stood about one half mile up the Mosher Creek from where the Friedens Church is in the woods northeast of Barstow. The log cabin contained one room and a loft which stood on 120 acres which he owned. It was later sold to Fred Miller. To conserve space, his parents had a high bed and a trundle bed. Daytime it was pushed under the high one. The cabin had a clapboard roof. When it snowed Pa said the bed would be covered with it in the morning. There was a ladder up through the floor. There was a fireplace to cook in and to warm the cabin. He attended school at Oak Ridge and often had to wade through snow and ice over a creek and up a steep hill to get to school, and then thaw his boots to get them off. In those days there was only a trail across the bluff with the timber cut just wide enough to allow two teams to pass each other. His father had to cut large trees to make room for the log house. Every farmer used oxen to draw wagons, for there were few horses and they required harnesses. The wagon wheels were made of solid wood from large trees. There were wild turkey, deer a plenty and small game that he shot for meat. In 1842 his father cut and hauled cord wood to Hampton to the Mississippi River to boats for fuel at the price of one dollar a cord. Fences all were made of rails, and there were no railroads here then. There were Indians around but none lived in the oommunity. They went through on the trails looking over their old hunting grounds. At night they would camp out in the open and be noisy yelling and whooping, the settlers could hear them. They were friendly after his father built the first brick house when they moved out of the log one. An Indian stayed all night, but he refused to sleep on a cot but lay on the floor by the stove. They often came to the second brick house, the old homestead, and slept on the floor and were given breakfast too. Settlers always had to give something to them to keep them on good terms. Doors hardly ever were locked and Indians never knocked on the door but came right in and stood there many times scaring the mother and children. They usually came from Rock River and were headed for Hampton on the Mississippi River and crossing over to Iowa. All the steamboats stopped at the landing in Hampton.

On December 17, 1874 Henry Frels and Elizabeth Stindt were married in the Frels brick homestead after which they lived on his father's farm in Henry County for six years. In 1882 they moved back to the old home and became owners of it. The old pioneer and wife owned three good farms. One went to Henry, one to George, and one to William. The last two are in Henry County. Benjamin Frels owns and lives on his father's farm. This is where Henry and Elizabeth first lived. When they began their married life, produce was cheap. Hogs sold for $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, corn sold for 15 to 20 cents a bushel, eggs sold for a few cents and butter, if very good, sold for 5 cents per pound. The three Frels brothers had to pay to the three Frels sisters a certain sum as per their father's will. After the railroad was built to Rock Island, Henry the First would drive to Rock Island for trading. He would take some of the children along in the wagon so they could see the train. It was a long day's trip.

A public road was expected to go past his first farm, but it was changed to follow the bluff which now is route 92 and 2. So in 1848 he bought land which became the Frels homestead for over 100 years. In 1849 and 1842 he bought two more lands, owning 360 acres. The Chicago and Rock Island and Pacific railroads were built into Rock Island to the Mississippi River. In 1854, two years later, they built the first railroad bridge crossing the Mississippi at Rock Island. Grandfather Frels built a two story brick house on the first farm. After he bought the second farm he moved the logs of the first log house over to the new farm. Then he built the present large barn of which has a basement and the oak beams all were hewn from raw trees. Also the roof sheeting are oak boards. Total cost of the barn was $150. At this time there were three Frels children, a half brother Fred, and Mary, Margaret, Henry II. Henry was nine years old and the third child. William and George and Etta were born in the big house. After the barn was finished, they lived in the basement while the house was built. The clay or the brick was kilned across the road. The clay used was out of the basement of the barn. Henry and his half brother Fred and two sisters helped carry brick for the house which is a two story structure and has a fireplace and eleven rooms with Brick inside walls which extend to the roof. Fred and Henry Miller and Daniel Holmes helped build and make the brick. The early settlers always looked for their location to have timber and water. There was a very good spring just a few rods from the barn along the side of the road.

Pa had a step mother for 18 years. She was Martha Marie Doebel Gernant, Uncle Adam's mother.

There were seven children in Henry and Elizabeth's family: Emma, Frederick, Clara, Lydia, Amanda, Henry, and May. Pa would drive to Erie with a topbox load of wheat to have ground into flour. Also he took corn to get ground for corn meal and chicken feed. He would make that long slow trip in three days if there were not too many wagons ahead of him. Sometimes it would be dusty, and again it was deep mud. There was a scale house by the barn which had a pigeon loft on the top. Much coal was mined under the timber hills. Coal was weighed by haulers. Many farmers would weigh their livestock, corn, hay, wheat, and oats on the way to the market to Moline -- a 10 cent charge was made for each wagon or load. Father bought a three seated canopy fringe top carriage. He often let people borrow it for funerals to carry pall bearers many times. We would all go in it to the county fairs, circus, picnics, and July 4th celebrations. Father was always the last to get ready and then after he got in the carriage he would get down again to see if the wind mill was shut off or a certain gate was closed. All the children were anxious to get started because they had seen many wagons and buggies loaded with families on their way. Most of the time the roads were very dusty. The people were grey with dust. In the present brick house, before the Zion Lutheran Church was built, a confirmation class was held in 1863 in one of the large upstairs rooms. The family attended Zion Church until Friedens was built.

Later Pa donated the Friedens Lutheran Church site for the building and sold the church cemetery acres. This church was built in 1896. He cut the corner stone for the church and for years built the fires. He and Fred cut the cord wood from his timber and hauled it free. Pa did many things for the church and was treasurer for years. Mr. and Mrs. Frels were charter members and active in all its affairs. Five of the seven children were confirmed at Zion. Before the great dyke at Albany and pumping station were built, the Mississippi River when very high would come through there and come down the Rock River valley and drown the crops. Sometimes all the lower 80 acres were under water. They had land which was very valuable, and corn was raised there, and it was good cattle pasture.

He always raised beef cattle to fatten and ship to Chicago, as well as hogs. He had many milk cows and sold cream to the Barstow Creamery, butchered hogs and beef, and cured the meat. There was a large brick smoke house. The cellar was stored full for the winter with apples, potatoes, barrels of meat, cider, keg of apple butter, a barrel of sorghum, sauerkraut, squash, fine pumpkins, and lots of canned fruits, relishes and pickles. When relatives came to visit they made a long drive with horses and most always stayed all night or more days. Sometimes they got snowed in or rain made the roads too muddy to travel. Ma was often called to the neighbors who were sick. She would always go.

June floods from rains brought the river up and over the bottom pasture. Then father would bring all the cattle up and take them to his 20 acres on the bluff. It was woods and pasture and they would rustle all under brush and clean up the pasture.

Pa and William Stuhr were the first around here to buy an auto in 1908. Stuhrs got a Stanley Steamer. Pa got one of the first makes, A Moline Knight, with wide seats and the top could be let down. It was painted red with much brass trim. It had a large horn with a rubber bulb which one must squeeze to make sound. We kids could harness single or double harness horses. Father raised most all his horses. He would have as many as eleven at a time, with three or four riding horses. We would have to get the milk cows every evening from the bottom pasture.

The county fairs were at Joslin. There were all sorts of horses and buggies and wagons and many fellows got their nice whips stolen. They would hide them on the reach under the buggy. The first auto seen around here was at the Joslin Fair. Will Stuart from Geneseo drove it over the Cleveland Ferry. It was a one seated car with no top--this was in 1901. There were many people around it looking all the day. There were balloon ascensions and parachute drops, a home made cream candy making stand where candy in large batches were stretched over a large hook to make it creamy and white and cane ring racks and best of all the merry-go-round and band playing and the fine basket dinners. The great German Graf Zeppelin from Germany with Capt. Hugo Eckener taking a trip around the world passed right over the Frels brick house in the morning a little after 8:00 on August 28, 1929. It was simply huge and flying very low. Ma and Pa and family were out in the yard to look at it and a passenger called down to them "Is breakfast ready?" in English. It was very quiet--didn't make one bit of noise. Clara and Frank Payne saw it too as it went right over the Barstow depot. It was before the first world war. Lady Drummond Hay and Joachim Richard were on his passenger list.

Pa and John Weidman owned and operated a thrashing machine and for power they used a six team horse power. Twelve horses would go round and round with a driver on a revolving platform in the center with a long whip to step up lagging horses. This power was also used for sawing stove wood. We never burned coal--always wood. Ma said coal was too dirty and it was. Another bad job was putting up ice and hauling it from Hampton. Though the cutting was done and you paid for that, neighbors helped each other to fill their ice houses. It always was a cold disagreeable job.

Butchering hogs and beef for the summer use was generally done in February. Pa would do all the packing in salt brine and after it was cured he mixed together brown sugar, salt peter, and red pepper and rub that over the meat. Then he would hang it up in the smoke house to dry and start slowly smoking it with hickory wood. We all would help with the grinding of meat for sausage and stuff in casings with a machine. Sometimes Pa got Herman Miller or Andrew Denhardt to make the different sausages. A big wooden wash tub was always used--we had two of them. Grandpa Frels, when he built the house, always built a large brick smoke-house, also right by the side he built a double wall ice house with saw dust between the walls. That was made of lumber--rail fences were everywhere, some were seven rails high. When Friedens Church was built there was a rail fence all along there on both sides of the road. When barbed wire came into use it replaced the rails. I remember one time many relatives came to our house. It was summer time, about eight of us children went back north into the woods to pick flowers unknown to the parents. We got lost and a storm came up, black clouds, we had climbed over rail fences and did not know which way led us home. So we all sat on top of a fence like a flock of turkeys and the anxious searching parents found us before it started to rain. We were all very scared because it thundered and lighteninged so much. I never will forget it.

Pa and Ma were both great readers. Ma took German papers the "Volks Zeitung" was one of them. Pa took the Moline Dispatch, Port Byron Globe and other papers and the Farm Journal he would read every night until eleven o'clock or later. We children had to get our school lessons too, he saw to that. And if we complained about the teacher, she was always right. Pa was a school director for years at Oakridge School. Pa most always had a hired man all

year around. The older children were all girls except Fred. There were lots of chores to do besides farming. Pa always took all the family to a circus once a year. He too enjoyed them a lot. There were many of them then. The Wild West in which Bill Cody or Buffalo Bill traveled, the Fore Paugh, The Barnum Bailey, The Hagenbecks, originated from Germany, The Ringling Brothers, the Sells Brothers, all good circuses. Ringlings finally bought out Barnum and Bailey. One year Ma could not go for Mae was too small to take so Grandma Stuhr, William Stuhr's mother, our neighbor, went with us. While watching the parade from a grocery store step in Rock Island, she was sitting on the steps and had a full skirt that had a deep pocket and it gapped open. She carried her pocket book in it, it was a good sized one for purses were larger in those days. Pa carried Harry in his arms through the crowd. Harry's feet hurt him because his shoes caused blisters on his feet. Pa said, "Now we will all go and buy lunch, then get out to the circus early." Grandma Stuhr put her hand in her pocket and it was gone. A pick-pocket had stolen her gold money. Oh! Oh! Now she couldn't eat or go to see the circus. Pa sort of laughed and said,"Yes. I have enough for us all." She was so concerned and frustrated. She kept saying "Gute, Gute, Gute," whenever she had time and thought about it. She thought no one would be mean enough to do that. She had never heard of a pick-pocket. There is a lot of coal under these hills where the present bungalow stands. It was all orchard and between it and the brick house was a coal mine. A slope, it run far back there, were coal cars which donkeys were hitched to in the mine to haul out on the iron rails. There was one donkey to a car with a man pushing at the back. There was a rope with a bell on it at the entrance--when a load was starting to come out they rang the bell. Going down they let the cars go by themselves. We kids, Fred, Lydia, Clara, Amanda, and Harry went down several times to see the men picking it loose with a pick ax. The vein was four foot thick and how it glittered with the oil wick lamp fastened to the miners' caps. The Tylers of Rapid City and Mr. Allen of Port Byron opened this mine. After that Charlie Lee of Hampton opened a slope on the road leading up from the Friedens Church about one third mile lots of coal was taken out there.

One day Pa was in the basement of the new cattle barn when he heard at his feet picking under the ground. It was a coal miner's, as the lateral had run right under the barn. Pa had them vacate that place. Before the two miners mentioned the news a big mine up from the barn where a great deal of coal was mined. There was a deep square air shaft boarded all the way down, upright boards stood from the ground up. There were coal cars, tracks and many iron wheels all over the huge slack piles and leaned up against the shaft was a very large airbellow. The leather was red--it had two long handles on it and was about five or six feet long. Two of us kids would get up on it at a time and look down it. It was very deep and had water in the bottom. We used to throw chuncks of slack down and hit the water. It makes me shudder to think of the danger of it. Those boards were getting rotten. Pa and Harry and Fred with help and horses scraped the whole slack pile into the coal shaft. It was at least twelve foot square all the way down. When the hard road was made in 1923 or 1921 there was slack piles all along the north bank. It was all graded down and is under the concrete between our barn and the church. Pa and Ma took a trip to Yellowstone Park. It happened to be the last year that the stage coaches took tourists through and they were fortunate too, for armed bandits held up the stage coaches just ahead of their coach. When they got to the hotel that evening all the passengers who were robbed stood in the lobby of course very excited. The robbers made them all empty their pockets and purses and diamonds and watches, onto a large cloth on the ground. Then held them at gun point while they grabbed the cloth up and made their get-a-way. They enjoyed the park very much. They took great pleasure in being close to their grandchildren on the farm--June, Donovan, Henry and Charles. The old brick house is over 103 years old and is still in fair condition. A family of seven live in it now. It has housed three generations of Frels. It takes a heap of living in a house to make it a home and the Homestead had had it. Charles Pierce bought over five acres and Frank Payne bought the cottage and one acre and a half. The land is still tilled for garden and fruit by members of the Frels family. Arthur Frels now owns the bluff 20 acres.

In World War II there were five grandsons and one great grandson of Father and Mother in the service. One of whom died in battle. He was Herbert Lief Erickson. Grandfather Frels chose a good site to build on. A hill back on the north with a southern exposure from our front porch. We get a long distance view of thousands of acres of level land with the Rock

River bordering it from Henry County. A panormic view to the east, south and west. We look down at 18 sets of farm buildings, see great electrical display in storms and pretty sunsets as well as shadows and snow storms.

Father passed away to his reward on January 5, 1936 in his home at the age of 87, of a heart attack. The Rev. Walter Tillberg and the Rev. Theodor Levander officiated at the fundral service which was held in Friedens Church. He was buried in Friedens Cemetery on the Frels farm near Barstow. Pall bearers were his nephews: Henry Gernant, Louis Hauberg, Perry Schmoll, Ben Frels, Walter Frels and Alvin Frels.

Letter of Henry Frels to His Father
Chicago, July 1, 1872

Dear Father,

I take my pen to write you a few lines how I am getting along. I am yet well and I hope my letter will find you the same. I would have written sooner but I never got a chance. I am working at the carpenter trade. I get $1.25 a day. We built a barber shop, and now we are building a store. I like it very well here, we have plenty of work tools. I haven't got money yet, I got only ten dollars worth, but I must get some more. I have worked for one boss all the while and board with him. I pay $4.25 a week for board and wash. Much news I don't have. Last Sunday we was on the lake boat riding. The way I came to write this letter, I never would had time but it rained this afternoon. Ask William and George whether they got that dollar from Ed that little coal digger. I told William Schave to tell the boys, well I must quit, it is supper time.

Yours truly,
Son H.F.
My direction is this

Chicago, Maxwell St. 266 near S. Halsted

Write me back soon.

Elizabeth Stindt Frels

Elizabeth Stindt was born August 31, 1851 in the town of Rastede, Oldenburg Land Germany. Her father was Claus Stindt and her mother's maiden name was Rebecke Wenke from Altnehundorf, Oldenburg. Claus Stindt was a sheriff and jailer for thirty years. He was appointed by Peter Frederick Augustus the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. The Stindts had one son and six daughters. The sheriff and his family lived in the jail. The mother and children were afraid many times as the father had to go after prisoners on horse back with extra horses for the prisoners who were chained and hand cuffed to the saddle, often getting back far into the night and the father called "Open the gate, prisoners". Across the street from the jail was a castle, a palace, and a clock tower. Peter Frederick Augustus the Grand Duke of the city of Oldenburg and his entourage from his Schloss Castle there, would come every summer



Aunt Elizabeth Stindt Frels

to Rastede. The Stindts enjoyed watching the royal pomp and splendor of the duke as the procession drove from the Castle to the Palace. The horses in gold and silver mount, trim harness and white lines were driven four to a carriage with livery riding front and back. The men were dressed with white pants, blue coats, red vests trimmed in gold, patent leather boots and silver spurs. To enter the Palace they drove through a large gate into the royal park where deer were grazing and swans and boats were on the lagoons. Nearby also was the "Amt House, Count House" and a clock tower and an 800 year old Lutheran Church. There was much dancing in the Palace. Elizabeth and her sister would go over and watch by peeking at the windows, the beautifully dressed people dancing. The schooling was very rigid and school master was very strict. You just had to get your lessons!

When Elizabeth was twenty-one years old and her sister, Mary, the late Mrs. Mary Hoeft of Geneseo, Illinois, was twenty they made up their minds to go to the United States of America. They came only for a visit but they never returned. (Elizabeth was born August 31, 1851 and Mary was born April 16, 1852--Mary lived to be 96 years old--she died November 3, 1948 in Geneseo, Illinois.)

Elizabeth and Mary left Bremen, Germany, in 1872 and landed at Castle Garden in New York City after six weeks of storming ocean voyage. They both did house work in New York City to get enough money for rail fare west and when they had enough for one fare Elizabeth went west and Mary went one year later when Elizabeth was married. Elizabeth came to Hampton township to the home farm of their Uncle and Aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John Wenke near Watertown, Illinois. On December 17, 1874 Elizabeth Stindt was united in marriage with Henry Frels., He was the son of Catherine and Henry Frels who was born in Hampton Township on September 12, 1848. They were married in the brick homestead in what was later their home for many years. They lived the first six years in Henry County four miles east of Geneseo on the George Frels Farm. There Emma, Frederick,and Clara were born. (Mother's wedding dress was black alpaca ribbon trimmed and she wore a long veil and a wreath of Myrtle flowers made of white kid. A gift to her by her sister Mary--it was bought in New York City. Mary was in New York and came for the wedding--the wreath and veil were arranged in a glass covered walnut frame--we still have it in the home. It is still beautiful and in perfect condition.

Claus Stindts family consists of one son Frederick, he was a musician, and band master, and there were six girls. Anna was the oldest, Helena, Elizabeth, Marie, Hermine and Sophia. Aunt Mary remained here after the wedding and worked in Geneseo where she met Henry A. Hoeft, a harness maker--he owned his shop--he came from Polzen, Germany. They were married May 24, 1877 and for the rest of their lives lived in Geneseo, Illinois. Uncle Henry lost his eye sight when he became middle aged. He did all his buying and judging of leather hides and all the cutting for the harnesses until he retired and his Albert took over the business. He was a very fine honest man and his friends and customers came from five surrounding counties. He always knew everyone by their voice when they came into the shop and spoke. They had four children. Charles was a fine piano player, Mayme, Albert, and Lenore, who was a graduate in music at the Chicago Conservatory of Music where she completed for the diamond Medal. She received the Gold Medal in voice and piano. The two sisters and husbands and families were together very often all of their lives. Mother and Father did all their buying and selling in Geneseo. It was a thriving town--the streets were always full of horses and buggies and wagons, -there was hardly a hitching post to be had.

The next day after Elizabeth and Henry's wedding a party of six in a bob sled drove to Henry County to the new home which the bridegroom had prepared. Mr. and Mrs. Adam Gernant and Mr. and Mrs. Magerkurth were with them. They had to cross Rock River at Cleveland on the ice. The ladies were drawn across the frozen river on hand sleds for the ice was not very safe in the excitement of crossing the slippery ice the bride lost her box containing her wreath and veil which the bridegroom gallantly recovered and the party proceeded them. They had good neighbors on the farm. One was Barbara Bricks.

Emma and Frederick were less than one year apart and always spoke German. Emma was a little blond and Frederick was dark. She would take him by the hand and run away from home usually to Barbara's home--then when they would ask, "Hast du pie"? she most always did have it. One time they climbed over a board gate at least Emma did--she was a great climber-- but

Freddie stuck his head between the boards. He was fat and got his head stuck--until help came. Another time after she climbed on top of the big barn and sat astride on the west gable on the home place and called to Father to look at her. He did look with horror and tried to appear calm. And in some way coaxed her down. In the year 1882 while it was still safe to move over to Rock Island County on the river ice with all livestock and farm machinery, Henry and Elizabeth and family came to live on the homestead. There Lydia, Amanda, Harry and Mae were born. The family were members of Zion Lutheran Church. Emma and Frederick were confirmed there by the Rev. Louis Winter in the German language. We were a healthy family, never needing a doctor. Mother had her home remedies that cured colds and little illnesses that children have. Theodore Frels lived on the adjoining farm east and had a family of nine children. Auntie Frels and Mother always helped each other out and when a new baby arrived at either home, one would take their cradle and baby and stay until the new baby and Mother were well enough to leave. All the children of the two Frels families are living to this day except Fred who passed away in a heart attack February 15, 1952.

After the Friedens Lutheran Church was built Mother took a great interest as did all of our family. The members served oyster suppers in our home to the public and had a Ways and Means Committee to make money to furnish the church and basement. Mother, Clara Payne, Amanda Cunningham, and Mae Pierce were charter members of the Ladies Aid Society.

We had a large apple orchard. There were Delicious, Yellow Bellflower, Strawberry, Willow Twig, Russett, Ben Davis, Snow apple, Dutchess Oldenburg and Crab apple.

Mother always had a seamstress come to sew for a week every fall and spring. Rachael Dennhardt Mosher, Bebecca Yost, Tillie Hibner and other dressmakers came. Her two nieces, Amelia and Emma Hauberg, had a dress and millinery shop in Port Byron. Amelia was a wonderful dressmaker. I remember especially a pretty dress for Mother, a rust color heneretta material, tight basque with many pretty buttons down the front, and Emma made her a bonnet to match of the same fine dress material. They made her several pretty outfits. I can remember it well and was there several times for I loved to sew and later learned the trade too.

Father and Mother celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary on December 17, 1924. Many relatives and friends were there at noon and a dinner was served on the long dining room table and many other smaller tables. Present at the Golden Wedding was Mrs. Elizabeth Gode who will be 90 years old next April. She is a sister to Father's mother. She said, "We came up from St. Louis in the late 30's by steamboat to Hampton and walked from the boat to Blacks Store, and then we walked through the brush out to John Frels. He was married at that time and had a house. Aunt Gode was a Mantler. Mother and Father Mantler both are buried in St. Louis. They lived there several years after Mother's death. Father sent us to a Sister's school for a time. We came from Landspack, Germany. Some neighbors came over with us. I was age five when we came over."

Also present at the dinner table was my father's mother's sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Mantler who was ninety years old, from Clinton, Iowa and her two daughters, Mrs. W. G. Parker and Mrs. Charles I. Parker and W. Buell Gode of Lyons, Iowa, Amelia and Will Schmoll, Emma Fairhurst of Ward, Colorado, Etta and Fred Schmoll, George and Emma Frels, Mark D. Hauberg, John H. Hauberg, Louis Hauberg, William and Bertha Frels, Mrs. Louise Schave, Mrs. Augusta Letsch, William and Anna Stuhr, Bert Hoeft, Rosena and Ada Furland of Mitchell, South Dakota, Mrs. Louise Wiltamuth, Theodore Frels, and John Mosher. All of the seven children of the honored couple were there. About 150 friends and relatives called that day--it rained and sleeted a little--there were many flowers, gifts and cards received. The celebration was held in the new bungalow that they had built in 1917 when Harry got married and took over the old place.

Father and Mother attended the St. Louis World Exposition. They took a trip west to Fred Broady's in Nebraska and to Roundup, Montana, to visit Emma, Fred and Lydia and later to Paul and Lydia Erickson's at Bruce, South Dakota.

Mother had a driving horse named Sport she drove to see her friends and to town. She always had a fine large garden close to the house and also had a flower garden. Aunt Margaret

Hauberg drove a white horse and often came to visit a few days at our home, and we were always glad to see her come. She would go to Uncle William Frels to visit also.

Father and Uncle William chose a four lot block lot together in Friedens Cemetery and placed a very fine monument in the center of it with only their two names carved on each side. Mother had the flu a few years before and did not regain her health. She passed away peacefully in her home on September 11, 1929 at the age of 78 years. She was a dear Mother and her passing away was a sorrow to her family and many friends. She had lived in the community for the last 50 years and was held in high esteem. Funeral services were conducted in Friedens Lutheran Church with the Reverend August Aden in charge. She was buried in the church cemetery. Pallbearers were Arthur Frels, Wilson Payne, grandsons, and four nephews, Bert Hoeft, Ben Frels, Perry Schmoll, and Walter Frels.

Mae Frels Pierce



Mae Frels Pierce
Charles I. Pierce
Marguerite (Peggy) Pierce

I was born May 1, 1892: the seventh and youngest child of Elizabeth and Henry Frels. My birthplace, the old brick house, built by Grandfather Frels is still used as a home on the "Old Frels Farm".

Albert Mosher and I were baptised in the Mosher Home by the Reverend Louis Winter at fourteen years of age. I was confirmed by W. H. Blancke and became a member of Friedens Lutheran Church.

My childhood was a happy one--we all had our chores and duties allotted to us, milking, feeding calves, gathering eggs, mowing the lawn, etc. We made our vegetable garden in beds which were about 6 feet by 8 feet and used a board to measure the rows and keep them straight. When the turkeys began to lay it was our duty to watch and follow them to their nests. They were very sly and would dart here and there and then suddenly disappear into a brush pile.

Our house had no central heat so we used a wood burning stove which required a well filled woodshed. Beds in those days consisted of a corn husks mattresses on bed springs, cotton blankets, and feather beds. In the fall we would pick out some of the nicest husks and place them in a ticking. The ticking had a slit left in the center so that we could stir the husks each morning when we made the beds.

Friday was our regular marketing day. We would drive through Watertown to Moline along the old river road. When Lydia went to market she often drove the buggy in the Mississippi River to soak up the wheels to make them stop rattling.

Most of our produce was sold to Bloomquists who ran a boarding house on Second Avenue and Seventeenth Street in Moline. We received 25 cents a pound for our butter, the same price Bloomquist received for a fine family style meal. Market Square where farmers brought their hay and corn for sale was on Seventeenth Street between Second and Third Avenues. A large round house watering tank was located in the center of the square.

Spring house cleaning was one of our dreaded jobs. We had rag carpets on all of the floors and they had to be taken up so that we could remove the straw under them. Of course, all of the dust was on the floor - and what a dust cloud we would raise! After we had all of the old straw cleaned out we would get fresh clean straw from the stacks, spread it evenly on the floor about three or four inches deep and then stretch the carpet tightly over the straw and tack it down to the floor. Lydia was best at this end of the job.

On the 4th of July we went to picnics at Cleveland which is located on the south side of Rock River in Henry County. We crossed the river on a ferry which held two or three buggies at a time. These picnics gave us an opportunity to visit with our Henry County relatives since they usually attended also. Later, we went to 4th of July picnics at Woodards Grove above Port Byron.

I recall our neighborhood gatherings especially those held in the winter. We went in our bob sled which consisted of a wagon box mounted on sled runners. The horses had a strap of sleigh bells on. We placed hay in the bottom of the box and covered it with blankets. Then we would get hot bricks and buffalo robes to keep us warm and climb in and sit facing each other. At these gatherings a barrel of beer was the usual thing--the men would play cards and drink beer. None of them, however, drank too much and the ladies did not drink at all.

Father always took our whole family to the circus once a year. I well remember "Buffalo Bill Cody" with his snow white hair and beard, astride his beautiful white horse.

The Joslin Fair which was usually held in August or September was the big event in my life. When the fair was in progress the buggies would start to pass our house at 6 or 7 a.m. There was so much traffic that the dust would get to be 6 or 7 inches deep. The running horses would raise such a cloud of dust that you could hardly see the rig ahead of you.

When I was about 16 years old father bought a Moline car. It was all trimmed with brass and had delco lights. I recall that he paid $1,500.00 for it but never learned to drive. We tried to keep the brass trim polished but finally gave it up.

I attended grade school at Oak Ridge where Ida Coleman was my teacher. I also took piano lessons from Mathilda Liphardt who lived in Joslin. Nora Frels and I drove there once a week for our lessons.

After I finished grade school I attended the Port Byron Academy and during that time I roomed at Reverend Harper's. I also took a dressmaking and pattern design course at Mrs. Anderson's in Moline and three months' course from Mrs. Woodyatt. I also went to Brown's Business College and later worked in the office of Marsaille in East Moline. I gave music lessons for 7 or 8 years.

I met Ira Nels Pierce during the time I worked at the office of Marsailles. We were married November 8, 1918 in Davenport by Dr. Wh. H. Blancke. Our son, Charles, was born August 3, 1919. Ira was in the insurance business and was also a Justice of the Peace in Moline. He died November 8, 1920 and shortly after Charles and I moved from Moline to the home of my parents.

In June of 1925, Frank, Clara, and Chester Payne, brother Fred, Charles and I started on a trip to California. We traveled with our own tents and camping equipment in two cars; Fred's old Model T Ford Coupe and Payne's Dodge.

On our way through South Dakota we stopped and had supper with Rosena Furland at Mitchell and then spent the night with Ada and John Furland near Mt. Vernon. At Chamberlain we crossed the Missouri River on a ferry since there was no bridge at that time. The ferry which held eight cars cost $1.00 for each car and driver and 10 cents for each passenger.

We visited Wind Cave near Hot Springs, South Dakota. At the time we were there 108 miles of the cave had been explored but only 5 miles were considered safe for tourists. It was

necessary to go down a ladder to enter the cave and since there were no electric lights every third person carried a gas latern.

We were fortunate to arrive at Lodge Grass, Montana on July 4th for the big Crow Indian Rodeo which was held every year. There were about 7,000 Indians at the rodeo all colorfully dressed in bright colored shawls, beads, bracelets, jackets, etc. The old men were an interesting sight with brightly colored rags braided into their long hair. They had their shirt tails on the outside of their trousers, wore beautiful beaded vests and big earrings and smoked long pipes.

Music was furnished by an Indian band which played very poor music. All contests were announced in Indian and translated into English for the white visitors.

The wild horse race was one of the most interesting contests and was entered by both Indians and cowboys. The wild horses which had just been brought in from the range were brought out to the track. If they would not be led out they were blindfolded, thrown and dragged. While the saddle and bridles were placed the riders would often bite their horses ears to get a little control over them. Then they were off--fifteen horses all on the track at one time were squealing, bucking and jumping over each other. The first who got his horse around the track and under the wire won a fine bridle.

One of the most interesting events was a tepee raising contest between two pairs of sqaws. Four old bucks acted as judges for the contest. The squaw on one team brought her tepee poles in tied to her horse while the other had her poles in an old wagon. A bell rang and the contest began--they first put up four poles tied together part way down from the top. Then they spread out the bottoms of the poles so that they would stand up. The next step was to lean four more poles up so that the bottom became a circle. Then the tepee canvas was wrapped around and fastened to the poles and as a final step the canvas was tied down to stakes driven in the ground.

The Indians had moved in for three days and had camped in along wide valley. As we drove by we could see their camp fire burning and see the old bucks sitting in groups smoking. They held a war dance the evening we were there, but we did not see it since we did not want to camp too close to them.

When we reached Oregon Fred, Clara, and I went to Elkton to visit the Well's girls. The road to their town was very rough--in places in the mountains it was made of poles laid close together for the roadbed. There were ferns all along the road 7 or 8 feet high so it was a lovely drive even if it was rough.

We arrived in Oakland, California in September and Charles started to school there. The following spring we went home and he finished the year at Oak Ridge School.

In 1928 we bought the railroad restaurant at Barstow. For a number of years we were open twenty-four hours a day including Sundays, but at present we are open from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. and are closed on Sundays.

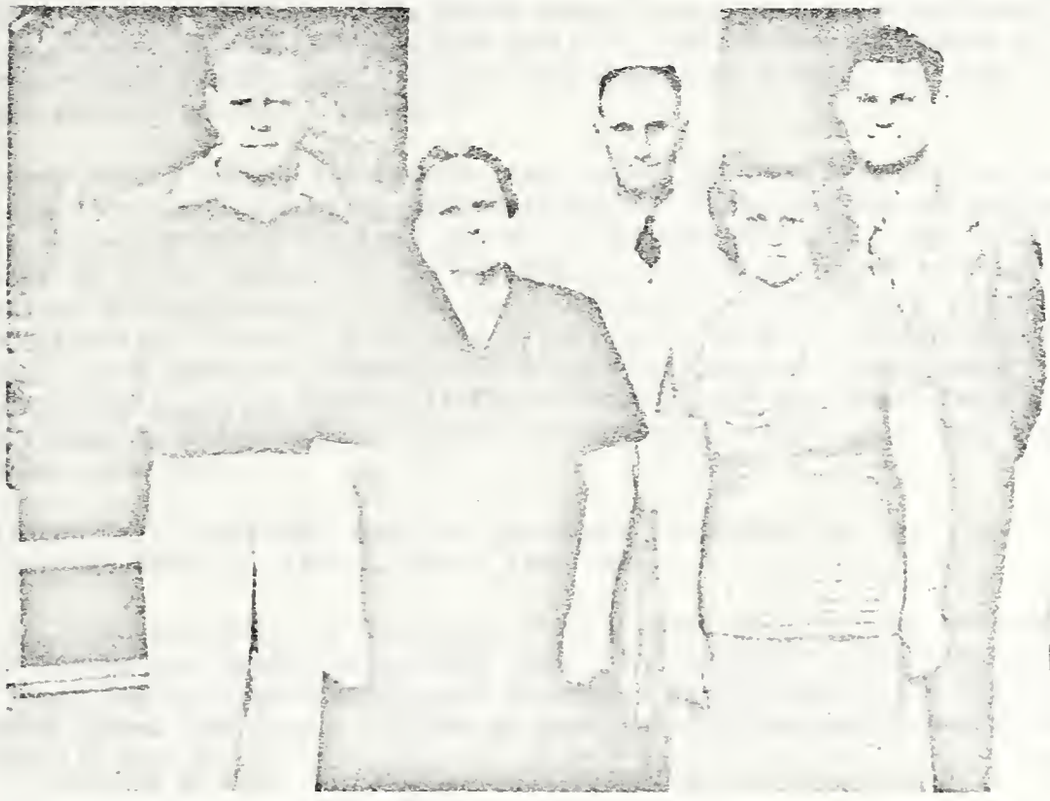
In 1947 Emma and I rented the restaurant for a year and took a trip to Phoenix, Arizona, California, Oregon and back to the State Game Lodge at Custer State Park, South Dakota, where we worked for the summer.

I worked two other summers at the Game Lodge.

I have always enjoyed traveling and have traveled north, south, east and west in the United States. I have also traveled in Canada and the Mexican boarder towns.

In 1938 Charles and I built the home in Barstow where I now reside.

Harry Henry Frels



The Harry Henry Frels Family
Son Donovan, Myrtle Savage Frels, H. Henry III,
Daughter June Frels Eddleman & Henry IV.

I was born April 3, 1889, in Hampton Township in Rock Island County in the brick house built by my Grandfather Henry Frels, assisted by his children. The brick were made and kilned on the farm.

My parents were Henry and Elizabeth Frels. I attended the Oak Ridge School and later the Port Byron Academy. My wife was Myrtle L. Savage, daughter of Robert and Ella Rowe Savage of Port Byron.

As a young man I was offered several good jobs, one of them being by Colonel French of Davenport, but my parents would not let me accept and I had to stay on the farm, which I did until I was fifty years old.

Our daughter June was graduated from East Moline High School and took a course in bookkeeping, which has come in handy, as she keeps books for her husband's business. She married T. H. Eddleman of East Moline. He joined the O.K. Rubber Welders Association and was located in Silvis where they built a home, later moving to Macon, Georgia, where he has a production shop and four retail stores. They have one daughter, Shirley Ann. They moved into their new brick/home in March of 1953. And in March of 1954 the interior was destroyed by a tornado, the four outside walls remaining intact. There were six of us in the house at the time but fortunately no one was seriously injured, but there were plenty of shattered nerves. Our older son, Harry Donovan , graduated from East Moline High and attended Augustana College, working as billing clerk for the Merchants Motor Freight Company. While at Augustana he took CAP training, being selected for further training, he went to St. Joseph, Missouri, where he attended the University and received his pilots license. He enlisted in the Marines and served three years. He was honor man of his platoon and served 18 months in the South Pacific as a Radar Technician with the First Marine Air Wing, was in two major battles. After being mustered out he entered the University of Southern California from which he graduated, later taking a special course in Salesmanship.

Donovan married Dorothy Swisher, daughter of Mrs. Leone Swisher, formerly of Lincoln, Nebraska. Dorothy was raised in Lincoln, Nebraska, and is a graduate from the University of Nebraska, being a member of Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority and graduated Phi Beta Kappa in 1941. They met in California and were married April 30, 1947. They purchased a home in North Hollywood where they reside. Don was with the Carnation Company for some time but at present is with the Hoffman T.V. Company.

Our younger son, Henry Frels, the fourth, also graduated from East Moline High School, later attending Augustana, while working as a metalurgist in the laboratory at the East Moline Malleable. He enlisted in the Army Air Force and received his wings as a pilot in less than a year at La Junta, Colorado. He was made an instructor in twin-motored planes and spent practically his three years in the U.S., although he was credited with 14 trans-Atlantic crossings ferrying troops. After his discharge he entered the University of Rochester, New York, from which he graduated with honors in Optical engineering. He married Della Nelson of California and at present is Physicist with the Northup Aviation Company in Pasedena and their home is being made at present in Monrovia, their house being in Palo Alto where they lived for some time.

His two children carry the same names as his Great Grandparents, Henry and Catherine Frels. Henry being the fifth in line to carry that name.

All of our children attended the Oak Ridge School where their father attended and where their Grandmother Savage had taught as a young lady. We purchased a farm in Henry County in 1929 but owing to my father's declining years we stayed on the home place until after his death when we moved to our own farm. In 1949 we sold our farm and purchased a small home in Geneseo where we still reside.

When the hard road went through they blasted the big tree and it broke most every window in the brick house. Harry and Myrtle lived there then and broken glass lay thick all around the ground hardly a window pane was left. June and Don were small and had to be kept in the house on account of the glass. It also did crack the east outside wall from top to ground that did not show up till later years. As the brick began to settle and a crack about two inches wide showed up. After that the cement paying was laid just about over the spring on the south side but the water came out again just over the fence and to the west about four or five rods. Father made a plank well around it and set a tank there for the cattle also later Harry put in a small iron pump--the water is still running there and the posts and fence around it is there now--August 1947.

Amanda Henrietta Frels Cunningham

Amanda Henrietta Frels Cunningham was born November 15, 1886, the fifth child of Henry and Elizabeth Stindt Frels. I was baptised by Rev. Winter, confirmed in Friedens Lutheran Church, now "Peace", by Dr. W. H. Blancke, where I still hold membership. I attended Oak Ridge School, my first teacher being D. W. Mumma. All the neighbors children 12 to 15 would gather at our house. Sometimes the snow was very deep, over the fence tops and a hard crust would form so we could walk over it. I wore wool mittens and wool stockings which Mother knit for me, over my shoes and overshoes to keep my feet dry. She was a very fast knitter, did it in the evening as we always did the supper dishes, Mae and I one evening and Harry and Lydia the next. After dishes were done we made taffy candy out of molasses and pulled it until it was real light colored, then would cut it in small pieces and put it on a plate to harden.

We used to have house dances at the various homes. Many a dance we had in our home.

When our church "Friedens Lutheran" was being built we had many an oyster supper in our home for the church. We had a large long table in our dining room and also had one in our parlor. Mother and Mrs. Reinold Letsch always had a hand in making the oyster stew, which was very good.

Christmas at home was a happy one. We would put our plates around the dining room table, nine with Mother and Father. In the morning there was lots of excitement as our plates would be filled with candy and our gifts by our plates and a sumptous goose dinner at noon.

In later years we always had a Christmas tree with candles. I never missed a Christmas at home as long as my parents were living. We children slept upstairs in the winter, between feather beds which mother had made from goose feathers. We had a large apple orchard east of the house and would store bushel after bushel of apples in our cellar, enough to last all winter and make two barrels of cider. When it got too strong to drink, it went to vinegar so we had our own vinegar and molasses in barrels with a spigot to draw from.

We would butcher in the spring and grind gallons and gallons of sausage into wash tubs which had been cleaned, previous, for the purpose. We would stuff the sausage into casings which we had cleaned and soaked in salt water. After the sausage was stuffed we would hang it in the smoke house with hams, shoulders and bacon. Hickory wood was used for smoking. The smoke house was getting old, as it was the old brick house Grandfather had built and we only had it smoking three days when one of the walls caved in.



Amanda Frels Cunningham
Oscar James Cunningham

I remember the old spring along the road which was walled up with brick, where I often drew water and father told me that in the early days the Indians used to get water there. When the hard road was built the old spring was closed, so now the road is over where the old spring was. There is one across the road in the pasture which is still in use.

We often heard the wolves howl in the evening as they made their way from the bottom land to the bluff. They would follow the old creek East of the old Homestead. I also think of the band of Gypsies that came along one time when Lydia, Mae, Harry and Winnie Colegrove and I were home alone, as Mother and Father had gone to Moline with their butter, eggs and other produce to do their weekly shopping, which took all day. They drove a team of horses, in the good old horse and buggy days. The Gypsies stopped at our house, so we all hid in the hay mow. When they finally drove on, Winnie and Lydia got up enough courage to untie a cross bull which was in the orchard, by the road. About that time Mother and Father came home from Moline. We were sure glad to see them home.

Every year the folks used to go to a circus, taking all the kids and some of the neighbors along in the three seated canopy surrey. That was always a big day. Circus parade in the morning and we ate our dinner at a boarding house at noon and went to the circus in the afternoon. One of the big events at the circus was Buffalo Bill "William Cody" riding on his fine horse, shooting balls that were thrown nearly to the top of the tent, which he very seldom missed, and the Indians followed.

We took sewing and drafting lessons from Mrs. Woodyatt at Moline and sewed for neighbors. I got fifty cents a day. Then I thought I would like to go to Chicago to sew. So sister

Lydia, who was with the Illinois Central Railroad as stenographer at that time, got me a job with Madam Becker on State Street across from Marshall Fields store at $15.00 a week. That looked pretty big to me so I went to Chicago to sew. I sewed for a while.

When I came home I got married. I taught Sunday School for 15 years and am a charter member of the Ladies Aid Society. I was president two years, vice president 8 years and secretary and treasurer for a couple of years. I am also a charter member of the Rock River Valley unit of the Home Bureau.

I played the mandolin with Williams orchestra at East Moline. We gave concerts at various places and at several church programs and with an orchestra of six pieces for dances one winter.

The marriage of Amanda Henrietta Frels and Oscar James Cunningham took place June 24, 1908 in the Henry Frels home with about seventy five guests present. The Rev. W. H. Blancke, pastor of Friedens Lutheran Church officiating. We went to Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Louis on our honeymoon. Thinking we would avoid being Charivaried, brother Harry took us to Moline with horse and buggy, to catch the train, but when the train came through Barstow, the crowd was waiting for us and held the train about twenty minutes for all to go through as Oscar was operator at Barstow at that time.

In our married years we have taken a trip every year and have been in every state of the Union and from Nova Scotia to Vancouver in Canada and Mexico City and many other points in Old Mexico. Here of late we have been spending our winters in Florida, Arizona, and California. Have bought a 28 foot trailer with modern conveniences and have it in Palmetto Trailer Park, Palmetto, Florida, so will spend our winters in Florida and summers in Barstow.

Oscar James Cunningham

Oscar James Cunningham, son of Joseph M. and Susan Anne Cunningham, was born in Erie, Illinois, September 1, 1885. At the age of seven years he started to work as a printers devil for the Erie Independent and continued in the printing business until 1903, then came to Barstow and worked at C. B. & Q. station until 1904, then to Valpariso, Indiana University where learned Telegraphy and typing. He worked in newspaper and job printing offices spare time and took election returns by telegraph when Theodore Roosevelt ran for President. From there to Ireton, Iowa on C. & N. W. Railroad as operator and then with C. B. & Q. at various places including Crow Agency, Montana and Clearmont, Wyoming. At Crow Agency about twenty Indians slept in the depot waiting room and were too lazy to carry coal if the fire died down. I took a nap one night and the fire went out and when I awoke there was a squaw crouched behind the office stove. She had crawled over a lattice work separating the office from the waiting room. At Clearmont, Wyoming, a small town with four saloons, a barber shop, and a grocery store. Every Saturday night sheep herders for miles around came in to get drunk and shoot up the town. At that time Buffalo, Wyoming which was not on a railroad, hauled all their freight by team and wagon, forty to fifty wagons in a train, to and from Clearmont.

In the fall of 1907 he came to Barstow as telegraph operator and in 1911 became Agent and continued as such until retirement October, 1947, receiving a pin for 44 years of railroad service.

He married Amanda Henrietta Frels June 24, 1908.

In the early days at Barstow there were ten passenger trains and as many as thirty freight trains in and out of Barstow daily. Up to about 1912 all coal for engines, about 200 tons per day, was shoveled from cars into chute pockets by hand, by men for nine cents per ton, some of the men handling as high as seventy tons a day. A day then was as long as they were able to keep at it. The old coal chute, pump plant and one water tank, were then located just south of what is now the new yard, which was built in 1911. A second water tank was located at the east end of the old yard near the upper crossing and all of this equipment was torn down when the new coal chute and water tank were built south of where the depot now

stands and a new pumping plant built on the bank of Rock River. All of this equipment is idle now and is expected to be torn down, since the Diesel engines have replaced all of the steam engines through Barstow.

The Sterling train, better known to old timers as "Mike Burkes Train", made two round trips from Sterling to Barstow daily except Sunday and handled about a car load of mail, baggage and express into Barstow each trip, which had to be transferred to connecting north and southbound trains both morning and evening: 75 to 100 baskets of bread, 75 ten gallon cans of milk and cream, 25 or 30 trunks and many other things in like amounts. A short time after Mr. Burke retired a gas electric combination, engine, mail, baggage and express and passenger compartments all in one car was put on this run and tied up at Barstow, making only one round trip daily except Sunday to Shabbona, Illinois and return to Barstow. A brick and wood structure was built to house this car. This house and the gas electric burned down and a short time later this run was discontinued.

In 1918 Oscar helped organize The Rock River Valley Light and Power Company and acted as secretary, issuing all stock,reading meters and making bills and collecting them. First electric lights in Barstow were turned on that fall and the next spring the line was completed to Hillsdale. This line was later sold to The Peoples Power Company.

The next day after he retired, he took off for a seven months' vacation in the West, covering ten thousand miles on the trip.

Oscar is a member of the Peace (Friedens) Lutheran Church, Clement Lodge of Masons, No. 680 A. F.A.M. Colona, Illinois, and Moline Consistory and Co-Ordinate Bodies A. A.S.R. Moline, Illinois.

Lydia Anna Frels



Paul Erickson, wife Lydia Frels Erickson, their son Herbert Lief and daughter Lois Pauline

I was born on February 26, 1884, daughter of Elizabeth and Henry Frels, in the brick house and attended grade school in the Mosher School. I was confirmed in Friedens Lutheran Church on August 5, 1902. Emma and Lydia left for Ward, Colorado to visit cousins, Amelia and Will Schmoll and Hazel and Emma and Bert Fairhurst. We left Boulder via Denver on October 20, 1902 for home. About a year later I took a business course at Brown's Business College in Moline, Illinois. Then I went to Chicago and did stenographic work at the Illinois Central Railroad, Illinois Steel Company and a few other places until 1911.

During this period in Chicago, Cousin Mayme Hoeft and I went East on a vacation to New York City, Washington, D.C., Philadelphia, Niagara Falls and Detroit, Michigan.

In 1911 I went to Roundup, Montana on a vacation to see sister Emma and Art Henniger. There I filed on a claim and resigned my position in Chicago.

I went to Billings, Montana to work that winter. In the spring I went out to spend the summer on my homestead. I continued this arrangement until June 1915 when I "Proved up" and got patent to SE $\frac{1}{2}$ Sec. 12 Twp. 9 North of Range 22 East of Montana Meridan signed by President Woodrow Wilson.

In 1915 I won a contest for expenses for a trip to San Francisco, California to the Panama Pacific International Exposition. Also went to the Exposition in San Diego which was held the same year.

Back to Roundup and worked as a clerk in a recorder's office in the court house until November 1917.

I married Paul O. Erickson December 1, 1917 and lived on his ranch near Emory, Montana. Lois Pauline was born November 20, 1918 and Herbert Lief was born November 4, 1920. We sold the ranch in 1926 and moved to Illinois for two years. We bought a farm in Brookings County, South Dakota and sold it in December 1946. In January 1947 Paul and I left the farm and started on a six month trip south and to the west coast and north to Portland, Seattle and Victoria, British Columbia.

We arrived in Custer State Park in the Black Hills, South Dakota on July 1, 1947 where we still are living at this time in 1953.

Herbert, our son, lost his life in World War II at Rhineberg, Germany on March 5, 1945.

Lois, our daughter, was married to Robert M. Hoelzle in Portland on July 23, 1948. Her daughter, Gail Ann was born April 23, 1950 and Roberta Pauline was born January 1, 1952.

Frederick William Frels



The Henry Frels Children
Sitting: Clara Payne, Emma Henninger.
Standing: Lydia Erickson, Henry Harry, Amanda Cunningham, Fred, Mae Pierce.

Frederick William Frels was born August 23, 1877 in Henry County, Edford Township. He was the son of Henry and Elizabeth Stindt Frels. He was baptised in Edford Lutheran Church and moved to Rock Island County with his parents in 1882. He was confirmed in Zion Lutheran Church by Rev. Louis Winter in Hampton Township and later became a member of Friedens (Peace) Lutheran Church.

He attended Mosher School, now known as Oak Ridge, through the eighth grade. Later Alvin Frels and Fred attended Port Byron Academy driving with a horse and cart each day.

He had a bicycle with a little wheel in back and a very large wheel in front and the seat was on the top of the big wheel. It was the only one in the neighborhood so it was quite an attraction. All of the neighbor children would come over to ride on it.

Fred played Father's violin for country house dances. He married Maud Rose Pattmore November 2, 1904 in Davenport by the Rev. W. H. Blancke who was at that time pastor of our church. He has one son, Arthur T. Frels and two grandchildren, Lester and Marvella, and one great grandson, Ronald Allan Frels, a son of Lester.

He and Maud were divorced and in 1911 Fred went to Roundup, Montana where he took up a government claim of one hundred and sixty acres at Wheaton, Montana. He grain farmed his Homestead Land for five years and in 1916 he enlisted for three years, was a veteran of the Primitive Expedition to Mexico as a member of the Montana Militia. Fred had a son Arthur

and a grandson Lester in World War II. After returning to his Homestead from Mexico he made many trips to the Snowy Mountains to get fence posts which was about 15 miles to fence in his homestead. There were lots of rattle snakes, prairie dogs and many antelope, also wild horses roaming the range.

He and Ken Hende and Art Henninger took a trip into far north Canada on the train where the ties were laid on top of muskeg and as the small train traveled over the track the water squashed out from the ties. They went to Smith's landing on Great Slave Lake. He told what an interesting trip they had.

In June 1922 he and Emma and Art Henninger went to Elkton, Oregon to visit Mary and Flora Wells. The women went logan berry picking--they look much like large blackberries. The road going up to their farm is along a mountain side. Corduroy much of the way.

Frank Wells lived in Elkton, Douglas County. He took Fred deer hunting in the mountains. They shot one deer. They also went fishing in the Umpqua River for salmon.

Later he sold his Homestead and went to Oakland, California where Frank and Clara Payne lived and while there he worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad for seven years. He worked near Potterville in the orange and lemon groves for two years. He then came back to Illinois to live on his 20 acre farm until he passed away in a heart attack on February 15, 1952. Fred is the eighth to be buried on the joint lots in Friedens Cemetery. He did a lot of the grading of the hill for this cemetery and all of this work was done with horses and scoop shovels.

Clara Helena Frels Payne



Clara Frels Payne and Frank Payne

Clara Helena Frels was born in Edford Township in Henry County, Illinois on December 11, 1881. I was christened in Zion Lutheran Church by the Rev. Louis Winter on April 1882. My parents were Elizabeth Stindt and Henry Frels. Benjamin Frels owns and lives on that farm now. There were seven children in our family. We all grew up on the homestead farm in Rock Island County. The large house is brick with eleven rooms and it had a picket fence of square pickets painted red, across the front of the yard. We children used to stand on the fence and watch the people drive past to town and church and about March 1st in the spring I was always interested to see the farmers moving to other places. There would be big hay racks loaded with the household furniture and children sitting here and there. It was always a large procession. We would tell our parents we want to move too. It would be so much fun, cattle and horses and always brought up the rear with men and boys keeping them together. Pa and Ma just smiled.

Oak Ridge School was three-fourths of a mile to walk. Our neighbor and cousins, Theodore Frels family of nine children, together were two large families. The attendance in school was five and six Frels boys and girls, for a long period of years. We had spelling bees with Cook School. In the

winter, grown boys and girls 18 and 21 years old attended school. There were mostly men teachers. I was quite small when after recess, school was called, the girls filed in on one side of the school room and the boys came in the door on the other side of the room. When Bessie Warren, later Mrs. Frank Wainwright, had a broom in her hand, being furious at Chris Stahlberg who walked in opposite her, both grown-ups, she threw the broom high and swift across the room at him--he dodged and it hit the bracket lamp and reflector on the window frame. The glass flew all over the place. The teacher was on the platform and I always remember the look of surprise on his face. Daniel Mumma, the teacher, Ella and John Devinney, grown-ups, came to our school in a cutter sleigh most of the time. John was expelled from his own school, the Sycamore. It had the name of being a tough school for teachers. Daniel Mumma taught Oak Ridge many years. He was a great singer. He drove a democrat buggy and one horse and drove past our house and took us along sometimes, and we all sang going to school. We had many exhibitions and always hardly standing room. In a spelling contest I once won first prize which was a tumbler cranberry colored thumb print glass. This summer we drove to Galena, Illinois and there in an antique store I saw one just like it. The price was $7.50. Mine got broken a few years ago. Some of the teachers were May Reddick, Mary Eddleman, Gertie Beal, William Sherman of Rapid City, William Dow, Grace Dow, Charlet Bromley, Mr. Baker, Ella Crompton, Edna Crompton, Anna and Ida Coleman.

Ma sent me to William Stuhrs, our neighbor, on errands sometimes. Grandma Stuhr lived with them. She always was glad to have us come. I would tell her stories in German. She spoke only a little English, and how she would laugh at me. I kept right on talking. She would buy red calico for me for a dress from the traveling grocer wagon and always had a piece of candy for me. I always remember while there, sitting on a chair, how white the floor was scrubbed and most of all how loud the clock ticked. At home we had a large clock also but I never heard it. Stuhrs had no children. Later they took a girl about eight years old, she was Winifred Colegrove and she went to school with us. She left there when she was 18 years old and is now Mrs. Mirkle and lives in Los Angeles--we correspond with each other.

Pa drove to Barstow with a top box wagon and spring seat for things from the Swisher store. He had things in the back of the wagon. I went along and between the two railroad crossings were trains, the engines making much noise. The team became frightened and reared up and wanted to turn around. Pa had a whip and used it, I got scared and jumped down from the high seat and landed with two feet into a big box of eggs packed in oats to keep from breaking. How it crunched--Pa said "Don't stomp around, Clara. Just stand still." Well, we got to the store--no farmers had egg cases then, only the grocer wagons which had a top on and three decks and carried all sorts of merchandise. Siles Baker from Hampton and Swisher from Barstow, came past our home once a week. We always had eggs to sell and bought from them. They carried yard goods and we ordered and got most anything and they would bring it the next time, stove pipe, wash tubs, board pails--about anything one needs, as well as all notions.

I remember when our family attended the Zion Lutheran or the Brick Church, as we called it. I enjoyed Christmas Eve there. We always went in a bob sled. They had a high white mechanical tree that turned around and around all evening and had lighted candles on it and little animals, etc. Later on there was a split in the congregation over lodges and the Farmer's Alliance, which of the later Pa was a member. About ten large families left the church and for several years church services were held in the Oak Ridge school, then they decided to build the Friedens Lutheran Church. I attended German confirmation school with 12 others for two full years. Five days a week and I had one-fourth mile to go to the class which was confirmed April 11, 1897--the first class in the new church. The pastor was Reverend E. Gentner. I spoke the German well. We four older children learned it in our home. I taught a Sunday School class in German for a while--we had German speaking sermons. Then alternating with English every other Sunday, and then we dropped the German altogether. I have always been a member of this church and in 1953 we built onto the church a large extension.

Our first organ was a flat top second hand one. Pa bought it from a school in Geneseo. A Mr. Schaeffer brought it over--we all took music lessons. The organ was later replaced by

a new organ, then a piano. Emma and Adella Frels took lessons at Port Byron Academy driving in a cart five miles one way. When it was muddy they rode horseback. Teachers came to our home. They were Rosena Hauberg, Tillie Liphardt and Mrs. Anthony Koch. We all enjoyed music and singing, and had many parties and dances in our home. We had two large rooms to dance in--most all the neighbors who had children had house dances. About all had large families--there were seventeen in the Coleman family; we often attended dances there. We always had refreshments--the girls brought the cake and cookies. There were several fiddlers and three and four piece orchestras. There were no movies or even telephones--then the country telephone came first. That was wonderful--Fred and Alvin Frels were working to make a telephone between our two houses. They collected wire from old brooms but they never got the thing working--they collected all sorts of wire.

They were two side events in 1877. A bearded professor named Bell talked five miles over a stovepipe wire strung along a rail fence. (Probably the world's first telephone line, you see, was a "farmer's line".) Same year, another Tinkerer, Thomas Edison, announced his "talking machine", but cautioned he, "I don't think much of it for home entertainment!"

The dances which we had were held in the homes of J. Wiltamuth, G. Klebe, William Frels, Henry Frels, J. Oltman, R. Letsch, C. Benseberg, Hy Knockemus, and William Letsch's new barn. Dances were given in halls at Hampton and Watertown, Joslin, Barstow and Port Byron and our crowd all went. I remember when we girls played and used to put on Mother's hoop skirt. It was made of wire and had straps and a little buckle on it. Aunt Mary Hoeft also had one and so did Mrs. Jennie Payne, Frank's mother. There was in those days special chairs to sit on called bustle chairs.

Lydia and I helped with the chores, milking and breaking corn for the cattle, sometimes driving the mowing machine and hay rake, when the hay was put in the two large barns. We had to pull the long rope back, the hay was drawn up to the carrier track by two horses, and we did not like that job as it took a long time there were so many loads. It always was a dusty job with crickets and grasshoppers jumping all over the barn yard. We also picked corn, had our own team and wagon and picked two big loads a day. Pa paid us three cents a row and Saturday night we got our pay. Then we even unloaded the corn. We always got to the field early when the frost still was on.

I went to Rock Island to learn the dressmaking trade when I was sixteen years old at Mrs. Boyds shop on Second Avenue in the William Bailey wholesale groceries building. I learned to cut patterns by a model which I always used thereafter. Tight fitted bodiee lining and all skirts lined was the style at that time. There were five girls learning there. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey lived in an apartment then also, for it was a large wholesale house. Morehound candy was made in the basement in a large copper kettle. We could smell it on the upper floors and went down to see them make it.

I boarded and roomed on Seventeenth Street and Eighth Avenue at Mrs. Otto Herketts. She was a fine cook and kept table boarders. She had two hired girls evenings and Sundays and I helped wait on tables and wash dishes for my board. I was there all winter. There was lots of sewing to do in our own family of five girls. I sewed for many people at 50 cents a day--they came to get me and I stayed at their home until I finished. That looks like little pay but the top hired man got $18.00 a month--I got 75 cents later.

There were five ferries to cross Rock River to Henry County just southeast of Joslin which was Nelsons, then Angeles, Hass, Cleveland, Colona. We crossed on all of them. Gotches grove in Cleveland where the 4th of July picnics were held every year, many of our Henry County relatives and friends were there. We always went as did most all our neighbors. Always there were big basket dinners and dancing at night. There I met a certain young man, Frank Payne and his friends. In the evening I found out he was a good dancer of which I enjoyed dancing too. Romance began when I was nineteen--we were married in the home of my parents by Dr. William H. Blancke of Davenport on November 28, 1901. We went to Chicago for our honeymoon. I had never seen Lake Michigan before and I was really surprised that I could not see the shore across it.

We lived on Frank's father's farm near Osborn for a number of years--we had several hired men and a hired girl. The men set a trout line in Rock River which bordered the farm. They caught many fish, perch and catfish and large sturgeon. Old Mr. Loverenz would come to our home with a market basket half full of dressed fish to sell. He walked all the way. We always bought them. Much hay was put up, all with horses--the large barn size 60' x 160' held much hay and in the winter they bailed it and hauled it to Osborn to load it in box cars and shipped it to Moline and Rock Island. Our barn had four driveways through it to unload the hay--it was filled to the top. They put up 250 acres of hay--we had eight to ten men and we had lots of cooking to do and baked all the bread. There was a corn crib on one end and horse stables on the other end of the barn. It had a large cupola--it was the largest barn around. Frank helped in the building of it. After William Payne sold the farm and we had built our home on our farm--there was a tenant on the farm and one Sunday at noon this barn burned to the ground and with it eleven horses. It's thought that a Ford car out late the night before and parked in the barn might have had sparks from cigar fallen to the car floor and smoldered in waste packing or the felt floor mat.

We were blessed with a dear baby boy on January 21, 1904. He was named Wilson Frels Payne. In the winter often in January Rock River came up and flooded the whole country. Our only outlet was on the railroad track on foot. The C B & Q Railroad went through the north of the farm and the river bordered all the south end. Then it would freeze thick ice. We got our mail at the Osborn post office. We could put our skates on in our house and get on the ice by the yard gate and skate over fences and down to river to get our mail. Frank always had to have his daily papers. I often skated to get it--one time Frank made a short cut over the railroad waterway--the ice wore thin underneath and he broke through it about seven feet of water. He went in all over and luckily got out. It was below zero and he was on his way home. His clothes froze on him stiff as a board. He walked right into the house and stood by the high heating stove as I unbuckled his leather leggings and got his skates off. His sheep skin jacket and mittens were hard to get off as he simply could not bend.

There were winter floods which were the worst, and spring floods. At the time of the spring, the wild geese and ducks migrate north. There in the meadow are about an area of five hundred acres with not a tree on it. There the geese and ducks spent the night. No hunter could get to them and they knew it. About sundown they started to land. There were thousands of them--some flew low right over our house. How they honked all night when they were disturbed by stock around the farm--they would raise up and settle back, the sky was grey with them. Frank got several geese by approaching a flock feeding on the ground by walking on the offside of a horse to within shooting distance. We had two good cattle ponies to ride after our mail--Dick and Sam. I often got the shot gun and took it to the men to shoot a goose. They just smiled but never shot at them. All that was about fifty years ago--one does not see that now. Here, last fall we saw three flocks of geese, their formation in flight and their honks are a pretty sight to see in the fall as they go south--signs of cold weather.

We had a road about two miles around the hay field to Joslin where we bought groceries and merchandise at two stores, Will Whiteside's and Ed Donahey's. The prairie chickens would run on the road ahead of the horses, then dash into the tall grass. Snakes would get tangled in the buggy spokes and make a sound or fall off the hub. We also bought groceries from Louis Tofte in Osborn. He got to be Post Master after Mrs. Reiter died. Dr. and Mrs. Reiter had it for years. We always went to the Rock Island County Fair at Joslin all four days. The C. B. & Q. Railroad ran an excursion to the fair which brought large crowds from the Tri-Cities. Our uncles and aunts and cousins, the Frels clans and George Paynes and Charles Paynes would come over. Four different ferries, the Nelsons, Angles, Hass and Cleveland, went over Rock River. Wilson was getting to be a big boy when about three years old his grandfather Payne gave him a silver dollar, We kept a kindle hatchet in the wood box. He got it and set on the door sill in the kitchen and was chopping on the silver dollar. I asked him what he was doing and he answered, "I want to chop it open to see all the pennies in it." Wilson's Grandparents, Frels and Payne, thought the world of him. He often stayed in both of their homes. Wilson was with the Frels while Frank and I took a vacation trip east to Niagara Falls and Boston and New York City, Washington and by boat down the Potomac River

and into Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk, Virginia, and we went on an exposition there and to New Port News. On the farm ice cutting and hauling and packing and stove wood sawing and butchering beef and hogs was an annual event. Before we left there the RFD mail route out of Hillsdale brought our mail to us. My cousin from Geneseo, Charles Hoeft, lived with us two years to regain his health. He was a fine piano player. Frank played the coronet and Mert Tinsman came over and he played the violin, and Alfred Freed came up from Moline for a few days and he played the violin. We had a fine orchestra and they played sometimes all afternoon and night until two o'clock in the morning. They all loved to play! Freed played in a Moline Light Guard Band for the Joslin Fair, Charles Hinkley stayed with us all the time that we farmed there and came with us to the farm that we bought. He was a good guitar player and also was a good cook.

On our farm near Barstow, the house was close to the river just across the road. It was always interesting to watch the ice break up and go out. It would gorge and pile up along the bank with a grinding cracking noise as it broke off small trees and scared large ones, taking the bark off. There was a long fine grove of trees on our river front. Then the water would raise fast as it gorged sometimes two feet in an hour. No one worked then, we all were out to watch that river. Large trees would go down caught in the ice pack. One year while the water was over the top of all fences, it froze two and one-half feet and over. Sister Emma and daughter Bessie driving the horse Spot drove in a buggy on ice over the tops of fences to come to visit us. We drove our auto over the tops of fence posts. There was the drunken slough bridge high up and the ice was a foot thick on that bridge floor. The water dropped a lot and the ice was too slick to get up on the bridge so the folks drove to one side of it. Sometimes all the farmers were shut off to Barstow for six weeks at a time. One always had to get prepared and stock up on foods. Oh, the fences with the wire frozen in the ice as the water fell, the heavy ice taking the fence posts right down with it into the soft mud and drove them so deep only 8 inches of the top stuck above the ground. People who do not know about that ice damage would ask why the fence posts were cut off.

August 28, 1921, the Frels clan came to Payne's home for a picnic dinner. There were 94 present. They came in nineteen autos and one horse and buggy. It was held in the grove by the river which is in the front of the house. John H. Hauberg took pictures of the six family groups. On May 14, 1914, another dear little boy arrived in our home. Now Wilson had a brother named Chester Harry. As they grew up, the river was always an attraction for the boys and their friends. I almost always went in the boat and swimming with them. That was better than worrying at home about them. Up the river a little way was the Cleveland Mill Dam and also a coffer dam where coal was taken out of the river. The water was deep and swift there--the boys had a trout line in front of our house and caught a lot of fish. There were many clam boats on the river. The clams brought a big price. When the William Paynes celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in their apartment in Rock Island, the children all sat at small tables. When Chester was about three years old they saw something on our table that they did not have, and he came to our table to ask what we had in our tall glassss. I said that it was oyster cocktail and he asked, "Muver, has they got eyes?" About this same age or a little older Chet was missing late one evening and I went to the barn and looked everywhere and called. We had a new chicken house between the house and barn when I came back I took a look in it and there high up on the roost perched among the chickens was Chet. The chickens all round him--what possessed him or what he was thinking of one wonders.

When on the William Payne farm I took Wilson to Rock Island to the circus when we got back to Osborn on the train Frank was there to meet us. We were in the store there and Wilson was standing on the counter and telling the people what he saw at the circus. When he got to the elephants he took hold of his nose with one hand and put the other hand in the back of him and said that they have a tail on both ends. His Grandpa Payne took him home to Rock Island on the train for a few days. And at the depot Wilson saw his first negro. He was a porter and he was not afraid, but held onto Grandpa's hands and asked questions the porter understood, and he came up to them and smiled at Wilson, then talked to him.

Our first radio was a home made one from Emil Schadt in Rock Island for $2.00. Then we had to buy the ear phones and we thought it was wonderful. Two of us could listen at a time by separating the ear phones. Wilson made six of them using boxes. Some were made with a

match box and they worked fine. He bought what he needed at the dime store.

Wilson and Chester went to grade school in Barstow. They stayed with their Aunt Amanda and Uncle Oscar Cunningham much of the time while the flood was up. The Britten road was always under water then. When it was warm they could walk through it if not too deep. Chester graduated from East Moline High School and Wilson from Rock Island High and was president of his graduating class.

When we sold our farm we retained two acres on a knoll. It's high above over-flow. We built a cottage with a basement and a fine fireplace made of rocks and ore that we collected on our trips west. We still own it. It is rented to friends of ours.

We four have had many interesting trips together. We always tented and cooked all our meals. One trip to the west entrance at Belton to Glacier Park, we camped on Lake McDonald. We hiked nine miles up to get onto Sperry Glacier, eighteen miles both ways. The last stretch up we had to get down on all fours on a ledge above a big ice berglake to get to a sixteen rung iron ladder anchored to a rock wall almost straight up that really is a dangerous place. Frank said now everyone is on his own. If you fall I cannot help you. It was a sight to see after we got over that wall. We stepped right onto the ice and walked over to look down the green ice crevasse. It was four o'clock and we had left camp at nine. It got dark before we got back but we got past the worst places while we could see. Our fears after dark were bears in our path, but we only met one deer. On a trip to Zion National Park I hiked to the top of Angels Landing, a stiff climb. It was a pipe railing the last 100 feet on the side of a straight wall. There were four of us. A veteran mountain climber said it's one of the toughest he had made--it took six hours to make the top and we registered in the book there in an iron box.

We saw Taku Glacier on a boat trip which we took to Alaska. Frank, Chet and I left Seattle, Washington on ship, named Admiral Roger, and went into Taku Bay among little icebergs and our ship went parallel to glacier. The ice wall was two hundred feet up from the water line and is two miles wide. What a stage setting from the boat. We looked up the glacier for miles. It was still as a ghost. It looked just like a green forest after a snowstorm. The salty air melts the tops of the ice and the many crevasses of green ice looked like evergreen trees. It was beautiful when the sun was shining. Before we left it, the boat whistle blew, sometimes the vibration breaking off an iceberg and the Captain said it is a sight to see it right itself in the water because only one-seventh of it shows above water. When President Taft was there it was so foggy he could not see a thing.

We have gone over all the Indian country, camped on some reservations. We have seen the Hopi snake ceremonial dance at Walpi Pueblo, the Indian is smart and interesting. I have given many talks on their life and habits. We met and talked through his interpreter, Chief Two Gun White Calf of the Blackfoot Indians at Browning, Montana. His likeness is on the buffalo nickle. He took off his large hat to show us his hair and smiled proudly. It is said he had three squaws. He was a tall fine looking Indian--his interpreter also was tall and had a large mouth and the prettiest even white teeth I have ever seen. Both were dressed very fine. We had gotten a fine pair of Elk antlers in Canada and had them on our car fenders and the Indians were all around the car. The Blackfoot Indian Agenis in Browning, Montana, Chief Twogun, died a few years ago.

Our trip to Europe in 1938 where we visited the Frels in Oldenburg Land will be found elsewhere in the book. I am a member of the Friedens Lutheran Church and Ladies Aid Society, the Eastern Stars and White Shrine, Rock River Valley Home Bureau. I was a leader of 4H Oak Ridge Farmerettes for seven years and I was the first president for two years, the last two being organized in my home. Also a member of the Black Hawk Hiking Club. On the 33rd annual hike we went to the Rain Forest and camped on the Ho River and camped at West Haven, a Pacific Ocean resort and hurricane ridge on the Olympic Peninsula, Washington, Victoria, B.C. On the 32nd big hike we went through Indian Country and Carlsbad Caverns where we saw the flight of millions of bats, at sundown to get their feed on the wing. Saw the prehistoric ruins at the Aztex, New Mexico and camped at the Black Canyon of the Gunnison River in

Colorado. We also slept at Monarch Camp, the altitude over 10,000 feet and onto Ward, Colorado for two nights where we visited with cousin Amelia Hauberg Schmoll and Hazel Schmoll. On this hike Catherine Sweeney and Harro Frels, age 18 years, from Gottingen, Germany, John H. Hauberg and Peggy Pierce and myself were guests at the Range View Ranch Lodge-- a most beautiful spot in the Rockies.

There are only four district grade schools left in Rock Island County--Oak Ridge District, trict 27, Cook and Sycamore and one near Moline. The others are consolidated and school busses haul the children to school. The country landscape with the schools gone and no horses on the farms or fields is not as picturesque as it used to be. Most every home now has a television. I am seventy-two and I took my auto driver exam and passed 100 percent. There is a law in Illinois to that effect. I have been driving for 35 years. Frank's mother was born August 17, 1845 and lived to be one hundred years and eight months old. We gave her a dinner party here in our home with open house in the afternoon on her 100th birthday. The Rock Island Masonic Lodge sent her two large birthday cakes and she got an orchid corsage from Hollywood Air Mail from the Breakfast Club program. Wilson came from New York City, James Lightbody from Pittsburg, Pa, Mabel Payne and her daughter Catherine Jane from Charleston, South Carolina, David and Mrs. Wagner from Washington, D.C. and Grace Gregg, a niece from Chicago. She enjoyed the party so much she received gifts and over one hundred cards. She was a fine piano player--wherever there was a piano she played it. Up to the time before she died she was a student of the late Florence Ziegfield of Chicago. She and Aunt Margaret Frels Hauberg were born the same year, 1845.

We celebrated our golden wedding anniversary here in the same house that my mother and father had theirs. Christopher William Payne, six years old born April 13, 1948, is our only grandchild. Frank put on his hearing aid. Christopher noticed it immediately and got up on Frank's lap. Frank said, "Say something", he spoke in his ear. Frank said no, into the mike. He did then ask him "Who answers back?"

One time when Henry Frels was here he rented a plane at Barstow Airfield and took a number of us up for a ride--we circled over the two rivers, Mississippi and Rock River. I got a big thrill out of it. Frank and I enjoyed our trip to Europe. We drove our car to Boxton, Massachusetts and left it at our son, Wilson's, and then took a boat from New York to London. The name of the boat was "The American Farmer". It was torpedoed in the war and its on the ocean bottom now. After seeing London we took busses north. Chester is a walled city. We stayed at the Regent Palace Hotel in London for five weeks. Then on to Scotland, Edinburg, Castle, Princess Street and the Palace of Hollyroadhouse, Wales, which was very interesting, Ireland, Belfast, where they have the largest rope-making factory in the world and the greatest ship building, France, Normandy where the coast was interesting and we spent two days in the walled city of St. Malo. We took a boat trip to Dinard and bus to Mount St. Michel. We went to Cherbourg, Penn and through the Chateau country and the U.S. Aisne Marine Memorial overlooking the Masne Valley and Chateau Thierry five miles away where 310,000 of our men fought in this region for fourty-three days. There were 67,000 U.S. casualties in World War I and there are nine memorials on American battle fields and we saw them all. We also visited Holland and Belgium and spent six weeks in Germany--it was a beautiful country in 1938. We saw Queen Wilhelmina in her carriage celebrating her fourty years as reigning Queen of the Netherlands and her daughter Princess Julianna was with her. Sanssouci our boss load saw thru the palace at the entrance was a big pile of overshoes make of sheep hide with wool side out. We each put on a pair and instead of marring the floor, we polished them, even Versailles Palace in France did not have these. Oberammergau and Kloster Ettal and Mittenwald are very picturesque in the Bavarian Alps. At the mouth of Munich is Castle Neuschwanstein belonging to a Ludwig prince. It's most elegant. From a bus we saw a large new consentration camp and nearby we saw Nymphenburg Castle. Not far from our road some passengers asked the guide what it was and he only answered it was military. Since the war we read that it was a consentration camp. Sanssouci Palace has 400 rooms. The Kaiser William lived here at the time of the first world war, having many castles to go to. The boat trip on the Rhine was wonderful. We stopped at every town two and three days. We covered Germany pretty well. Heidelberg, Freiburg, we took the air cable car to Schauins land. We liked the old walled city of Nurnberg where war criminals were tried, with the many towers

on top of the wall. Switzerland, Lucerene is a beauty spot. We took the bus trip over Grimsel Furka Pass over mountains to Interlaken and stopped at the Rhone glacier, than went to Altodorf, William Tells, at Interlaken we saw the Tell play. The Jungfrau is a sight to see and we went to the old wood carving school at Brienz. We went to the capitol at Berne and saw Thun. Space does not permit more. See America first, then Europe. We had stormy weather going over and coming back part of the time.

Baron George von Trapp and his family of singers, eight in all; they all play musical instruments and twelve children came from Italy. Formerly from Salzberg, Austria were on our boat coming to the United States to stay. Hitler took all their property away from them. They were Catholic and they fled to Italy.

I think that I am fortunate to be a member of a large family of nine. To grow up living in the country. We have lots of laughs reminiscing when we get together.

Frank and brother Fred and I balled and moved fourteen trees from our place by Rock River in the year 1939, to our present bungalow home on Route 92. They are Blue Spruce and Arborvitae, Hard Maple, Norway Spruce, Globe Arborvitae, and Jack Pine. Uncle George Frels gave us a Horse Chestnut. They all grew.

Frank Payne

I was born in Rock Island, Illinois, in the County Jail on July 1, 1874, while my father was sheriff. My father, William Payne, born in Scott County, Iowa, near Valley City on Spencer Creek. He was a neighbor of William Cody, who was later known as Buffalo Bill.

My Grandfather Payne, who was a stone mason and building contractor, built some of the stores in Hampton and several of the houses. He built the brick house on the hill above Hampton where George Wilkens now lives. It was the family home for many years.

Father served as sheriff and deputy and later he served several terms in the legislature at Springfield as representative and state senator. He was a veteran of the Civil War, having enlisted at the first call for volunteers and served throughout the war. He was in some of the major battles of the war such as Lookout Mountain-"the battle above the clouds"-Missionary Ridge, the siege of Vicksburg and others. Father and Mother are buried in Chippiannock Cemetery in Rock Island.

My mother, nee Jennie Wilson, was born in a frame house which stood on 2nd Avenue in what is now the business district of Rock Island. She lived to be over one hundred years old and lived her entire life in Rock Island County. She lived on the farm in Zuma for thirty-five years.

Grandfather Wilson was a Major in the Pennsylvania Militia and a Captain in the regular army. He had charge of troop trains bringing prisoners from the battle fields to the prison camp at the Rock Island Arsenal during the Civil War. He was later the first sheriff in Davenport, Iowa, and after he moved back to Rock Island he was county clerk for a long time and then Chief of Police. He was a professional soldier and politician all of his life.

I attended school in Osborn and Rock Island, Illinois. I had the usual experiences of a pupil in the country, walking two miles to school, winter and summer, and was graduated from Rock Island High School.

Osborn at one time was quite a fair sized village, having a main street with numerous houses, a post office, several stores and a saloon. The railroad, the old Rockford, Rock Island and St. Louis (now the C. B. & Q.) crossed Rock River here and went through Colona on the way to East St. Louis. There was no Barstow then. There was a large switch yard at Osborn with a large depot, water tank and windmill, an engine house with stalls for two switch engines, a turn table and scales for weighing freight cars. Later the rail road built on to Barstow and all rail activities were moved there. The bridge piers are still standing at Osborn.

At the time I was going to school in Rock Island, the Mississippi River was the great highway, both for passengers and freight. Many steam boats plied the river and one could nearly always see the smoke of steamers coming or going or hear their deep throated whistles.

The freight and passenger business was handled by the Diamond Joe Line, which ran the big packets, Quincy, St. Paul, Dubuque, and others. These boats ran between St. Louis and St. Paul. Local business between Burlington and Clinton and the Tri-Cities was handled by Helen Blair and Vernie Swain.

But by far the most numerous class of steamers was composed of the raft boats, which brought log rafts from Wisconsin down to the saw mills along the river. These rafts were about a block long and were composed of logs from the white pine forests of Wisconsin. These forests are now gone and so are the raft boats and the big passenger boats.

There were two big saw mills in Rock Island then and there was always a raft tied up in front of them. I used to play with other boys on the logs--spinning them and jumping from log to log. We occasionally fell into the river. I once swam across the river from Rock Island to Davenport.

At that time many streets in Rock Island were not graded up to their present level and when the Mississippi was at flood stage these streets and Spencer Square would be under water. The sidewalks were made of wood planks and when the water came up would float loose. We boys would make rafts of them and paddle around town. I have seen the water come clear up to the Harper House Hotel.

The first electric plant was in a small brick building at the foot of ninteenth street and furnished current for a few lights in some of the stores. This was a far cry from the big plant at Riverside which furnishes power and light for this whole area. Houses and street lights were then illuminated by gas.

After having graduated from school a friend and I made a trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans. We had a sail boat with a mast so high that the draw bridges had to open for us. We took on a large load of Rural New Yorker potatoes in Rock Island, delivered on the boat for 25 cents a bushel, also barrels of apples at Hamburg, Illinois. These we peddled on our way down, getting 50 cents for potatoes at St. Louis and $1.50 at New Orleans. We had experiences about like Huckleberry Finn on the river. The boat had a good cabin with cook stove and berths and was very comfortable. We had our guns and fishing tackle and bikes. We fished and hunted and made bike trips into the country on our way down the river.

One night we tied up at a town in Arkansas near a steamboat loaded with baled cotton. During the night the steamboat caught fire, split apart and the bales fell into the river. It got so hot that we had to pull out the the bales of cotton floated all around. At daylight people came out and towed the bales to shore, we supposed for bedding for stock. . . . too late we found it was for salvage. Cotton at that time was selling for about seven cents a pound and brought five cents a pound for salvage. The bales were so tight that the insides of the bales were not damaged. Opportunity knocked!

We arrived in New Orleans on the first day of Mardi Gras. After spending some time there I went over to Texas where I worked in the oil fields, which were just opening up then. While there I made hunting and fishing trips into the swamp and bayou country along the Gulf where all kinds of game wintered.

Leaving Texas I came home and went to work for the Burlington Railroad in Davenport and transferred later to Moline, where I was car clerk, foreman of freight house, tariff and bill clerk and acting yard master.

After a few years with the railroad I went down to the old Indian Territory where I worked with a government survey party engaged in running interior lines, classifying land and locating Indians on their holdings. At that time some of the Indians had large holdings of land and others had very little. The United States Government made arrangements with the

tribes to divide the land more equally in preparation for admitting Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory to the Union as the state of Oklahoma, which was done in 1907. Each Indian was to receive a certain amount of land as a head right which varied in size according to the population and size of each reservation.

We worked among the Cherokees, Creeks, Seminoles, Choctaws and Chickasaws. There were small segments of eastern Tribes in the northeast corner of the Territory such as Mohawks, Senecas, Iroquois, Quapaws, Miamas and others. We did not work there but visited them to see their ceremonial dances. At that time the Territory was under Indian government, each tribe being ruled by a chief and council of braves. The Cherokee capital was at Talequah and the Creek capital at Okmulgee. The others I have forgotten.

For many years the Territory had been a haven for outlaws and renegades from the states, among them the James boys, the Dalton gang and the Starr Brothers, who fled into the Territory after their raids on banks and trains in the states.

The government was represented by the United States Marshal, who did not interfere with the Indian Government. The job of the Marshal and his deputies was to pick up an outlaw when they could and take him before United States Judge Parker, at Fort Smith, Arkansas, who promptly ordered him to be hanged. He executed so many of them that he became known as the "hanging judge". I had many interesting experiences while working among the Indians and also some very disagreeable ones. We were occasionally "invited" to serve on a marshall's possee. The Tribes all had their own dances, but the Green Corn Dance of the Osages at Pawhuska, Oklahoma Territory, seemed to be the best and drew the largest crowds of Indians and white spectators.

For several years, at different times, I had been going out to Wyoming and Montana in the summer to work on cattle ranches and as a forest ranger. Later another man and I spent a summer prospecting in the Big Horn Mountains. We prospected all summer but did not strike any good leads and did not make enough to pay our "grub stake". He wanted me to go again the next summer but I declined. He went alone and struck it rich...not in minerals but in oil. He picked up some leases near Lusk, Wyoming, which was then a new field, and these turned out to be rich in oil. He became very wealthy and now lives in California where he was a large avacado ranch and still has his oil holdings. Opportunity knocked again!!



Golden Wedding of
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Payne
November 28, 1951.
Chester H., Patricia
and Christopher Payne

On Thanksgiving Day in 1901 I was married to Clara Helena Frels, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frels, Hampton pioneers, in the home of the bride's parents, by the Rev. W. H. Blancke. After a short wedding trip we went to live on my father's farm in Zuma Township. My father and mother retired and moved to Rock Island. Father bought this place while he was Sheriff. He bought three smaller places and combined them into one farm of about 700 acres. It lay along Rock River and a considerable amount of it was overflow land but high water in those days did not do the damage it does now. We got the big spring flood but the June and July floods, which now destroy bottom land crops, were taken care of by the river, which has now been filled up by silt, sand bars and islands. This was caused by the dam at Sterling which diverts so much water to the Hennepin Canal that the river in summer does not have enough water to keep it open.

Father ran this place like a ranch and I followed his method. The land was all level and raised very good grass, mostly blue stem and blue grass and cattle did exceptionally well on it. I kept between 300 and 400

head on hand, some on feed and some on grass. I farmed about 100 acres of it. Dr. Otis of Moline, Illinois now owns this farm and has built a dike around about 500 acres of it. This dike is about four miles long, 20 to 25 feet wide at the bottom and is 13 feet high. He broke this all up and raised a tremendous crop of corn this year. Others followed suit and Rock River is now diked from Erie pretty nearly to Barstow. When father sold this place I bought 200 acres of heavy timber near Barstow on Rock River. I sold the timber to two men, who cut out the logs and left me the stumps and brush. While they were cutting we lived in Rock Island and I worked in the office of the Rock Island Sash & Door works.

The land, in the meantime, grew up in brush and became a jungle. I put on about 1,000 head of Angora Goats and sheep and they cleaned it up; the goats ate the high brush, the sheep the low brush and weeds. I tried a big stump puller but could not pull a single stump. I then tried dynamite and it worked well. The largest tree was an elm six feet in diameter and the next largest was a white oak between four and five feet in diameter. This oak had nearly 200 annular rings. I cleared the land and put up the buildings and new land while surrounding farms were old.

While I lived on this farm I helped to organize and became President of the First Trust & Savings Bank of East Moline. This bank did well for four years but it was forced to close its doors through the dishonesty of two successive cashiers, both of whom went to the State Prison. However, all depositors were paid off in full which was something unusual before the days of Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Later, while on the farm, I was called to serve on the Grand Jury. I tried to get off but they said I had better stick around, that they would only be there about three days. Instead of that we were there about three months. For many years the city of Rock Island had been in the grip of two gangs who were fighting each other for control of profits from vice and corruption. This culminated in a gun battle in Market Square between the two gangs, in which one man was killed. When the Grand Jury convened we did not receive the help we expected so we called in the Attorney General of the State. He came and said the situation was very bad but that he had no money to investigate. A group of citizens raised a fund of money for him and he brought in outside attorneys and Pinkerton detectives. They gathered evidence, which was easy to get, and the jury indicted the members of both gangs and some of the city officials. When brought to trail they were all convicted and sent to State's Prison. A book could be written on the subject of gang warfare and corruption in Rock Island. Previous Grand Juries had ignored the situation.

We sold the farm and made a trip through the northwest and stopped at San Francisco where I worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad for several years. When we returned from California we purchased the residence of my wife's parents on Hampton Bluffs and have since lived there.

I was always interested in athletics and while in High School played baseball. I belonged to the Y.M.C.A. in Rock Island. The Y featured running, jumping, pole vaulting and light gym work. I belonged to the Moline Athletic Club, where boxing and wrestling were the main events. I also belonged to the Rock Island German Turn Verein which featured apparatus work such as horizontal,bar, horse, rings and ladder. I became very proficient on the horizontal bar and was offered a job with a circus to perform under the Big Top and play in one of the bands in the street parade. I played cornet, or trumpet, in bands and orchestras.

I have been a member of Philo Masonic lodge, Port Byron, Illinois for the past fifty-four years. I also belong to the Knights of Pythias but am on a demit.

We have two sons, Wilson, who is a College Professor in Boston, and Chester, who is an electrical engineer with the Solar Aircraft Company in Des Moines. Also one grandchild, Christopher William in Des Moines. I have a brother, Ben Payne and a sister Mrs. Mabel Lightbody. My brother True W. Payne and sister Mrs. Lucy Bailey passed away several years ago.

Since we left the farm we have done a lot of traveling. We have covered about all of the United States, most of Canada, have made a trip into Old Mexico and up to Alaska. We also spent nearly a year traveling in Europe.

We live at home in the summer, take occasional trips, and spend the winters in Palmetto, Florida where we have a trailer parked in the City Trailer Park.

In the past 115 years there have been eight golden weddings in the Frels clan. They are Marx Hauberg and Margaret Frels, Henry Frels and Elizabeth Stindt, Amelia Hauberg and Will Schmoll, Ettie Frels and Fred Schmoll, Clara Frels and Frank Payne, Minnie Gernant and Henry Maeltzer, Walter Frels and Bertha Coffin, and Henry Stenzel and Amanda Gernant.



Emma Frels Henninger
Charles Arthur Henninger

Emma Frels Henninger

As I remember in 1890 before the automobile time was here, dirt roads and a spring were in front of the Frels home. We used to know everyone as they drove by our place with their horses and buggies or wagons. They would rest their horses in the shade of the big trees by the spring. People would get a drink of the cold spring water and water their horses too. The Spring supplied all the water they needed for years until a well was dug at the barn. The spring was a land mark. Farmers driving to Moline Market Square hauling hay, corn, oats and coal all stopped and they had a bucket hanging under the back of their wagon to give the horses a drink. Stage coaches always stopped there too, and the people talked about the news. Indians knew about it and stopped there too. When the paved road was put in, it covered the spring but it flowed again inside of the pasture fence and watered all the livestock in the pasture now.

Father planted sugar cane and each year there were nearly 50 gallons of molasses made. The last skimming of molasses was saved and used for baking.

There was a big apple orchard east of the house with all different kinds of apples. Fifty gallons of apple cider were made each year. Lots of apple butter was made in a big copper kettle out doors. It took nearly a day to cook the butter down and we all took turns stirring it with a big wooden paddle. When it was finished the kettle was about half full. A picture of the copper kettle is shown.

Each spring or late winter, the yearly butchering was done. Andrew Dennhardt came and made all the sausage, such as liver, blood, meat sausage and headcheese. The sausage meat was then put into casings and ready for the smoke house. The smoke house was of brick structure, located north east of the house, and built by Grandfather Frels. The smoke house was always full and the meat was smoked with hickory wood.

Now in the year 1954 things have changed; the world is more modern. Smoke houses and home butchering have been largely replaced by locker and home freezers, the older people have passed on and some of the remaining children have moved and scattered to all parts of the world.

The brick house itself has a fireplace and was always cool in hot weather. All along the north side of it was a paved brick porch about ten feet wide. A hallway run through the house from the front to the back door. There was a hall upstairs the same. There was a sidewalk four feet wide made of brick going from the front porch to the front gate, but it got uneven from the frost. Father said to Mother one day, "I will put in a cement walk". They went to Moline, which took all day. Clara and I got the crowbar and spade and got to work on those brick; we took out about one rod and worked hard all day at it. When they got home and saw what we had done Father said, "Now the water will run down and make a ditch. Tomorrow you will have to put them back again." Well, we did, but we had quite a pile left over. North of the kitchen there was a big square porch with a wild grape vine arbor. This was our back porch. There was a wide work counter along two sides where we washed the dishes and pared vegetables and fruit. It had poultry wire around it and there were two gates. Summer evenings when it was quiet we could hear the calliope music on the excursion boats on the Mississippi River. We could hear their whistles all day long. The river is about five miles to the north of us, and there were no autos or airplanes to break the quiet of the country side, only barnyard noises and whippoorwills, hoot owls and screech owls.

Then there was the organ grinder who walked along the roads with a monkey on a long chain. The monkey was dressed up in red and green flannel with a fez on his head and a tin cup in his paw. The monkey would dance on our kitchen porch to the organ music and hold out his little cup for pennies. The man looked like an Italian and had the organ contraption strapped to his shoulders.

In 1904 Frank and Clara Payne and I attended the St. Louis World's Fair. In 1933 I attended the Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago and in 1948 the Chicago Railroad Fair.

The old Frels farm has passed into other hands. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Payne having purchased the new home, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pierce the five acres adjoining it. Twenty acres which belonged to Fred Frels. This twenty acres is now owned by Fred's son Arthur Frels. The Frels farm was in the family 105 years.

I (Emma Mary Frels) was born September 21, 1875 in Henry County, Illinois and after a few years the family moved to Hampton Township, Rock Island County.

On November 24, 1910, I was married to Charles Arthur Henninger of Geneseo, Illinois. He was a farmer, judge of livestock shows. We went to Roundup, Montana, to live and lived there for 15 years. He served as a county commissioner and was secretary of the Roundup County Fair, besides looking after his ranch.

On March 14, 1914 a daughter, Bessie Mae Henninger was born at Roundup, Montana. We later sold our ranch and went to California for two years. Then we came back to Barstow, Illinois and went in the restaurant business.

On April 23, 1933 Art died very suddenly of a heart ailment and diabetes.

On June 3, 1934 Bessie was married to Fred Gerhardt at Barstow. They have two children, a daughter, Barbara Ellene and a son, James Arthur.

Wilson Frels Payne

I was born on January 21, 1904, and of that event my parents can give more details than I. It seems to me that my first memories were of things out-of-doors on our farm in Osborn, Illinois. For instance, a snowbank as high as the eves and good for sliding. The pump in the shade of towering trees where Father and, it seemed, lots of other men gathered at dinnertime to cut the melons that floated in the cold water. The endless barn that never did get fully explored, and the pigeons that flew around in its lofty peak. Lightning terrified me and only Mother could keep it at a safe distance. There were lots of people around, always; it seemed when my Grandparents drove into view the excitement was unbearable. It was an odds on bet that I could go home with them, where Mother's sisters and two brothers made



Wilson Frels Payne

every house a high adventure for their first nephew. Often my Grandfather Payne would come from Rock Island and I would latch on to him for keeps, trailing him for hours, just to hear him talk to me or sing ballads in which I was one of the characters.

In 1910 we moved to Rock Island, and when I started to school I knew I would never find anything better in life. I reported the details of each day to my parents and then to my grandparents. If they were bored, as I now suspect they were, they never let on. Romance caught me at an early age, too. One day Miss Kellerstrauss rewarded us for obedience or something by telling the class that we might do anything we wished in the remaining two minutes before the bell. I made a straight off to kiss Virginia Battles before the license was withdrawn.

Father bought a tract of land on Rock River, a mile east of Barstow, and in the summer of 1912 we and three carpenters families made camp in the walnut grove along its banks while the house was being built. It was hard to see what better world a small boy could want and I began to make rather unfavorable comparisons between this way of life and school.

But when school started in the fall I made two big discoveries: We were all in one room--all eight grades of us. This was a cinch. Anyone with half a mind could learn the next year's work (or the next and the next) just by listening. What a break it was to be in the same room with upper classmen. I don't know how they felt about the small fry because when I got to their grade a new two-room school was built. The other discovery was my neighbor, Bob Dennhardt, who lived, as he still does, on the farm just beyond ours. We were companions from the start and shared in all of the good and bad experiences of growing up. We were in endless competition, whether for a girl or a grade, a place on the team or a better bike. But there were always fundamental things that needed talking about during the mile to and from school.

In May 1914, Chester was born and this rather put me on my metal for he proved to be a critical observer and a mimic too close to the mark for comfort. In 1928 our family of four toured and camped from the Grand Canyon to Lake Louise and back down to Colorado in certainly the best four months' trip I shall ever take.

High school and college went by in kaleidoscopie unreality. Rock Island in 1922 and the University of Chicago in 1928. Having found in the university not only the training I wanted but the girl that I wanted, the immediate task was to put the training to work and to support the girl. Trading on my experience in the First Trust and Savings Bank, East Moline, in 1923-24, I landed in the trust department of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago and in March of 1929 married Miss Elizabeth Rogers of Pittsburgh who was then an instructor in English at Wilson College in Pennsylvania. Upon her persuasion I returned to the University and in 1930 took my master's degree and accepted an instructorship in Economics at Lehigh University in Bethleham, Pennsylvania, from which place of safety we witnessed the catastrophic depression during the following four years. Betty taught for two years at Moravian College and took her doctorate at Yale.

In 1934 (and again in 1936) we biked 500 miles around England and Scotland looking for the details of a house we would one day build. We returned to the University of Chicago in the fall where I began work on my doctorate while Betty taught at the Francis W. Parker School. Completing residence requirements in 1937 I joined the faculty of Babson Institute

of Business Administration in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, where I finished my dissertation for the doctorate at Chicago. At the same time Betty accepted an instructorship at Wellesley College.

World War II closed the Institute and I was appointed a member of the research staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research in New York. After the war, I joined the faculty of the Graduate School of Business, Columbia University as Lecturer in Finance and added those duties to my existing ones. In 1952 I returned to Babson where I am Professor of Finance and Dean of the Graduate School. As this is written the English construction details are being molded into that house, now a building.



Elizabeth Rogers Payne

Elizabeth Rogers Payne

As I write, I have lived twenty-five years as a Rogers and twenty-five years as a Payne. The latter has been far and away the more enjoyable.

I was born March 29, 1904 in Philadelphia, but, my father having sent to England with the Standard Oil Company, my first memories are of English carol singers at Christmas and of riding in a little seat on the handlebars of my father's bicycle through fields of bluebells or fields of poppies. By the time I was seven we were living in a suburb of Pittsburgh and I was attending public school. By eleven I was sent off to boarding school because of my mother's frequent illnesses. Then, from Thurston Preparatory School, I went to Wellesley College for my B.A., and, after a year assisting on the faculty, I struck out for the great midwest to take a Master's degree in English Literature at the University of Chicago. There, in March 1928, I met Wilson Frels Payne. We were married in the Hilton Memorial Chapel on the campus on March 29, 1929.

Aside from the academic, our life has always centered around water of one kind or another. While Wilson taught at Lehigh we spent our summers in a tiny cottage which my family owned on Lake Keuka in central New York state, and to which we continued to return from Chicago. We survived the flood of 1935 there. Wilson, well knowing Rock River floods, lost weight (eight pounds) in one night in the logical expectation that the cottage would be swept out from under us. It was our crossings to England and a visit to a college friend living on the Isle of Sark in the Channel Islands that converted Wilson permanently into a saltwater sailorman. The day after completing his doctoral dissertation he bought a 32-foot sloop, the Jennie Wren, which we sailed off Marblehead until the war took us to New York. But in Mamaroneck, New York, we found the only apartment house in all of Westchester County built directly ON the water, a situation permitting Wilson to sail the Wren from Marblehead to Mamaroneck and moor her in plain view from our bedroom window.

Sailing the Wren in Long Island Sound remained our hobby until a six-acre island (with one house) lured us to Maine. Alas, the beloved Wren could not transport us and our supplies regularly from the mainland across a mile and a half of ocean to our now even more beloved Spectacle Island. (The Island is in the lower part of Frenchman's Bay, four miles southeast of Bar Harbor, closer to our own port of Winter Harbor.) So Wilson asked a lobsterman to build him the proper boat for our needs, and now, after nine summers, we love the Philippa as a second child. Living alone on an island is too large a subject for discussion here. Wilson writes his books there, and I could not survive the winters of teaching (senior

English at Weston High School) without my island summers.

I have done a great deal of technical editing but not further research in Elizabethan Drama since taking my Ph.D. I find it more fun now to do Properties for Little Theater groups. I suppose I inherit my love of "backstage": A Milward ancestor. Lake Usher, founded the first theater south of the Mason-Dixon line (the old Opera House in Lexington, Kentucky), and an English cousin on the Rogers side, who was leading lady during the D'Oyly Carte Company's first successful American tour, engendered Wilson's and my rabid enthusiasm for Gilbert and Sullivan.

Aside from the theater and islands, my other hobbies are cats and collecting English Pewter. The present cat-king of Spectacle Island is Badger Payne, thirteen pounds of long hair with a double ruff. By the end of this year he will be cat-king of our new home at 288 Charles River Road, Needham, Massachusetts. There's the water creeping into things again! Yes, the Charles flows by just beyond our land, a part of the view of the hills of the south. And it's all only four minutes from Wilson's classroom and office. We hope those who read this will come visit us here.

And now a most important last work: Thank Heaven for Chester's little son, Christopher, to carry on the Payne name! (His autobiography should include his trip to his mother's home in England in Coronation Year and his visit to us on Spectacle Island thereafter.) I am proudest of all of being Christopher's "Auntie Betty."

Bessie Henninger Gerhardt



Emma Frels Henninger, Fred Gerhardt, and son Jimmie
daughter Barbara Ellene, Mother Bessie Henninger Gerhardt

A daughter of Charles Arthur and Emma Mary Frels Henninger, I was born on March 14, 1914 in Roundup, Montana. When I was two weeks old Mother and I went back to our ranch in the Wheaton country, twenty miles from town. I began to slowly grow up. When I was several years old my dad, who would liked to have had a boy, sat me on the calves and horses backs and from then on I learned to ride. Life on the prairie was dangerous as well as fascinating and once when I was three I started out across the flats to pick and take wild flowers to the teacher. About a half hour later my mother missed me and picked me up among the cactus, prairie dog holes, rattlesnakes and sage brush. She tanned my little hide and told me never to do that again.

When I was four my dad was elected county commissioner. We moved to Roundup. How proud I was too, when Dad who was secretary of the county fair, used to set in the judges stand and Mom and I could set in one of the big boxes and watch him start the races. It was all so colorful with the Indians and cowboys.

When I was six we moved out to the Lake Mason country which was only ten miles from town. I rode to school a mile and three quarters every day. One winter it was as cold as 36 degrees below and I froze my toes going to school. We all rode horses there, ran them at top speed, jumped irrigation ditches and sometimes got tossed off. Once some range horses mixed in with us as we came from school and the teacher told us to hang on and ride until we cleared them. We made it ok. We killed several rattlesnakes in our school yard.

During the summers I would ride my pony up to Aunt Lydia and Uncle Paul Erickson's and stay for several weeks. It was a twenty mile ride and took me from ten in the morning until five at night. Several times I ran into herds of range cattle and would retreat quietly before they saw me. Mother and Dad always followed me through the worst of the range in our old Ford car. Aunt Lydia used to take me, Lois and Bud and load us in the buggy and drive Dick and Tess across the ridges and prairies to the store and post office at Emory five miles away. The road was only a trail and I thought it was quite an occasion.

During those years I taught the pony many tricks and learned to ride standing on the pony's back. Of course when I first got the pony it also knew a few tricks and not such good ones. It nearly bucked me off and tried to rub me off on the barb wire fences, but Dad took a fence board to it with me on its back and we fought it out with Dad and I winning.

At eleven we moved to the coast and I parted with my horses and the prairies. We went to Oregon and then to California where we lived two years. I learned about city life in Oakland and I didn't like it, but there was a bright side - trips to San Francisco across the bay, Golden Gate Park and the swimming pool at Richmond. Also the art store in Oakland where Aunt Clara went to learn painting, and let me go and dauble in it too. Then we went to the San Joaquin Valley. It was hot down there in the summer but in the winter the roses were so pretty. I met a new bunch of children each time we moved and kept on growing up.

At thirteen, Grandma Frels became ill and we came to Illinois. Here at Barstow and vicinity I went through East Moline high school and graduated in 1931. During that time my folks ran a restaurant here and I helped out too. My dad died on April 23, 1933.

On June 3, 1934 I married Fred Gerhardt at a home wedding at Aunt Amanda and Oscar Cunningham's. Fred was born and raised in this community and his parents, the August Gerhardt's, another German family, were well known by the Frels. Fred attended schools here and is employed in the local shops. We lived in Barstow and later built our home here.

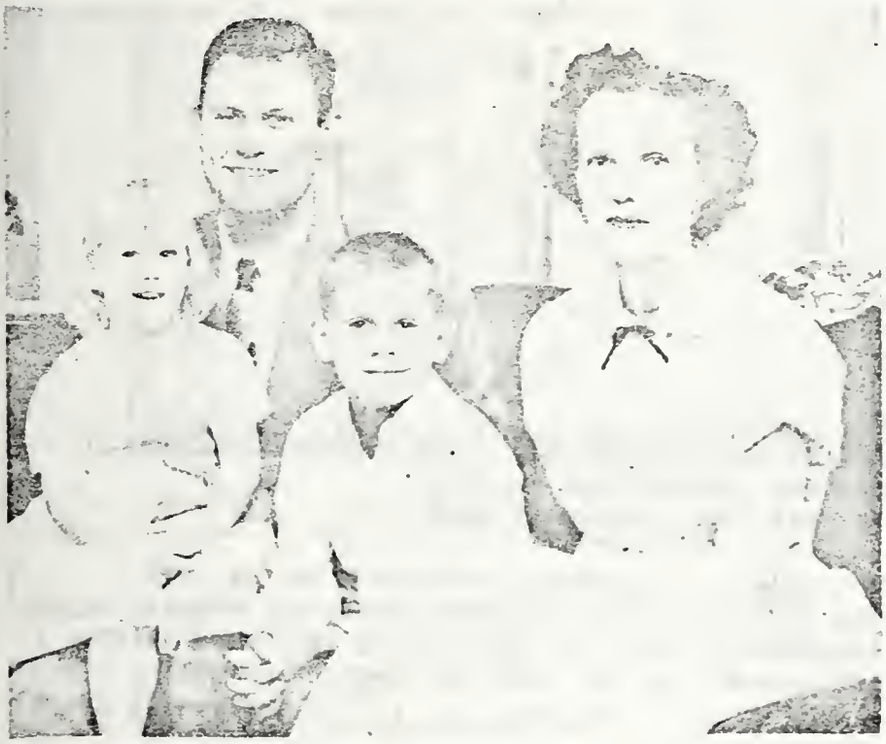
On September 26, 1935, our daughter Barbara Ellene was born. As she grew up she belonged to 4H Club, was a good student in school and in high school. She belonged to many clubs, was an officer of her class, became editor of the school paper, The Key, and also received the DAR and Good Citizenship Award. She taught Sunday school at the Friedens Lutheran Church. For a while she worked at the Bell telephone office in East Moline. On June 19, 1954 she married Rodney C. Searle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Burton Searle of Geneseo, Route 2, at the Grace Lutheran Church in Davenport, Iowa. The Rev. Willard Bloomquist officiated. Rodney lived on a farm as he grew up and attended rural grade school and Geneseo High School,

played football and was on the track teams. He is at present with the armed forces at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Barbara and Rodney have an infant son Bruce Gerhardt Searle who was born on January 2, 1955.

Our son James Arthur was born on March 7, 1943. He was slender and tall and quite timid about things, but is now a good student in grade school, plays basketball and baseball. He belonged to the cub scouts and is now a boy scout and sings in the junior choir at church. Another son Stephen Allen Gerhardt was born to us on February 10, 1955.

At present, as always, mother lives with us and I do the many tasks about the house, sometimes crowding in poetry, writing, painting or fancy work. I teach Sunday school, am president of the Ladies' Aid and help in several clubs, etc. The rest of the time I spend going places with or doing things with my family.

Henry Frels, IV



Henry Frels the IV and Della Cass Frels
Their children, Catherine Ann Frels and Henry the V.

Robert Henry Frels was born in Moline, Illinois on May 3, 1923. His wife's name is Della Mae Cass Frels who was born in Sedro Valley, Washington.

They have two children; Robert Henry Frels Jr. born in Cape Giradeau, Missouri on February 5, 1948 and a daughter, Catherine Ann Frels born in Palo Alto, California on May 9, 1953.

Henry was graduated from United Township High School in East Moline, Illinois in 1940. He worked as laboratory technician for Union Malleable Iron Co., East Moline, Illinois and attended Augustana College. Served three years in Army Air Corps as instructor pilot in the Troop Carrier Command. Attended University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, graduating with B.S. in optics in 1949. Worked at Ames Aeronotical Laboratory Moffett Field, California until February 1954 when I began working for Northrop Aircraft Inc. Optical Engineering Laboratory, Pasadena, California.

Lois Erickson Hoelzle

Lois Pauline Erickson Hoelzle was born November 20, 1918 at Roundup, Montana. My parents are Paul and Lydia Frels Erickson. My grandparents were Pauline and Ole Erickson who came from Norway and Henry and Elizabeth Stindt Frels.

The Erickson's settled on land near Volga, South Dakota and were one of the first pioneers to break the prairie sod. The winters were long with much snow and blizzards with little wood to burn. I attended grammer school in Montana, Illinois and South Dakota. I went to high school in Volga, South Dakota, then I attended General Beadle Teachers College at Madison, South Dakota, followed by three years of teaching in Chester, South Dakota. Then I went to South Dakota State College at Brookings, South Dakota, followed by two years secretarial work and three years teaching in Portland, Oregon.





Lois Erickson Hoelzle and Robert M. Hoelzle,
Their daughters, Gail Ann and Roberta Pauline

I went to the University of Oregon, at Eugene, Oregon and obtained my B.S. degree via night classes and summer sessions, then two years of teaching in La Grande, Oregon. July 23, I married Robert M. Hoelzle who was born in Chicago, Illinois June 20, 1917. He lived there until coming to Portland in 1940. He is a Managerial International Harvester Company District Parts Supervisor.

We lived in La Grande, Oregon two years and at Eugene, Oregon one year and in Portland, three years and at present we have bought our home at 1174 NE 73rd Avenue, Portland 16, Oregon. We have two daughters, Gail and born April 23, 1950 and Rbberta Pauline born January 1, 1952 at Portland, Oregon.

Charles Ira Pierce

An autobiography is one sort of writing which I believe should be undertaken not earlier than one's seventieth birthday--except by those individuals who by age thirty five have become generals, famous flag pole sitters, home run kings, corporation presidents, etc. I am none of these--so I will console myself by thinking what fun it will be to read this when I become seventy!

I was born August 3, 1919, in the Moline Lutheran Hospital and lived in Moline until I was about eighteen months old. At that time my father died and Mother and I moved to live with Grandfather and Grandmother Frels, who were living in the frame house which they had built on their farm when they retired from active farming.

Grandfather Pierce, who was born in Sweden, came to the United States with his parents when he was 8 years old. He was a building contractor who built a number of the early Moline factory buildings and laid some of the first paving in Moline. Grandmother Pierce was of English descent and was born in Shenondoah, Iowa. My father, Ira Nels Pierce, was an



Charles and Peggy Pierce Leaving Moline
For Europe -- July 1953

insurance man, and also Justice of the Peace in Moline, Illinois. My mother is Mae Frels Pierce, daughter of Henry and Elizabeth Frels. My maternal grandparents. Henry and Elizabeth Frels are well covered elsewhere in this book; hence I will not mention them here.

The early years of my life with Mother and Grandfather and Grandmother Frels were pleasant for me, and since I could not remember my Father, I never missed him. Mother, of course, did miss him, but I accepted life with one parent as quite a normal situation and thought nothing of it.

Uncle Harry Frels and his family lived next door to us on the farm so I had the benefit of three cousins to play with, June, Don, and Henry. Don and I were the same age and got along so well together that other members of the family said that we never fought--we did, I believe on one of two occasions, but our difference were very minor.

When I was five years old Mother and I went with Uncle Frank, Aunt Clara, and Chester Payne and Uncle Fred Frels on a trip to California. We traveled in Payne's 1924 Dodge touring car and Uncle Fred's Model A. Ford Coupe. Since this was a camping trip we were loaded down with tents, army cots and cooking gear.

I recall that by the time everything was packed in the Dodge, I ended up with a small space on the back seat which allowed me to sit on the edge of the cushion beside Aunt Clara. The trip involved the large number of flat tires and auto troubles which were usual in those days. We also had our full quota of rough and steep roads.

When we arrived in Oakland, California we decided to stay for a while, so I started my first grade of school there. Mother and I came home by railroad the following spring and I finished the school year at Oak Ridge, District #27, Hampton Township.

My first "outside" work was picking strawberries for Fred Ziegler on Dr. Johnson's farm. I do not recall my pay per quart of berries but I do recall that it seemed to be quite a lot of money at the time. I used my money principally for buying tools--one of my early purchases was a 4" bench vise which I still use.

In the summer of 1936 I worked for Roy Letherman on the former Theodore Frels farm next door. Mrs. Letherman was a good cook and set a well loaded table. The summer was an education for me and I may have been some small help to Roy.

I recall that he paid me $20.00 for my two months of work--a sum which I considered less than half enough. It made me realize that any period of work longer than a day or two should not be entered into without some wage agreement.

My first building effort came in about 1936 or 1937. We had bought some sheep to use as "self-propelled lawn mowers" and a sheep shed seemed in order. Somehow I got Mother's permission to erect a building for them. It was a shed roofed affair about 10' x 12' built of locust poles and old boards. The boards were "old timers" which were first used in a barn,



then a chicken house, then a smoke house and finally in our sheep shed. This was no architectural gem, but I did get a lot of experience and satisfaction out of building it.

Both of my grandfathers had been mechanics and builders, one a contractor, and the other a farmer who was handy with tools, so while I may have not inherited any of their skill, at least I have some of their love of building. In about 1937 I came to the conclusion that boat building would be interesting and I built my first Kayak from plans furnished by Jimmy Lightbody Jr. This was a clumsy little craft, but at least it floated and could be paddled. My next boat, another kayak, was a little more graceful, but was very narrow and tippy. After I used it for a short time as a kayak, I decided it would be fun to motorize it. I placed a 3/4 horse power gasoline powered washing machine engine inboard in this small craft and ran a propellor shaft through a stuffing box in the bottom in the usual fashion.

This motor boat could be best operated by a tight rope walker. It was so tippy that after I had taken about three trips on Rock River, and had capsized twice, I was convinced that my design was just not very practical--but it was fun building it.

My third craft was a conventional 16' flat bottomed row boat and my fourth and last attempt to date is a kayak. This last kayak, which is still in existance is somewhat more refined than its predecessors.

After Grandfather Frels died in January of 1936, Mother and I lived on in his home (now owned by Aunt Clara and Uncle Frank Payne) until we built the house which Mother now occupies in Barstow. I did some of the floor plan sketches for Mother's house but we turned my sketches over to a Gordon Van Tine architect for practical working drawings. Mother hired Frank Koepping to do the carpentry work and Don Frels and I helped him. Uncle Oscar Cunningham took over the wiring job, and Uncle Frank and I helped him. Uncle Oscar Cunningham took over the wiring job, and Uncle Frank Payne, (after he returned from a trip to Europe) took over the plumbing. I helped out on all of the work and got a lot of fine experience. Before we started on the house, Mother entrusted me with the job of building the garage. I did this on my own with a little help from Uncle Oscar.

In December of 1939 I started job hunting and finally got work at the Moline Iron Works Plant #3 located at 38th Street, Moline. My pay was 42½ cents per hour and my work consisted of loading sacks of castings into box cars and dumping molds in the foundry. Later I was transferred to the "bench". The work there involved straightening malleable iron castings with a heavy hammer and more dumping of hot molds. The job confirmed my earlier suspicion that this end of factory work was neither interesting nor very rewarding financially.

By January of 1939 I had saved a little money and started my study of engineering with the winter term at Tri State College in Angola, Indiana. All went well until I was on my way home that year for Easter vacation. I got a ride with two acquaintances from Tri State who were going to Chicago for Easter. When we arrived at the south side of Chicago our 1929 Oakland car was hit head on by another car which had slid across the icy street in front of us. I ended up in the South Side Community Hospital with three front teeth missing, three more front teeth chipped, a broken upper jaw, a broken nose, a basal skull fracture and two beautiful black eyes. My recovery took up the sping term but I was able to return for the summer term at College with three new "store teeth" and the sum of $2,500 which I had received as settlement for my injuries. This money paid for the balance of my college expenses.

College was a pleasant time for me. I enjoyed my studies and college life and my holiday trips to Buffalo, New York; Kitchener, Ontario; Boston, Massachusetts; Long Island, New York; New Castle Pennsylvania--all very interesting and educational.

Since it was "the thing to do" I joined a fraternity - Sigma Mu Sigma & served as president of our chapter during my last year of college. Since that time I have changed my mind about fraternities. I now think they ought to be abolished.

During my two summer terms at college we spent a lot of time swimming in Lake James. By the end of my second summer, I was able to swim the mile across Lake James--and after a rest--swim back again.

I was a graduate in June of 1942 with a BS degree in Mechanical Engineering and went promptly to work in the Engineering Department of Deere and Company in Moline, Illinois. This is a central engineering department which does work for all of the John Deere Plants.

In the summer of 1943 Fred Blessin and I took our vacation trip together on bicycles. We started from Wilson and Betty Payne's home in Wellsley Hills near Boston. We biked down to New Bedford, went out to Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket, then back to Woods Hole, out on Cape Cod, up the coast to Salem and Gloucester and back to Boston.

Summer of 1944 found me still a civilian. Both the Army and Navy Doctors had examined me and after they tested my eyes they would not accept me for service either as a volunteer or as a draftee. In July of this year I took off alone for Colorado for some mountain climbing. I first hiked up Pikes Peak via the cog railroad--this was not real climbing but just plain hard work. I then went to Rock Mountain National Park and climbed Twin Sisters and Longs' Peak. This was more like climbing and to this day I am enthusiastic about mountain climbing.

The next summer, in 1945, I built a 16 foot row boat, equipped it with a crude sail, and set off for a Huckelberry Finn adventure on the Mississippi. Peggy, whom I had met the preivous fall, and with whom I had by this time fallen in love, accompanied me on the first day of the journey from Barstow to Andalusia. From Andalusia on down to Clarksville, Missouri, I was alone in my boat "Peggy I". This was truly an interesting trip--I had a "fire" at sea" which I put out before too much damage was done, spent a night in a county home in the same room with a slightly crazy man, traded mountain climbing stories of the previous summer for food and lodging at a boy scout camp and had a generally fine journey.

Peggy and I were married in the Augustana College Seminary Chapel by Dr. Conrad Bergendoff on December 21, 1946, after a courtship of a little more than two years. We left the next day after our wedding for a honeymoon trip to Florida and after we returned, we lived in Rock Island for a few months. During that time we joined St. John's Lutheran Church in Rock Island and although we have lived in several places since then we are still members of St. John's. I had been a member of the Sunday school and church at Friedens before we joined St. John's.

In June of 1948 we broke ground for our home which is built on a four and six tenths acre tract taken from the farm once owned by Great Grandfather Henry Frels. Our location is in the south west one-quarter, section thirteen, Township eighteen north, Range one east of the fourth principal meridian. I drew all plans -- with copiour suggestions from Peggy. I have done all the construction work to date with no "Professional" help except a well driller and an earth mover. We have had a lot of willing help from various relatives and friends--more I fear than we will ever be able to repay.

Since we were married, Peggy and I have spent most of our vacations on trips with the Black Hawk Hiking Club. They have without exception been fine trips and have given us good training in outdoor living.

Except for home building (which is special kind of adventure) the biggest adventure of my life to date came in the summer of 1953 when Peggy and I flew to London to start a six week vacation trip abroad.

We stayed at the Regent Palace Hotel in London and saw the usual sights there--St. Paul's Cathedral, Picadilly Circus, Buckingham Palace, Parliament, Westminster Abbey, No. 10 Downing Street, the Thames River, The Tower of London, etc. After a few days in London, we rented a car for two days and drove down to Brighton; then to Southampton, Arundel Castle, Stonehenge, Oxford, and back to London.

From London we flew to Brussels where we took possession of the rented car which was to serve us for the next few weeks. It was a German made "Volkswagen"--a well made and easily manuevered little car with an air cooled engine mounted in the rear.

Space does not permit an account of all our experiences so I shall simply outline our itinerary. We drove from Brussels to Zeeburge on the North Sea; then to Antwerp, Rotterdam and Amsterdam. From Amsterdam we made our way north to the Dike which separates the Ijselmeer from the North Sea. We drove on the road which has been built on top of the dike and after crossing Northern Holland we arrived at Bardenfleth, Germany, where we spent a memorable afternoon and evening at the home of Heinrich Frels. He and his family entertained us with the best they had. Conversation was a little difficult since we knew only a few words of German, but they called in the schoolmaster who knew a little English and he and Gertrude--Heinrich's grandaughter managed to serve as interpreters. We spent the night with them and left the next day after a visit to the home of Heinrich's eldest daughter.

After we left Frels' we drove to Bremen and there got our first view of the World War II bomb damage in Germany. Before we left Germany for the last time we saw how much they had suffered for Hitler's follies.

After an all-too-short trip on the Rhine River from Mainz to Cologne we set out for Luxembourg; then back to Germany, to Austria, Liechtenstein, and to Switzerland where we had every intention of climbing the Jungfrau. But, because of bad weather we had to be content with a try at the Monch--a mountain almost as high. However, a snow storm drove us back down before we reached the top--maybe next time!

We drove south from Switzerland into Italy, were fascinated by Venice, went on south as far as Rome; then back to Switzerland. From Switzerland we went through the Black Forest of Germany, then on into France, and of course to Paris. Then back to Brussels where we regretfully gave up our little friend the "Volkswagen" and were off for home. Needless to say, we are already talking of going back again.

My work at Deere and Company since 1942 has been in the field of Mechanical Engineering. In the past two years I have changed from design work to a sort of activity loosely described as making "Surveys". This work to date has consisted of making studies of a general nature dealing with the overall requirements of some of our factories. These surveys have consisted of determining our future factory needs for men, machines and buildings. It has also involved the development of factory expansion plans which will allow for orderly growth.

All of my spare time--left over after church, The American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the Blackhawk Hiking Club, Canoe Trips and so forth is spent in house building. Perhaps--in another year or two we will have finished our house and will then be looking for some new project.

Again in closing the thought occurs to me--what fun it will be to ready this Frels book thirty-five years hence!

Marguerite (Peggy) Bishop Pierce

On a cold, wet, and very muddy day in February 1925, the 6th to be exact, a baby girl arrived at the Andalusia, Illinois, home of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Bishop. That girl was named Marguerite but since nicknames seemed to be common to my family I have since been known as Peggy. I was one of four children; I have two older sisters and a brother who came to our house two years after I arrived.

Much of my early childhood was spent mimicking and tagging along with my sisters. At first they didn't object--at least not until sometime after my first Easter. Since I was only two months old when my first Easter came along my parents didn't fix a basket for me with bunny, grass, and candy eggs as they had for my two sisters. On Easter morning when my sisters realized that the Easter Bunny had forgotten me they salvaged an old battered basket from previous Easters and shared their grass, candy, and even an ear from each of their rabbits with me. However, as the years passed and I kept tagging along I learned that in their opinion little sisters can be a pest. Many more than one time I was locked up stairs or in a closet so that they could play and plan things without my presence.

Since I first met Charles Pierce, my husband, he has teased me about my claim of being mainly Irish in Descent--I believe that even after this proof he will still kid me when I speak of my Irish ancestry.

My Grandmother Elliott was Irish, Grandfather Elliott was Irish and a bit English, Grandmother Elliott Bishop was very Irish and Grandfather Bishop was Irish and German. Now, how, I ask you can I claim anything but Irish?

Grandfather Elliott was a farmer and my mother was raised on the farm which her Grandfather had received from the government for the large sum of $1.25 an acre. Grandmother Elliott died at the age of 54 and about 6 years later my Grandfather remarried. His second wife was a maiden school teacher who had taught for ten years in the Indian Territory which is now Oklahoma.

All of my first twenty years were spent in the village of Andalusia where I lived, played, went to Church and to school. During the time I was in grade school my father was employed at a Stone Quarry in Buffalo, Iowa. Since the Mississippi River separates Andalusia and Buffalo my father went to work each morning in a launch. When I ran to the river to meet him in the evening, usually dressed in my overalls with a big bow tied under my neck--I would find a piece of fruit or some candy which he had deliberately left from his lunch. The big event of the week for me was on Saturday to go with daddy in the big launch to Buffalo where he would do a bit of work while I climbed down into the deep quarries.

Shortly before the depression of the 1930's my father and uncle built a button factory which they owned and operated. They had six button cutting machines which made it possible for them to employ four people in addition to themselves. They purchased Mississippi River shells and cut white blanks which they sold to the Hawkeye Button Manufacturers in Muscatine, Iowa. From these blanks white pearl buttons were made. When the depression came along my father no longer had work at the Quarry but he and my uncle kept on cutting blanks. However, for about a year and one half they were unable to sell them and since the Buffalo Bank had closed and made my father's entire savings unavailable both money and food were very scarce at our house.

Almost all of the families in Andalusia had asked for relief from the county and my parents were greatly irritated when the people who were on relief had much better food than we. But we were too proud to ask for help and struggled along eating potatoes, beans, and apples while the other families who were on relief ate oranges, meat, grapefruit, etc.

I began my education in the Andalusia Grade School and after being graduated from there I entered Franklin Junior High School in Rock Island, Illinois. I finished the ninth grade there and then enrolled in Rock Island Senior High School. Since we lived some fourteen miles from school and there were no busses it was necessary for us to leave for school when my father went to work at 6:00 a.m. This wasn't easy when we arose in the dark and the cold winter winds were blowing.

I was graduated from Rock Island Senior High School in 1942. The following fall I enrolled as a Freshman at Augustana College. A dentist who was a friend of our family traveled to Rock Island to his office each morning so for the next three years of my college life I rode to school with him. During my first two years of college I was accompanied by my sister who was also a student at that time. After she had graduated my parents decided that since I was the only one enrolled in college, for my Senior years, (my brother had enlisted in the Navy) I could live in the dormitory. This was the best year of my college education. I loved every minute of it. My roommate was a gril from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Avis (Swenson) Johnson, who is to this day my dearest friend. We were both affiliated with Sigma Pi Delta social sorority.

During the time I was in High School I found my interests centered around sports. However, my mother thought I should have some musical education. I took piano lessons for five years but regret to say that some people will never to able to play and I'm afraid that I find myself in that category. So after much struggle, patience, and wasted money my music

career stopped. Sports took over--I played center field on a girls softball team--this then was the life for me!

In college I majored in biology and minored in Spanish and Physical Education. Biology was my major only because science is a good second field for someone interested in Physical Education and at that time Augustana did not offer a major in Physical Education. (That has changed and they do now offer a major in my field.)

After being graduated from College I began teaching Girls' Physical Education at Rock Island Senior High School; the school from which I had just been graduated four years earlier. For the past ten years I have been employed by the same school system in the same job and like it more each year. Since I began teaching ten years ago I have taught about 2,500 different girls.

Several of my summers have been spent as a playground directress at Lincoln Park in Rock Island where we had an average of 2,300 children under supervised play each week.

On December 21, 1946, just four months after I had started teaching as Miss Bishop I confused all the students by changing my name to Mrs. Charles Pierce. Charlie and I were married in the Seminary Chapel of Augustana College by Dr. Conrad Bergendoff, the president of that College. Our wedding reception was held in the Women's Building after which we left for a two week honeymoon trip to Florida. Since our Florida trip together we have done quite a lot of traveling.

We are members of the Blackhawk Hiking Club and we have spent most of our vacations going on "Big Hike" with other members of the organization. We have climbed mountains in the Big Horns, The Tetons, The Canadian Rockies as well as in Glacier National Park. We have seen the Indian Ceremonial in Gallup, New Mexico, Monument Valley, Mesa Verde, the Grand Canyon, Big Bend in Texas, Mt. Rainer, Mt. Hood, Lake Louise, Carlsbad Caverns and many other beautiful places in our country. However, the highlight of our travels came in the summer of 1953 when we decided to make our vacation trip a six week tour in Europe. After much planning and correspondence we flew from New York to London on July 4, 1953. In London we rented a car and traveled for a few days in England and then flew to Brussels, Belgium. There we rented a Volkswagen (german made car) and toured France, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Holland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Austria, and Luxenbourg. At the end of six weeks we flew back to New York after stopping in Gander, Newfoundland, and Shannon Ireland for a quick look at the "Old Homeland."

In June 1948 we began one of the biggest ventures of our lives to date. We broke sod for a home which we were to put together with our own hands. Charlie had purchased a part of the old orchard from the estate of his grandfather and this is the spot which we chose to build our home. It has been some eight years since we first began--we drew the plans, laid the bricks and blocks, put on the roof, built the fire places, etc. Although we find ourselves still living in our basement we hope to move upstairs sometime in the near future. We have found that building our own home is a lot of hard work, sometimes inconvenient, and a bit exasperating at times but it is worth it since it is really ours.

To make our life almost complete we have our dog--Guppy!

June Ilene Frels Eddleman

I arrived in the Moline Lutheran Hospital on June 27, 1918, the first child and only daughter of Myrtle and Harry J. Frels. I have two brothers younger than I. Harry D. Frels and Robert Henry Frels, both of California. We grew up in a brick house built by our great grandfather, Henry Frels who came to Rock Island County in 1840 and settled in what is now called Hampton township. My brothers and I attended and graduated from Oak Ridge grade school. We also attended Sunday school and church regularly at Friedens Lutheran Church and was baptized and joined the church by confirmation services. All three of us attended and graduated from East Moline High School. I was graduated in June 1936.

On June 11, 1938 I was married to T. Hubert Eddleman of Anna, Illinois at Dr. Blanke's home in Newton, Iowa. We welcomed our only child, a little girl, Shirley Ann born to us at Geneseo Public Hospital on July 18, 1939. We lived on the farm with my parents in Henry County for several years during which time my husband operated a Standard Oil Gas Station at 15th Street and 1st Avenue in Silvis, Illinois. On July 4, 1942 we built a modern frame home on the hill in Silvis just a few blocks beyond our service station. In January 1944 my husband went to work for O.K. Rubber Welders Recapping Shop in Rock Island. He bought his own recapping equipment in June 1944 and we opened our recapping shop at 1815-19th Street, East Moline. Shirley started grade school at Silvis McKinley School and went there four years.

We sold our home and moved our furniture and tire shop equipment to Macon, Georgia, in September 1949. We opened our recapping shop at 4200 Broadway and Shirley entered fifth grade at Cynthia H. Weir School. Our business has progressed every year and the move to Georgia was a wise move financially, but leaving Illinois and home was hard at first. Shirley graduated from Weir School in June 1952. In December 1952 we started our new brick home in Azalea Park and moved in March 1953. Little did we know that in a year we were to move out again because the tornado of March 13, 1954 damaged our new home extensively. My folks have spent the last two winters with us helping us build our new home. The winter of 1952 they were with us and we were all home the night at 11 o'clock of the tornado. It was raining real hard and I heard a lot of noise on the roof and I said, "That must be large hail" which it no doubt was and also tree limbs. Mother said, "Maybe it is our tornado", knowing we had been warned for one earlier in the evening. My husband went to the picture window and saw trees being uprooted and said, "It is a tornado, everybody get to a corner". The folks, my husband and daughter ran into the kitchen and I couldn't move I was so shocked but in a second a friend of ours and I went into the hall. Then it happened, everything at once, trees falling all 30 pine trees, roof came off and everything came down at us even rain just soaked us. I fainted for a second and when I came to it was such a wonderful feeling to be alive. My first thought was everyone else. We made our way to the kitchen and everyone was alright. The Lord was really with us and must have had more work for all of us or He would have called some of us to our heavenly home that night of March 13, 1954. The task of rebuilding and replacing everything was made easier by everyone's help and the fact that all of us were here to help. All the kindness shown us at that time will never be forgotten by any of us.



June Frels Eddleman, Hubbert Eddleman, and daughter Shirley Eddleman



We lived a week in the Lutheran Church basement after which we rented an apartment for a month. We moved back into our home the day before Easter of this year and what a happy Easter for all of us. The loss of all of our 30 pine trees will never be replaced (for years at least) but we are all thankful to have survived a terrifying experience such as a tornado.

Shirley finished Miller Jr. High and entered Miller Sr. High this fall of 1954. Shirley and I have both joined the Holt Avenue Lutheran Church here.

We now have three business locations, our original 4200 Broadway, our new production shop and retail outlet at 2760 Montpelier and also a retail store at Warner Robins, Georgia which is one of the largest army vehical repair and air bases in the world.

Chester H. Payne

May 14, 1914 was a big day in my life for it was the first one, and ended not before residence was established by acquiring a name, Chester, second son of Frank and Clara Payne.

We were of course a farm family and remained so for the next ten years. A farm is such a wonderful place for youngsters to grow up, to play and to discover the many amazing things taking place every waking hour. I wish every boy and girl could do the same.

Recollections tumble about in facinating disorder if one takes leave of todays' living for a short mental sojourn back to those days when people and houses, and barns and just about everything was so very Big.

Probably Mother has long forgotten how the highchair could pinch if little hands weren't just so, -- I remember though. Some memories remain so clear as to deny the thirty some years intervening -- crawling up to sit on the woodbox by the cookstove, exploring the compartment under the seat of the mirrored halltree, setting bunny nests in the yard at Easter, the toys and Xmas tree that appeared without fail on Christmas mornings.

Summers provided the greater area for roaming, for such activity as seining minnows for bait on the nightly running of the trot lines by lantern with brother Wilson. Sometimes in addition to the fish there were big snapper turtles dumped uncermoniously into the boat, certainly no place for bare feet.

The Rock River entered the picture frequently. There were the family picnics, and the collection of fifty cents per car for Sunday picnickers with the Monday-after cleaning up. Several Gypsie bands at one time or another spent nights on the river front and I remember them well.

Daily there were the clammers' boats slowly drifting down the river with their clam hooks dragging the bottom (the clam shells were sold in Rock Island for button making) and fishermen tending to their livelihood. One day Dad and I were headed downstream with our launch and sand barge when a trot line snagged us. Dad dove under the barge to free the line but was himself caught by a fishhook through the thumb. It was some few minutes before he caught up with the boat and a mighty frightened little boy. Another time Mother and I stood looking out the front door at the rain when lightning split a large tree just across the road and right before our eyes!

Each summer two important events took place, the Joslin County Fair (Grandpa was president) and the Circus (Dad would take me out of school that day). Fairs and circuses of course are good for more than the attendance days, you can live them weeks before and after.

An impressive sight which always thrilled me was the big, puffing steam engine pulling the red threshing machine coming down the road and turning right into our yard, and then amid the squawking chickens and barking dogs would proceed to the site of the new strawpile.

Dad had 'cleared' the larger portion of our farm before I was born but there still remained the brush and stumps to remove. I remember the boxes and boxes of dynamite Dad and Ole Gus the hired hand would 'plant' under those stumps, and then the dash to a safe distance to watch the chunks of wood go sailing into the air. Hanging onto while peeking around Gus's leg was my idea of safety. Dad utilized goats and sheep to clear out the brush. Once I was seated in the car when this large herd was driven by, I'd never imagined there were so many goats and sheep in the whole world.

Every boy has a dog, mine was named 'Tricks', and he was about the same age as I. Once I fed a large bucket of fresh eggs to him, -we both caught it that time. He was a good watch dog, lived in his house in the yard and was allowed to sleep in the basement on only the very coldest nights. He lived to be nine years.

One time it was necessary for Dad to rescue me from the top of the windmill, it was easy to go up. The water was always so cool from that pump, and in summer we kept watermelons in the horse tank.

Of all the horses, ole Dock, a sorrel, stands out. He was a good worker but extremely flighty. One day when Dad and I were after a load of fence posts a train whistled and the team started running. Dad sensed immediately he had a runaway on his hands so he pitched me out of the racing wagon and remained with it himself only until a crash with a stump was inevitable.

One morning I 'found' a brand new calf in the barn but Dad didn't seem so surprised as I had expected. Mother once gave me the twelve eggs an old cluck hen was setting, and later bought the grown chickens back at a dollar each.

Fall weather usually made me a little sad, the grass and leaves would turn color, fewer people visited us, and color in the sky bespoke cold winds acoming. There was though the walnuts and hickory nuts to gather, hull and dry on the toolshed roof. Dad would help me take the excess to Barstow to sell for a dollar per gunnysack full.

By now the corn cribs would be full, a fine place to climb into and use as an Indian lookout. Butchering and sausage making was a busy time, and the smokehouse--so smokey one could hardly see the sausages hanging in there.

Once in awhile a maruding skunk would make a night raid on the chicken house. Dad would get the shotgun, Mother the latern, and I would train along, scared to go but even more scared not to.

In the winters the car would be put up on jacks, the ice house filled and many loads of wood be put in the basement for the furnace. Keeping track of the few people passing by on the road became a daily passtime.

Dad sold the farm in 1925 and there followed an extended motor trip lasting three years. Oakland, California, was our home then during the school year, with trips between times into almost all states west of the Mississippi, into Canada and Mexico, and a two week boat trip to Alaska.

Grade school was completed at Barstow, high school at East Moline, and college at Tri-State in Indiana in 1937. Employment at Hotpoint Appliance in Chicago absorbed the next four years.

The war clouds were gathering over Europe so in 1941 I became an Engineering Aviation Cadet USAF. Graduation came a few days after Pearl Harbor Day. The then 60,000 man Air Corps was eventually to become three and one half million men, I was fortunate enough to receive additional schooling and training until embarkation to England in 1943.

A large air base there became my home for the next 27 months and afforded many opportunities to become favorably acquainted with England and the English people.

It was during this time that I met Patricia, my wife-to-be. Ours was a wonderful courtship in spite of the wartime conditions of Air Base duty, civilian rationing, troop trains and blackouts. Our Base was near Blackpool, Lancs, and during off duty hours bicycle rides, Servicemens' Club dances, occassional weekend trips to the North country, and visits with families of Patricia's acquaintance, certainly established the foundation for a very happy marriage. Patricia flew to America six months after my return. Our wedding took place at Larchmont, New York, with Wilson and Betty in attendance.

Home to us the next three years was Oak Park, Illinois, during which time Christopher was born, a very, very happy event indeed. A desire to live in a smaller community, together with an attractive business opportunity led us to Des Moines, Iowa.

After disembarking at Norfold Navy Yard the men were there a few days. One of the officers wrote this description of the Begum trip and gave every man aboard a copy of it. Chester H. Payne was one of the men aboard.

NORFOLK NAVY YARD, December 25, 1945--Britain's Royal Navy delivered her Christmas package to the U.S. Navy here today when the H.M.S. Begum, escort aircraft carrier, docked three days late from Southampton, England, after taking what was probably the worst non-combat beating any of the escort ships have ever faced.

Aboard the Begum were 477 U.S. Army Officers and men who sailed from England December 13, faintly optimistic of reaching home by Christmas and now ready to race from Norfolk with the hope of getting to their families by New Year's Eve. All Army personnel are due for discharge upon reaching their separation centers.

The Begum wasn't the prettiest of Yuletide packages when she pulled up to the pier late last night. The forward section of her 480 foot flight deck was buckled and had spent most of the past week flapping freely in 40 and 50 mile gales. Six of the ten I-beam stanchions supporting the flight deck at the bow were broken, held only by temporary repairs. Lifeboats and rafts were battered into uselessness, and loose ends of radio antennas and other communication lines dragged in the water from the ship's sides. Below decks, almost everything, passengers included, was a shambles. Sleeping quarters were soggy after being flooded and drained; the ship's inventory of chinaware was far short of par; office furniture was ready for salvage and many of the ship's sections contained cracks in the welding, through which daylight, and sometimes water, streamed.

Captain C.L. Howe, C.B.E., R.N., commanding, set the Begum on a general Southwest course, heading for the Azores, when the vessel passed Land's End twelve days ago. The plan was to sail to just North of the Azores and then switch to a Westerly course, arriving at Norfolk last Saturday. Gale warnings in the area, however, forced a change in course and Captain Howe headed Northwest, hoping to evade the storm. But that storm, or another, caught the Begum with hurricane force the night of December 15-16. Winds which frequently reached a velocity of 100 miles per hour battered the ship for over 36 hours as the Captain reduced speed and headed the Begum into the gale. All day Sunday, December 16, the ship stood on one end then the other, changing course often to meet the wind head on. At the end of the day the Begum had logged 80 miles.

"The flight deck stanchions were broken by the heavy seas Sunday," Captain Howe said today. "Half a dozen large cases of aircraft wings and fuselages which he had lashed to the deck went overboard, taking our antenna with them so we could receive, but not transmit, on our wireless."

"What was worrying me most, however, were three 5-inch shells which had somehow worked out of their racks below decks astern and were rattling around the ammunition room unhampered. Fortunately, the passengers and most of the crew didn't know about them."

Sleeping compartments below decks were flooded, forcing occupants to seek other space in many cases. The ship pitched so badly that water was being taken over the bow and, when the stern settled, over the large anti-aircraft gun deck above the propellor on the stern.

Monday morning, December 17, saw the end of the hurricane, although winds continued at 30-5 miles per hour. Uncertain as to the safety of his ship, Captain Howe headed for the nearest safety--the little U.S. Naval Base at Argentina, Newfoundland, requesting aid to make repairs. To add to the Captain's difficulties, the hot oil filter on the Begum's engines had broken and there was no replacement aboard. It was believed the engines would have to be stopped to repair the break.

When the ship was only 100 miles from the cutter sent out from Argentia, the seas calmed and Captain Howe decided to attempt repairs. The crew, aided by Americans, welded the breaks in the flight deck stanchions. Others quietly dumped the three shells overboard. Engine room men, led by Lt. Comdr. Claude J. H. Goatley, accomplished the seemingly impossible by repairing the oil filter without a skip in the propellors revolutions.

Believing his ship at least temporarily seaworthy, Captain Howe cancelled his request for aid from Argentia and steered for Norfolk. Progress was slow until, last Saturday night,

Father Neptune apparently gave up his losing fight and the Begum came on in at an average of 15 Knots.

U.S. Army personnel's opinion, as voiced by Lt. Col. Paul S. Anderson, Washington, D.C., troop commander, was one of mixed feeling. "I don't think any of us was ever so frightened before. We forgot about getting home for Christmas, or New Year's, or even the Fourth of July--we just hoped we would get home. All of us have the greatest admiration for Captain Howe and his crew and the way they brought us through that storm."

The Begum launched from a Tacoma, Washington, shipyard in mid-summer, 1943, commissioned the U.S.S. Bolinas. She was later turned over to the Royal Navy under Lend-lease and was re-commissioned the H.M.S. Begum at Vancouver, B.C., in August 1943. Since then she has logged 170,000 miles, most of them around India, Ceylon and Africa. The Begum, while having been used mainly for the ferrying of aircraft and for training purposes, is credited with destroying one enemy submarine in the Indian Ocean while on one of her two tours of anti-submarine patrol. The ship will be turned back to the U.S. Navy this week and the British crew will return to England.

Eunice Mary Patricia Payne

I was born March 23, 1915, in Nipigon, Ontario, Canada. But I would like to go back to the day my parents Douglas and Ada (France) Hinds were married. It was February 14, 1914, and a month later they sailed from England for North America with Canada the eventual destination.

Daddy had during earlier travels assessed the possibilities of developing a trading post business near Jellicoe, now called Nipigon, because of the new railroad construction of the Canadian Pacific in that area.

The Post as finally established was operated as a partnership, and in spite of hardships did thrive. It was here that I first saw the light of day. My birth was premature and therefore upset plans for Mother's proper hospitalization. Daddy found himself in complete charge of an event of which he knew very little. Nevertheless, with the aid of a medical book and an Indian guide and his Squaw I was delivered, and as with local custom, upon the advice of the Indian guide, I was rolled in a snowbank to start that first cry (who wouldn't cry). Mother became seriously ill. Port Arthur, with medical facilities, was many miles away over deep snow. Fortunately the Indian woman was able to nurse me until a dog sled trip out was possible.

A birthmark on the very tip of my nose caused great concern to Daddy, and not one, but two operations were required to effect it's removal, thank you, Daddy!

Fate was slowly but surely having it's way for war in Europe was now a reality and Daddy felt he should serve his native England, even though it meant leaving his less than year old new life and home in Canada.

Contrary to good judgment but persistant, Mother and I sailed too. The sea lanes were very treacherous with enemy submarines. Mother relates, as I was the only baby aboard a small lifejacket was provided for me which Daddy kept tied to his own.

Our arrival at Liverpool and Grandparents home was surprised and shocked Grandmother lost her speech for two days.

England of course meant being with all the kinfolk which I found must to my liking. A cherished memory is that of Uncle George Evans, husband of Auntie Annie, Daddy's younger sister. A handsome young lieutenant in the Army. He visited with us but just a few times but how happy I was when he singled me out for his attentions, first, by bringing as a present a beautiful little tea-set, and second, by being such an attentive and understanding guest as the two of us had make-believe tea on the living room floor. I was two years old at that time. Uncle George later gave his life in France. In later life I visited his grave over there, it was difficult to visualize that one loved and admired as he, was with us no more.

As a young girl I remember the gay times at Christmas. Theatre Pantomines at which fairy tales are acted musical-comedy style. Such themes were Humpty-Dumpty, Sleeping Beauty, Cinddrella, etc.; A sight never to be forgotten too was the big round Christmas pudding, brought into the room with its brandy flaming, a sprig of holly stuck on the top. And Carolers would sing outside the house.

I attended convent schools, St. Mary's Barrow-in-Furness, and St. Anne's, Rock Ferry, Birkenhead, for a period of twelve years, after which a year at Beechcroft Commercial College. Schooling was curtailed at age seventeen when I lost my dear Father. Thereafter followed three years of insurance business and one year as secretary to a Journalist.

My first trip across the English Channel to France was in 1939 for six weeks vacation - the French Alps with its fascinating Chateaus, wine-making villages, the Riviera on the blue Mediterranean, Monte Carlo, where a small wager resulted in a return sufficient to acquire a pretty dress.

England was now at war and needed every lad and lass to defend our Island home. I enlisted in the Mechanized Transport Corp; was soon driving ambulances, staff cars, utility vans, and trucks. We did our own maintenance, alternated twelve hours on and off. Nighttime driving was arduous because of blackout masks over the lights. Sometimes cargo was explosives and roads were often slippery and dangerous. Illness forced my military retirement.

It seems life began anew Valentine's Day, 1945, for it was the day I met Chester, significant too, as it was my parents' wedding anniversary. Our courtship was a lively one and we were constant companions until his return to U.S.A. Six months later I found myself once again on American soil. We were married at St. John's Church, Larchmont, New York, on June 15, 1946. My joy was complete for I had also realized a long cherished desire for a brother or a sister - now I had found both - Wilson and Betty.

An even greater job was in store to be shared by Chet and I, for April 13, 1948, Christopher was born, a great big bundle or wiry activity, curious little chap with a load of mischief, loves to tease and joke. He is kind and thoughtful with a fondness for flowers and music, but is not without boyish desires for cowboys, airplanes, trains, machines, etc.

History repeats itself, for like his mother, Christopher commenced traveling at an early stage. April 9, 1953, Christopher and I visited England. It is even more exciting to see things through his eyes. The trains, New York, the big ocean liners, tiny tug-boats, then sight of a school of whales, flying porpoises, deck games, swimming in the pool, passing ships, and then the wonderful reunion with my mother and Auntie Dora Hinds. I will always remember the happy tears rolling down Mother's cheek as she hugged her one and only Grandson close. Three months seemed all too short, but after a wonderful visit we hurried home to Daddy.

On August 26, 1955, our darling daughter was born in Methodist Hospital in Des Moines, Iowa. We call her Pamela Susan Payne.

Arthur Frels

Arthur T. Frels was born on a farm near Hillsdale in Rock Island County, Illinois, on May 16, 1906. My parents were Fred W. and Maude Passmore Frels. I attended High School in East Moline, Illinois. I was employed in a grocery store and later worked at a Standard Filling Station. Then I cut meat for nine years for Benhler Brothers and the National Tea Stores after which I went to work for the Moline Fire Department on July 18, 1934.

From there I entered the service, joined the Sea Bees and was sent to the Pacific Zone most of the time in New Guenea. (Elsewhere see soldiers letters to home folks.)

I married Lena Wright, we had two children; Lester who is now 24 years old and Marvella who is 18 years old. Marvella was graduated from Port Byron High in 1953. Lester graduated from East Moline High School.



A.C.B/C Arthur Frels
New Guenea

After the war I returned to Moline and The Fire Department. April 1, 1953, I retired because of service disability with the rank of Captain of station number four.

In 1946 I married Edith VanAukin of Geneseo in the Concordia Lutheran Church. I own the twenty-acre tract of land on the Hampton Bluff that my father owned, purchased by his grandfather on April 25, 1855 from Milo V. Bush for $16.37 an acre or $337.50 for the 20 acres of timber.

This year, 1954, we sold our house in Moline at 2437-Sixth Avenue and bought a modern trailer and will go to Port Isabel, Texas, to live.

Lester Frels

Lester Frels, son of Arthur and Lena Frels, was born April 30, 1930 in Cuba, Illinois. I attended grade school there and was graduated from Moline High School. I played the coronet in the high school band. I joined the United States Navy and went to Pensacola, Florida to take up Aerial Photography and was appointed 2nd Class Petty Officer in the Navy. I was stationed in Okinawa Island, Guam and Japan aboard the Aircraft carrier USS Philippine Sea. I served a total of four years. (See elsewhere soldiers letters to folks at home this book.)

On July 24, 1953, I married Bonnie Jean Cain of Rapid City, Illinois in the First Congregational Church in Moline, Illinois with Dr. Oliver Black officiating. We now have a son born July 7, 1954 whom we named Ronald Allen. We currently live in Rapid City. Ronald Allen is a great grandson of Frederick Frels and is the sixth generation of Frels.

Donovan Harry Frels



Donovan Harry and Dorothy Swisher Frels,
Son and daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frels



The J. William Frels' Family Group Taken 1921
Top Row: Walter, J. William Frels, Edna Frels Mohr, Joe Mohr
Second Row: Viola Frels Hanna, Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels, Bertha Frels, Ida Frels
Bottom Row: Gladys Frels, Billy Mohr, Donna Mae Hanna

John William Frels
By William Claire Mohr

John William Frels, the fourth child born to Henry and Catherine Mandler Frels, was born in their home in Hampton Township on June 22, 1857. The Frels family were living in their first brick house back in the timber. Father Frels was still in the wood business, clearing the land of timber in order to have more land to cultivate for the raising of crops. This timber was the main source of income for the Frels family.

While William, as he was commonly known, was growing up, he did his share of chores around the house and walked to Oak Ridge School and to Zion Lutheran Parochial School with the other boys and girls from his home and the community. There were two fireplaces in the new brick home, so fire wood had to be carried in for the cook stove and fireplaces. This was a big house and required a lot of fuel; carrying wood in was the children's job, and every evening it was necessary to get enough chips in to start the fire in the morning. Water had to be carried from the spring. The children were given water pails according to their size. You couldn't expect Mother to do all this, and a lot of water was needed for cooking and laundering and for washing the hands and feet of the family and the hired men. William wasn't big enough yet to handle a plow, but he was big enough to pull weeds out of the corn and potato patch. He couldn't bind bundles or do shocking, but he could supply the laborers with fresh, cool water and lunch in the forenoon and afternoon, and could also carry bundles to the shockers. It just beats all how many jobs the parents could find for the children to do. The Frels were church people, and believed in the Scripture as taught in Proverbs 22:6 -

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." That is good ABC training for any youngster. William and the other Frels children were taught the need of working for their existance.

Mrs. M. D. Hauberg, William's sister, wrote in her story that their mother had a good education which she had received in the schools of Germany, and that they kept German papers in their home to read. They lived in the woods, but they were not back-woodsmen. They must have had music appreciation, for their son, Henry, played the fiddle, and William played both the fiddle and the accordian.

As William grew up, he fell in line with the duties of the day. Of course Mother Frels made all his clothes as long as she lived. His wardrobe had a limited variety - the same clothes for winter and summer plus an extra coat for winter. Mother knitted the mittens and stockings for all and caps for the boys. If additional mittens were needed in the winter, Mother made them from ticking to pull over the woolen ones. What a happy time these children must have had in winter, snow balling and coasting; in the timber, snow would remain until the month of March. Father made the sleds; if there weren't enough to go around, a scoop shovel could be used for coasting. Aunt Etta, another of William's sisters, mentions that they danced in one of the rooms in their new house; it is likely that William played the violin for some of these dances, as well as playing elsewhere at community dances. Undoubtedly this violin music was a great pleasure and comfort to the Frels household. William often visited his aunt, Elizabeth Mandler Gode, at Clinton, Iowa. Mr. Gody, his uncle, ran a grocery store there, and William later frequently spoke of the good times he had visiting at Clinton.

The use of oxen was about the thing of the past when William came on the scene for farm work. There was still plenty timber to work in, and what a muscular job it must have been to split rails for fencing and cordwood for the steamboats. It was just the type of work to develop a strong body. Just recently a farmer in central Illinois made the news by plowing 85 acres of corn in one day, laying it by, according to the popular expression for plowing corn the last time of the season. He used a four row cultivator. In William's day, one horse was hitched to a double shovel plow, and they plowed along one side of the corn row and then back on the other side. One could scarcely plow five acres per day with this sort of equipment.

Mrs. Lilly Wylie, William's sister-in-law, states that William was quite a horse racer and that he used to ride in races at the fairs and often won prizes. Before the advent of the automobile, the top buggy, and road cart, every farmer had his favorite riding horse; it might have been a farm chunk - a horse for regular farm work, or the road horse breed - slim and long-legged. Farm boys as well as farm horses delight to have a race, and groups returning from church, parties, or school programs were almost sure to have a horse race. The main event at a picnic was always a horse race. Farm girls usually rode in the wagon or two-seated buggy with their parents when they went places. Such a conveyance was too tame for the boys; they went horse back. Farmers greased their harness occasionally to make it soft and pliable. Some of them had brass knobs on the harness names, ivory rings on the lines or reins, and tassels of red horse hair a foot long attached to the bridles. The farmers usually had to wash the dirt from their wagons before going out in society. Around home, a dirty wagon didn't make so much difference - they used them for hauling manure, wood, coal, etc. They just didn't have a buggy or surrey for every occasion.

William's brother, Henry, left home in 1873 to work his father's farm in Henry County. William was then 16 years of age, and his brother George was 14. They were now the main standbys to help their father with the work. Etta was eleven years of age and by then was a good help to her step-mother. She was then, or soon after, taking music lessons from a music teacher in Hampton. Undoubtedly she walked back and forth to Hampton for these lessons - it was only four or five miles. William's mother had died a few days after the birth of his sister, Etta. His father married again, and it is said that the step-mother was a very kind mother to the Frels children. When the step-mother died in 1877, Etta, age 15, was left to be the main housekeeper and cook.



The J. William Frels Homestead

William continued to work at the home place while George worked out some for the neighbors. At the death of their father on March 31, 1880, William and Etta were left in full charge of the farm. Shortly thereafter, Mary Frels Gernant prevailed on her sister, Etta, to come over and help her, because she had so much work to do. Etta obliged and went. William drove up to the Sugar Grove farm and asked his sister Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg if her daughter, Amelia, could come and cook for him. Amelia went and took her little brother, Louie, along for company. The only thing that Louis remembers of this episode is the long pole with which he chased chickens out of the apple trees every evening; he was three years old.

In due time, a wedding took place at the Frels home. John William married Bertha W. Guildenpfennig, one of eleven children of Christian and Dorothea Klebe Guildenpfennig. This wedding was a community affair with the relatives and friends of the bride and groom present. Amelia Hauberg Schmoll writes that she and Etta Frels were the bride's-maids and William's hired man and Charles Oltman were the groom's-men. The date of the wedding was August 22, 1881. The wedding reception was held at his home, and some men were apprehended while trying to steal the wedding cakes from the basement where they had been stored.

William and Bertha lived on the homestead only about a year. When Henry Frels, Sr., died in 1880, Marx D. Hauberg, a son-in-law, had been appointed administrator of the estate. When the estate was settled, Henry Frels, Jr. took over the home place, and William and Bertha moved to Henry County to a farm owned by William's father and previously occupied by Henry, Jr. Brother George Frels, after his marriage, lived on an adjoining farm presently owned by his son, Benjamin Frels.

The William Frels family continued to live on the Henry County farm until 1895, and the first three children were born there: A. Walter, born June 10, 1882; Ida E., born September 2, 1885; and Edna C., born January 22, 1890.

In 1895 Walter was about 13 years old, and being quite a help to his father, they decided that they could handle a farm larger than the 100 acres in Henry County. Through Mr. Ed Rogers, the banker at Port Byron, William bought a 234 acre farm near Rose Hill in section 17 of Zuma Township. Although they were not to get possession of the farm until March first, they moved on February first so as to be able to cross the Rock River on the ice. They stayed at the Guildenpfennig farm until the month was up.

The fourth child, Viola A., was born on the new farm on August 7, 1898. The children attended school at Rose Hill and received their religious training at the Friedens Lutheran Church. Later William and Bertha were charter members of Friedens Lutheran Church which was organized and erected on the former Henry Frels property.

On February 4, 1914, William had a closing out sale. This year he built a fine new house on a forty acre farm in section 22 in Hampton township. The new home was on the edge of Hampton Bluff, overlooking the Rock River Valley. William tilled only about 12 acres of the land - just enough to keep his time occupied. William and his family lived there happily for many years. They were always pleased to have their friends and relatives visit them, and the latch string was "out" at all times.

While picking his corn in the late fall of 1928, William contracted a bad cold from which he never recovered. His health failed rapidly that winter, and he died on March 21, 1929, at the age of 71 years. The funeral services were held at the Friedens Lutheran Church with the Reverend August Aden officiating. He was laid to rest in the Friedens Cemetery in soil which was originally owned by his father.

Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels

Bertha Guildenpfennig was born in Hampton Township on February 24, 1862, one of the eleven children of Christian and Dorothea Klebe Guildenpfennig. She was educated at Cook's School and at Zion Lutheran Parochial School. Although Bertha was always a rather delicate child, she nevertheless took an active part in the amusements of the day. She often went

riding with a very elegant red plush side-saddle. In later days, Bertha often spoke of the many happy hours she spent with her chum, Steena Oltman. On days when it was not pleasant to be outdoors, Bertha would make very beautiful wax flowers which were put into frames and were highly prized as household decorations.

As a young lady, Bertha took outside jobs doing housework. She often worked for Reverend Winters, pastor of Zion Lutheran Church. On many occasions she worked with Miss Etta Frels (Aunt Etta Schmoll). No doubt this association was one of the factors which led to Bertha's marriage to Aunt Etta's brother, J. William Frels. The marriage was solemnized on August 22, 1881, at Zion Lutheran Church with Reverend Louis Winters officiating. The wedding dinner was held in the Henry Frels home, with the cooking being done by the mother of Mrs. Theodore Frels.

Bertha and William began farming the Henry Frels homestead, but Bertha was never happy there. She was busy cleaning a dark clothes storage room upstairs, where old clothing had been accumulating for years. As she reached for a coat, she grasped a large bull snake coiled around the sleeve of the coat. Such events left Bertha happy to move to the Frels farm in Henry County.

On this farm, the first three children were born: A. Walter, born June 10, 1882; Ida E., born September 2, 1885; and Edna C., born January 22, 1890. In 1895, they purchased a farm in Zuma Township and here a fourth child, Viola A. was born on August 7, 1898. In 1914, William and Bertha sold out and moved to a small farm in Hampton township.

William passed away in 1929. After his death, Bertha lived with her daughters until she died on November 14, 1931, after an illness of six months. Bertha was buried in Friedens Cemetery following services at Friedens Lutheran Church of which Bertha and William were charter members. The services were directed by Reverend August Aden, a former pastor at Friedens.

Edna Clara Frels Mohr

Edna Frels was the third child of J. William and Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels. She was born on their Henry County farm on January 22, 1890. Shortly thereafter the family moved to the farm near Rose Hill which they occupied for many years. Edna went through the eight elementary grades at Rose Hill School, one of her last and best-liked teachers being Miss Bertha Derrick. Miss Derrick's kindness and encouragement continued after her marriage to Tom Schafer, and Edna often visited their home in Watertown. Acting on Miss Derrick's advice, Edna attended the Port Byron Academy and later Valparaiso University at Valparaiso, Indiana, preparing herself as a teacher of the elementary grades.

For a number of years, she taught in the grade schools at Rose Hill, Coal Valley, Rapid City and at Cook's School in Hampton township. While teaching at Coal Valley, she lived with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wylie. Mrs. Wylie was Edna's Aunt Lillie, being her mother's sister. Mr. and Mrs. Wylie were superintendent and matron, respectively, as the Rock Island County Farm which made Edna's stay at Coal Valley both comfortable and enjoyable. When she taught at Rapid City, she could spend some time at home, driving to and from school during mild weather, but she found it necessary to board with a family near the school in severe winter weather. Edna was quite fond of her chosen profession; she enjoyed teaching and became very interested in her children and their parents.

While teaching at Cook's School, where her sister, Viola, was one of her pupils, she began keeping company with Joseph P. Mohr, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Mohr of Hampton. Having decided that the lot of a housewife was superior to that of an old-maid school teacher, Edna and Joe were married on February 23, 1916, at the rectory of St. John's Catholic Church in Rapid City. The young couple started farming on the Miller farm near Hillsdale, but after six months they moved to the Walker farm owned by Alvin Frels. They farmed there for four and one half years and then purchased the Arthur Genung farm in Coe Township where they lived for many years.



Joseph Paul Mohr and Edna C. Frels Mohr

Work on the farm was hard and often difficult, but was seldom without reward. Edna was happy in her home, working with her garden, flowers, and poultry. The home was developed into one of the most attractive and comfortable in the community. Joe and Edna always worked together in close cooperation, striving to improve their home and living standards. They took an active part in the community, Edna being the first president of the Fairview Mother's Club and taking an active part in the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the first settler in Coe Township (1935). Quite often, the teacher of the district school (Fairview) found board and room at the Mohr home. A hired man was usually retained to assist in working the 160 acre farm. Edna always felt that their neighbors were the kindest to be found anywhere.

One child, William Clair, was born on June 1, 1920. Edna's teaching experience enabled her to give Billy a head start in life, and her patient assistance helped him to win many academic honors culminating with a degree at the University of Illinois.

On September 19, 1941, Edna passed away after a prolonged illness of fifteen months. Edna was laid to rest in Friedens Cemetery following services at Friedens Lutheran Church in Hampton Township. Edna was a lifelong member of Friedens Church, having attended Church School there in her early childhood. Although Joe was not of her faith, he regularly accompanied her to services at Friedens, a deed which characterized the harmony of their union. Throughout her illness, Edna never ceased to be amazed at the continual flood of cards, letters, and visits from neighbors, friends, and relatives. This was indeed a great testimonial to the kindness and generosity of a noble lady.

Joseph Paul Mohr

Joseph Paul Mohr was born in the village of Hampton, on December 22, 1888, son of William and Mary Glanz Mohr. He and his nine brothers and sisters attended elementary school, and St. Mary's Catholic Church in Hampton.

When Joe was 14 years old, his mother passed away, leaving the responsibility for homemaking in the hands of his eldest sister, Ella. She postponed her marriage in order to be at home to care for her younger brothers and sisters. At about this time, 1902, Joe embarked on his long career as a farmer by working as a hired hand. Alvin Frels employed him for eleven years consecutively; first in Rose Hill community and later near Hillsdale.

His courtship of Edna C. Frels began at the Joslin Fairgrounds, where he escorted her on a merry-go-round ride. They went around together for several years, and finally were married February 23, 1916, in the rectory of St. John's Catholic Church in Rapids City. They borrowed money to augment their savings with which to start farming. Joe's past experience at this work was evidenced by the fact that they prospered enough the first year to be able to pay off their loan, and go on from there.

In a few years they purchased the Arthur Genung farm in Coe Township where their only child, William Clair, was born June 1, 1921. They worked hard and lived happily here until Edna's death in 1941. World War II came and soon after VE Day Joe decided to sell the farm,

and retire to a somewhat less strenuous life in the city.

He later met and married Mrs. Regina Vint, a lady widow from Muscatine, Iowa, and they purchased a home in East Moline. Joe still finds working preferrable to 'rocking' and is at this date employed by the International Harvester Company, East Moline.

William Clair Mohr

I was born on June 1, 1920, on my parents' farm in Coe Township. My father was Joseph Paul Mohr, my mother, Edna Frels, daughter of J. William and Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels. I was baptized at St. John's Catholic Church in Rapid City. In this church I also made my first communion and was later confirmed.

As a boy, I enjoyed life on the big farm where I had a pony to ride and a dog to roam with. My mother had taught school before her marriage, and she taught me to read before I started school. I began going to Fairview School (District No. 16) in the spring of 1926. The first day I was called upon to read, I proceeded to rattle off the story at a great rate, as I had been well coached by my mother. The other pupils had never seen such a thing before, and, after a moment of stunned silence, they all roared with laughter to think that I could read without having been to school. The next year, thanks to my mother's efforts, I went through grades 1 and 2.

School work was never very difficult for me, and when I graduated from grade school in 1933, my grades in the final examination were the highest in Rock Island County. I entered Hillsdale High School the following fall and went through high school without difficulty, graduating as valedictorian of my class. One of my high school teachers was my cousin Miss Helen Lyford, now Mrs. Virgil Simpson. After graduation, I won a scholarship to the University of Illinois in a competitive examination with others from Rock Island County.



William Clair Mohr

My success in school was due, I believe, not so much to my own prowess, as to my mother's belief that the only satisfactory grade was 100%. It is easy for parents to be satisfied if their children achieve average grades, but it requires courage and fortitude for parents to spur their children to perfection. Yet the reward is worth the effort, and the grown children will be ever thankful for the diligence of the parents. I hope I can prepare my children for life as my father and mother prepared me.

When I entered the University of Illinois, I received a rude awakening. I could no longer coast along and receive good grades with little or no effort. I had to learn to study all over again, and my first two years were a struggle to keep my head above water. Then I began to get the knack of it, and, in my senior year, I was lucky enough to be admitted to the annual Honors Convocation. That year I was also initiated into Keramos, the honorary ceramic fraternity. In June, 1941, I was graduated from the University of Illinois with a B.S. in Ceramics.

I left almost immediately for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where I was employed by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation. After a training period in the Lamp Division at Bloomfield, New Jersey, and in the Porcelain Division at Derry, Pennsylvania, I began work at the Research Laboratories in Pittsburgh. I remained there for 13 years, being named Supervisor

of Ceramic Research in 1946. During the war, Westinghouse was engaged in important work on the atomic bomb project and kept me deferred from service because of the porcelain which we were making for the Oak Ridge installation.

On June 2, 1943, I was married to Miss Mary Carmella Cresson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cresson of Derry, Pennsylvania. We were married in St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Derry, which is in Westmoreland County from which many Rock Island County, Illinois, pioneers migrated. In 1945, Mary and I purchased a house in Forest Hills, a suburb of Pittsburgh, and our first child, Joseph Paul, was born there on July 28, 1946. He was followed by two brothers, James Patrick, born on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1950, and John Albert, born July 18, 1952.

In 1954, I left Westinghouse to accept a position with Shenango China, Inc., of New Castle, Pa., where I am now Director of Research and Development. Shenango China is the country's largest manufacturer of vitrified chinaware. We make all the Haviland China sold in this country as well as Castleton dinnerware and the highest quality restaurant chinaware.

Mary and I, together with Joey, Jimmy, and Johnny, are presently making our home at 414 Park Avenue in New Castle, and we are members of St. Mary's Catholic Church here.

Walter Frels



Walter Frels and Bertha Coffin Frels

Walter Frels was born on June 10, 1882, in Henry County, Illinois, the first child of J. William and Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels. He was christened Adam Walter, but he had a great dislike for his first name, and, although the designation Walter A. was sometimes used, he preferred to be known just as Walter Frels. Walter grew up on his father's farm and attended Howard School. He was also instructed at the parochial school maintained at St. John's Lutheran Church in Edford Township. He and the other boys rode horseback to the church school, and it usually appeared that they were much more interested in horse racing than in school work. Walter had a horse named Jim, an Indian pony, quite good size. He often spoke of the many good times he had racing with Henry Maeltzer and his other friends. Sometimes he rode standing up to show off. As he grew older, he began to fancy himself a horsetrader. Unfortunately, his judgment was sometimes faulty, and, now and then, his father would have to intercede and have the trade reversed.

There is an interesting story of Walter's school days which seems to pop up every now and then. It seems that all the boys arrived rather early at school one day. Thinking to

trick the schoolmaster, they all scrambled up into the loft over the schoolroom. When the schoolmaster arrived on the scene, there were no pupils to be seen. The schoolmaster might have been perplexed had not Walter's leg suddenly come crashing through the ceiling. Walter always steadfastly denied the truth of this story, but it seems too good not to repeat.

In 1895, Walter had become quite a young man, and his father elected to undertake a larger farm and forthwith purchased an acreage in Rose Hill. They crossed Rock River on the ice to move their possessions. When they were packing their household goods, the powder-horn was stuffed in the stove for the journey. When the stove was at length set up at the new home, the powder-horn was forgotten. Father Frels proceeded to build a fire in the stove and was shortly rewarded with a grand explosion. Fortunately, the damage was confined to Father Frels' hair and mustache which were singed rather severely.

Walter attended the Rose Hill school for two years. He was confirmed at Frieden's Lutheran Church, where his father was a charter member. Walter worked for his father on the farm for a number of years. Now and then he would leave for what appeared to be greener pastures, but he soon returned to the homestead. Later on, Walter took over the management of the Rose Hill Creamery. He had to get up in the morning and make 1100 pounds of butter before the farmers brought in their milk. The milk all had to be weighed and tested and the proper amount of skim milk had to be returned to each farmer. The cream had to be properly cooled and later churned into butter at the proper temperature. The butter was salted and packed into 50 pound firkins to be hauled to town and sold. A lot of bookkeeping was connected with this work in figuring the butterfat content of the milk, how much was due each farmer, selling the butter, and procuring the equipment necessary to operate the creamery.

On June 29, 1904, Walter married Miss Bertha Coffin, daughter of George and Ida Davis Coffin of Hampton Township. They lived on farms in Zuma Township and eventually operated the home place in Rose Hill. In 1926, while Walter and Bertha were farming the J. William Frels homestead, the Henry Frels descendants held an all day reunion picnic at the farm. The houseyard was full of people, and the well-filled baskets of food were placed on a long table where all partook freely.

A daughter, Gladys Genevra, was born May 11, 1909. In 1927, Walter purchased a small farm in Coe Township which he tilled for 25 years. In June, 1954, Walter and Bertha celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

After a lingering illness, Walter passed away on December 4, 1954. During his illness Walter planned his funeral in every detail. Funeral services were held at the Dailey Mortuary in Port Byron, and burial was in Zuma Cemetery. Reverend Walter Tillberg, former pastor of Friedens Church, officiated.

Walter and Bertha had many friends who often called on them. They were always glad to have company and made their guests right at home. They never failed to insist that their company stay for the meal about to be served. Walter was really generous to a fault and to his own disadvantage. He was certainly remembered by all of his relatives and friends during his illness.

Bertha Coffin Frels

Bertha Coffin Frels was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, on August 13, 1886, the daughter of George and Ida Davis Coffin. The Coffin family soon moved to a home near Coal Valley, where Bertha attended Glen School. Later on, they moved to the Bowles place near Hampton, and Bertha enrolled at Sycamore School which at that time was taught by Ada Hauberg.

On June 29, 1904, Bertha married Walter Frels, oldest child of J. William and Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels. The young couple took up farming in Zuma Township. In 1927 they purchased a small farm in Coe Township, where Bertha lives today, Walter having passed away in 1954. A daughter, Gladys Genevra, was born to Bertha and Walter on May 11, 1909.

Bertha was reticent in supplying facts for this biography, but her many friends will never forget her hearty welcome and the excellent meals which she delighted to prepare.

Gladys Genevra Frels Behrendt

Gladys Frels was born on the J. William Frels homestead near Rose Hill on May 11, 1909. She was the only child of Walter Frels and Bertha Coffin Frels. She attended Rose Hill elementary school, and was graduated from Port Byron High School. While attending high school, she boarded with Mrs. Elizabeth Young, who was very kind in helping her over the rough spots in high school life. For a number of years, Gladys took music lessons from Mae Frels Pierce. After she had become more accomplished, Gladys regularly played the piano for services at Friedens Lutheran Church in Hampton Township.

On August 10, 1927, Gladys was married to Alvin Charles Behrendt, only child of Charles and Sophia Behrendt. Alvin was born on October 13, 1903, at the Behrendt farm in Zuma Township. The young couple took up residence at the recently acquired farm house directly across the road from the Behrendt home. The land connected the new home together with the large Behrendt farm made plenty of work for Alvin, his father, and Alvin's uncle, Fred Behrendt. Gladys was made welcome in the family community and immediately found plenty of work caring for the gardens, raising chickens, and feeding the hungry men-folk.

Two children came to bless the home, LaVerne Frederick, born November 4, 1928, and Darlene Gladys, born August 4, 1933. Both children completed the elementary grades at Zuma school and were graduated from Hillsdale Community High School. They were active in 4-H work and became quite accomplished in farm and domestic arts. LaVerne enjoys wood-working very much, and examples of his skill are evident in many homes throughout the area.

On June 1, 1952, LaVerne married Dorothy Joanne Drews, daughter of Herman and the late Sophia Drews of Rock Island. LaVerne built a home for himself and his bride near his parents and paternal grandparents, and settled down with his wife to assist his father in farming the large acreage. In 1954, a call to the service interrupted this idyl and LaVerne was inducted into the U.S. Army at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. Following basic training, LaVerne was given additional training in the Medical Corps at San Antonio, Texas. He was then made a Medical Corpsman and was stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. Dorothy joined LaVerne at Fort Devens, and on September 10, 1954, a daughter, Diana Lynn, was born to the young couple. In December, 1954, LaVerne was fortunate to obtain a furlough so that his grandfather, Walter Frels, was able to see the new baby before he passed away. At this writing, LaVerne is still stationed at Fort Devens and is looking forward to his discharge so that he might resume his life on the farm with his growing family.



Grand Children of Gladys Frels Behrendt. Left: Diana Behrendt daughter of Laverne Behrendt, Right: Tamera Gapinski daughter of Darlene Behrendt Gapinski.

Darlene did office work at the Moline Lutheran Hospital for a short time after her graduation from high school and then was employed in the office at John Deere Plow Company in Moline. On November 1, 1952, Darlene was married to Thomas John Gapinsky, Jr., son of Thomas and Edna Gapinsky of Davenport, Iowa. The newly-weds made their home at Moline until the young husband's work took them to Joliet, Illinois. On May 2, 1954, a daughter, Tamera Marie was born. Fortunately, the family was soon able to return to this area, and they have purchased a home in Moline. "Ski", as Darlene's husband is familiarly known, is a surveyor, retained by Missman-Stanley-Farmer and Associates.

Darlene Gladys Behrendt Gapinski

I was born August 4, 1933 in Port Byron, Illinois, to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Behrendt. I attended Zuma and Hillsdale schools. I graduated from Hillsdale in 1951, and was then employed by the Billing Department of John Deere Plow Company. I married Thomas Gapinski in November 1st of 1952 and have one daughter, Tamera Marie, born May 2, 1954 in Joliet, Illinois.

Thomas John Gapinski

I was born October 2, 1928 in Peru, Illinois to Thomas A. and Edna Gapinski. I attended LeClaire schools and graduated from high school in 1946. I entered the Marine Corps in August of 1950 - was stationed at Camp Pendleton, California. Then I was sent overseas to Japan. I was discharged in March of 1952. I am presently employed as a Land Surveyor by Missman, Stanley and Farmer Associates of the Rock Island Oil Building in Rock Island, Illinois.



Darlene Gladys Behrendt Gapinski, Thomas John Gapinski, and daughter Tamera Marie Gapinski

Ida E. Frels

I was born Ida Emma Frels at the Henry County farm home of my parents on September 2, 1885. My father was J. William Frels, and my mother was Bertha Guildenpfennig Frels. My brother, Walter, had been born in 1882, and my sister, Edna, was born in 1890.

The first vivid recollection of my life was the terrifying experience of being chased through our orchard by our old gander. How I screamed when he caught my skirt in his sharp beak! As a child, I always loved to dress up "fancy", and my brother, Walter, could not resist teasing me by untying my ribbons and pulling at my "finery", which kept me in tears much of the time, it seemed.

I attended Howard Elementary School and St. John's Lutheran Church, where our family attended regularly. We were always happy to go over to Rock Island County, across Rock River, to visit our Grandpa Guildenpfennig, and other relatives. It was necessary to cross railroad tracks at Green River, and we would all watch for approaching trains, then Dad would give the horses a touch of the whip in order to cross quickly. Crossing the river on the ferry at Cleaveland always caused me great anxiety, too, because I feared that the horses might become frightened and leap off the boat, taking buggy and all into the water.

One of the pleasures we children looked forward to each week was Cousin Rosina Hauberg's visits to us on her weekly music teaching route. She would stay one night at our home, and we would be so glad and excited that we would really get 'out of hand'. At times when the men were especially busy working in the fields quite late, mother would do the chores and milking; and Cousin Rosina would change to a housedress of mother's and help her. I was very thrilled, on a couple occasions, when she took me home with her for a weekend visit. I would have to sit in the buggy in the yard at some places where she gave a music lesson, spending the time making the acquaintance of the children and their pets.

A few years later, my family moved to the new farm near Rose Hill, and there my second sister, Viola, was born, in 1898. I attended Rose Hill school, and confirmation classes at Sunday School at Frieden's Lutheran Church, near our home. I had many good times visiting Uncle Henry Frels' home. Cousin Lydia was my pal, as she was not much older than I. The height of our interest was going to parties and dances. At times, we were not fortunate enough to have escorts and we would prevail upon our brothers Fred and Walter, who often gave us a disappointing deal. I remember one particular time that Walter and I went up to Uncle Henry's in a cutter. Walter suggested that I go in the house to keep warm while Fred and he hitched up to the bobsled, so that all four of us could go to a dance. Lydia waited a long time, only to learn that they had driven off without us.



Ida E. Frels

It must have been my childhood ambition to become a beautifully dressed lady that made Mother think I might make a success of a career in dressmaking; because the folks saw fit to send me to Moline for a course of instruction in dressmaking, first with Mrs. Woodyatt, and later with Mrs. Anderson, where we worked on our own clothing.

When Aunt Clara Dennhardt, Mother's sister, saw my efforts, she praised me highly, and asked me to do some sewing for herself and her daughters, my cousins. Her apparent satisfaction encouraged me to follow this work for a number of years, during which time it was my pleasure to sew for such prominent people as Mrs. Lundt and Mrs. Hasson, both of Moline; and others who wore good-looking clothes. People were so very nice to me that I really looked forward to being in their homes; it was more like a visit than employment there. Mrs. William Klebe would always have her work ready during strawberry season.

However, this sewing put a strain on my eyesight, so I made a change in work, and became a state employee at the East Moline State Hospital for the Insane, where I worked for seven years as an attendant. I was assigned night duty - 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. - for about two years, on a ward of thirty-nine women patients, where I was often the only attendant. When they were very disturbed, it was necessary for me to call the supervisor for help. At other quieter times, it was hard for me to stay awake, since I had trouble trying to sleep in the day time.

I received enough training and practice at the hospital to enable me to leave and find work as a practical nurse and companion to elderly ladies. Mrs. Gilbert Griffin of Moline, was my first "patient", and I cared for her for three years. It was at this time that my sister, Edna, became gravely ill, and the Griffin's were very understanding, allowing me to take some time to help care for her. Edna passed away September 19, 1941, after an illness of over a year.

During World War II, I was employed in Rock Island for one and one-half years at the Servus Rubber Company, manufacturers of rubber footwear for the soldiers; and at the Container Corporation of America, makers of cases and containers for shells. I, and other Co-workers, started the day at Servus, working from 8 a.m. to 2:30 p.m., and then rushed a block away to the Container Corporation to work from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. I was a metal assembler at the latter, and we worked very fast. So the days passed rapidly, and life was never dull. I shall never forget VJ day, when our enemies finally surrendered. Work stopped immediately, and everyone sang and whooped for joy on their way home; bells rang and whistles blew.

It meant back to practical nursing for me, and I was employed mostly by ladies in comfortable financial circumstances, so that meant that I was compensated very well for my undivided attention. I lived with Mrs. Myra Walker, age 90, at the LeClaire Hotel for quite a while; she taught me to play a fascinating card game, called "Russian Bank". She liked to play cards, and some of her prominent friends would spend an afternoon playing cards with her. This way I met Mrs. Butterworth, Mrs. Arthur Stevens, Mary Ainsworth, Mrs. Frank Silloway, and others. It was also at the LeClaire Hotel that I lived for nearly two years while caring for Miss Mary Mougin, co-founder and owner of the Schwenker-Mougin Shoe Store.

Other patients were Mrs. Margaret Montgomery Brooks, whose father and brothers were founders of the Montgomery Elevator Company; and Mrs. Minnie Warner Adams, of Phrophetstown, wife of the late Henry Adams, co-founder of the Eclipse Lawnmower Manufacturing Company. She

was a very gracious lady who had a beautiful home, but I did not stay there very long as I felt quite isolated, because transportation was poor between there and the Tri-Cities.

At the time of this writing, I am companion to Mrs. George Babcock, age 84; widow of the man who started Babcock Addition, near East Moline.

Viola A. Frels Hanna



Viola A. Frels Hanna

Born August 7th, 1898, Viola Anna Frels, fourth and youngest child of John William and Bertha Wilhelmina (Guildenpfennig) Frels, on the farm in Zuma Township, Rock Island County, Illinois, where I grew up with my brother, Walter, and sisters, Ida and Edna.

Being eight years younger than my sister Edna I was brought up in a very protected sort of way. I started to Rose Hill School at the age of five and would have finished grade school at the age of twelve, but Mother thought I was too young to go away to school, so back I went to Rose Hill for another year. The following Fall I entered Port Byron Academy at Port Byron, Illinois. Meanwhile my parents purchased a forty-acre tract of land in Hampton Township and the construction of our home began which was a thrilling experience for me. On Saturdays I would help nail laths, etc. although I was never very handy with the hammer. I attended confirmation school the following Winter and was confirmed March 23, 1913, with a class of ten, by the Reverend W. H. Blancke, The first year in our new home was a memorable one for me. There were many young folks in the neighborhood, and it seemed we were having parties and little gatherings continuously, with bobsled rides, ice skating on Rock River in the Winter, dancing and card parties in the Summer.

I attended Sunday School at the Zion Lutheran Church, as Friedens had no Sunday School at that time. My first Sunday School days started in the Rose Hill United Brethern Church, with the late Mr. Chas. Schafer, as our superintendent, and Myrtle Frels was my teacher. When I was nearly sixteen years of age I would attend the Bowry dances at Cleveland, accompanied by my two sisters and cousins, Ada, Leona and Verna Dennhardt. It would be a great disappointment if we should have to miss one Saturday night of these events. We were fortunate in having boy friends to get us there. The Joslin Fair was another big event to look forward to and this was nearly always followed by a dance in the evenings at Joslin Hall. It was there that I first met L. Ray Hanna, and we met again later at a Catholic card party and dance at Rapid City, after which our meetings were more frequent, December, 1916, I became engaged to Ray Hanna and on June 6, 1917, we were married in my parents home. The Reverend John Schnack of Zion Lutheran Church united us in marriage. Reverend W. H. Blancke, pastor of Frieden's Lutheran Church had left two weeks previous on a temperance tour. Our attendants were Faye Hanna (Ray's only sister) and Dorathea Brunswig, Ralph Becht and Harry Frels. The ceremony was at 4:00 P.M. followed with a dinner and reception in the evening. Our married life began in Moline, where Ray was employed and here we remained until Ray was called into the Army. After a brief stay at Camp Grant near Rockford, Illinois, he received an honorable discharge on September 3rd, 1918. We began farming the following spring on Ray's father's farm later going to larger farms and the last one being that of my parents, and the place where I was born.

In the fall of 1920 we adopted a baby girl, giving her the name of Donna Mae. Shortly after this great occasion we took her on her first trip along with my parents via automobile to Ada, Minnesota to visit my mother's sister and family (Aunt Dora Miller). The trip was some 750 miles and it took us three days to get there. Cars at that time were not made for speed as they are today. We were away for nearly two-weeks and everyone enjoyed the trip thoroughly. I shall never forget the wonderful climate and the spring which supplied the nice cool water at the Miller farm. In the fall of 1929 Ray and I, his brother Lee and wife drove to Kentucky and visited the Mammoth Cave, camping along the way. An incident which I will always remember took place at a tourist camp on the Dixie Highway, near Chatanooga, Tennessee where it was impossible to find a good camping site without having a rock poking you in the back when you would lie down to sleep. The last traveling we did together was a week's trip to Chicago during the Worlds Fair of 1933 where we also took in a ball game, a trip to Milwaukee by steamer and the various sights of interest in Chicago.

That winter we sold out and moved to Moline and in 1935 we purchased the home where I now live at 2748-13th Avenue. That same year Ray became ill and passed away November 6, 1936. Donna Mae by this time had finished the Moline High School and a course at Moline Business College and had started to work. In August, 1937, I accepted a position in the Occupational Therapy Department of the State Hospital, East Moline, where I worked for the following six years. My last position there was at the General Store. In 1939 I rented my home from the heirs. My next experience in the business world was at the Rock Island Arsenal and after nearly a year in the Export Department I wrote to Washington, D.C. requesting a transfer to Arizona or Utah, which I received and I spent nearly two years in Ogden, Utah, editing Government orders. This new country was a wonderful experience for me and I found the western scenery very beautiful and my trips to the various canyons I shall never forget. I made many new friends while in Utah among them some very fine Mormons. My friend and co-worker Ione Saville, sang in the famous Tabernacle choir in Salt Lake City. January 1946 I left my work at the Ogden Arsenal and started for home, via the Southern route stopping at Provo, Utah, where I visited Ray's Aunt Jennie Maxwell, and to Cedar Breaks, Zion National Park and the Grand Canyon, staying a night at the El Tovar, on the south rim, and on to Phoenix, Arizona where I spent two weeks, arriving home January 29th.

Again in the fall of 1947 I made another trip to Phoenix, Arizona staying until July of 1948, while there I spent three months as a companion to a lovely Jewish lady (Mrs. Juliette Henry) from Chicago, Illinois. Late in July, I started for home going north to Bryce's Canyon, Salt Lake City and Ogden, where I spent a few days with friends and then through the Rocky Mountain National Park and home. Shortly after I returned home I accepted a position in the Credit Office with the Montgomery Ward store in Moline and after nearly a year with them I became a member of the staff at the Lutheran Hospital in the business office and for the past four years I have held the position of Bookkeeper and Cashier for the hospital. During the fall of 1954 I moved back to my home in Moline, renting my farm home, so that I might be close to work. I have spent several of my vacations in California, with friends and my cousin Mildred Frels Roesner, and I am always looking forward to my next trip out West.

I shall close with kind memories to all the Frels Clan, and gratitude for the courageous heritage bestowed upon us.

Leslie Ray Hanna

Leslie Ray Hanna was born on the family homestead, in Zuma township, Rock Island County, Illinois, November 8, 1894. Son of Clarence Wesley Hanna and Laura E. Odell Hanna.

Both his paternal and maternal grandparents were early settlers. His grandfather Wesley Hanna came from White County, Illinois (known as Little Egypt) in the year of 1835. Stopping at that part of Henry County now called Hanna Township. Then on over to his homestead, where he finished his log cabin in the fall of 1835.

Since he was the first settler in Zuma Township, he had the privilege and honor of naming it. This he did, giving it the name Zuma, naming it for the prettiest Indian Maiden he had ever seen.

At the same time Wesley came north, his three brothers came also. Namely Phillip K., Washington and Luke. The fifth brother John Pryor coming later, that year. The Hanna brothers settled along Rock River, and later the township was named for them. Washington traveled on out to Iowa, homesteading there, he gave the land for the town of Waterloo.

Laura E. Odell was the daughter of a Methodist minister, her mother, the first white child born in Henry County, was called the 'Lovely Harriet Hanna, in person, mind and soul'; she died near Joslin, Illinois was buried there.

Ray was nine years old when his mother died. His father kept Ray, his brother Lee and sister together in the home, until all were grown and married. Ray attended Joslin School and Joslin U.B. Church and Sunday School, singing in the choir.

On June 6th, 1917 he was married to Viola Frels, by the Rev. John Schnack, past or of Zion Lutheran Church. They went to housekeeping in Moline. In 1918 he was called into the Army and after a brief stay at Camp Grant near Rockford, Illinois, received an Honorable Discharge. The next year he began farming in Zuma Township, and continued until 1933, when they sold out and moved to Moline, Illinois. Suffering from Migral Stenosis of long standing he passed away in November 1936, at the age of 42 and was laid to rest in Friedens Lutheran Cemetery.



Leslie Ray Hanna

Ray was a member of Friedens Lutheran Church and Sunday School and took part in their activities. He took a keen interest in social and political affairs, local and state, and was highly respected by all who knew him.

Donna Mae Hanna Fulscher

I was born August 19, 1919 in Rock Island. Several months later, I was adopted by my parents, Ray L. and Viola Anna Frels Hanna, while they were farming in Rose Hill community. I was baptized in Frieden's Lutheran Church, by Rev. Walter Tillberg, with cousins, Clara Frels Payne and Mae Frels Pierce as sponsors.

I enrolled in first grade at Joslin School at age six. My folks rented farms and moved occasionally, which meant that I attended Buckley school the next year, where the teacher saw fit to promote me through second and third grades that year. I had occasion to regret this help later, when I was always the youngest pupil in my class.

I remember.....that we were unable to drive over country roads in early spring when the frost 'went out'. We left the car somewhere along the highway and drove the team and wagon between home and car when necessary.

I remember.....the time our Hereford bull chose to chase me out of our barn one evening when Daddy was milking. Perhaps this was the way I discovered that I was quite fleet-footed as I ran and scampered up the ladder on the windmill.

I remember.....the thrill of getting my pinto pony, Tommy, and a new saddle when I was 11 years old. (I also remember the many times he tossed me off, sometimes by bucking and others because he shied so easily.)

I remember.....enjoying farm life, driving horses on the hay fork, making pets of many animals that would tolerate me, etc. But I never felt much affection for chickens, probably because the 'chicken chores' were one of my assigned duties, along with carrying stove wood, etc.





Donna Mae Hanna Fulscher

Raymond Fulscher

I remember.....studying piano with Mrs. Anthony Koch, Rose Hill, for most of about eight years. She was a wonderful teacher, being at once, both patient and somewhat strict.

I remember.....attending confirmation classes and being confirmed at Frieden's, on April 16, 1933, also by Rev. Tillberg. It was a large class of twenty-one confirmands.

I remember.....graduating from grade school at exercises in Port Byron High School in 1932. I attended high school in Port Byron for two years, while my parents farmed Grandpa Frels' farm in Rose Hill. I stayed with cousin Elnora Hauberg Lyford for a semester, and later with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Simpson.

I remember.....my folks farm sale, March 1934, and moving to Moline, where my father went to work at International Farmall Works, Rock Island.

I remember.....graduating from Moline High School in 1936, at 16 years of age. My father suffered a heart attack at the beginning of my last semester of school, and was unable to work for the short duration of his life, which ended too soon on November 5, that fall. Because of his serious illness, I continued studying stenography at the Moline Business College that summer and then found office work, with the kind help of Mr. Crakes, then princiapl of Moline High School. I worked for two years in the office of McLaughlin Body Co., Moline, and for about eight months for John Deere Plow Company until my marriage.

I remember.....that cousin June Frels Eddleman introduced me to a young man from East Moline, in 1935. He was a licensed plumber, and my most immaculate boy friend, who did not smoke. After a couple years of 'keeping company', I, the country girl, and he, the city fellow, decided that we were compatible enough to become engaged May 11, 1937.

I remember.....very happily, being married to Raymond Fulscher, son of Frank and Elizabeth Vick Fulscher, East Moline, at a simple twilight ceremony May 11, 1939, at the same altar where I was baptized and confirmed. Rev. Maynard Force, pastor of Calvary Lutheran Church, Moline, officiated at our wedding, because he had made us very welcome in his church, where we attended during and following my father's illness. The reception was held at our home in Moline.

I remember.....a wonderful three-week honeymoon trip to Mexico City, where we hired a driver-guide to take us to many historical and interesting places such as Taxco, Cuernavaca, Floating Gardens, etc. We lived with Mother in her home for several months, and then we three moved out to the home Grandpa Frels built when he retired, known as the William Frels estate on Hampton Bluff, along highway Route #2. Mother purchased this place from her brother and sisters, and Ray and I moved to a small apartment, and then we rented the cottage owned by cousins Frank and Clara Payne.

I remember.....how happy we were to welcome our first child, Gary Vincent, born May 24, 1943, while we lived in this cottage along Rock River, near Barstow. The following March, we broke ground in preparation for the construction of our home here on one acre of the estate that we bought from Mother.

I remember.....planning and building our home. When we started the basement we were somewhat dismayed to learn that our well had to go 242 feet into the earth to find enough water. We lived in the basement for two years, where we were quite comfortable, as there were two bedrooms, bath, kitchen, living room, laundry, and double garage. It was at this time our second son, Leslie Noel, was born on Christmas Day, 1945.

Completion of the house was slow, so we did all the labor, with the exception of masonry and plastering. The result of my husband's hobby of wood working, is that all of our woodwork is his creation; the unpainted is all solid walnut, with one wall of walnut planking in our living room, and a storage wall in the dining room, kitchen cabinets, etc. Our daughter, Thada Sue, was born May 18, 1948. We are now happily settled in our home and community. My husband is a member of the school board at Cook School, where all our children attend. I find it interesting to be a member of the local Home Bureau unit, and the Ladies' Aid Society, of Peace (Frieden's) Lutheran Church, where we are all members. Gary is an acolyte, and attends confirmation class; both boys are members of the Junior Choir, for which I am accompanist, and I am enjoying my eighth year of teaching Sunday School. My time is well filled with these activities, and providing transportation for all three children to piano lessons, and the boy's swimming lessons at the Y.M.C.A.

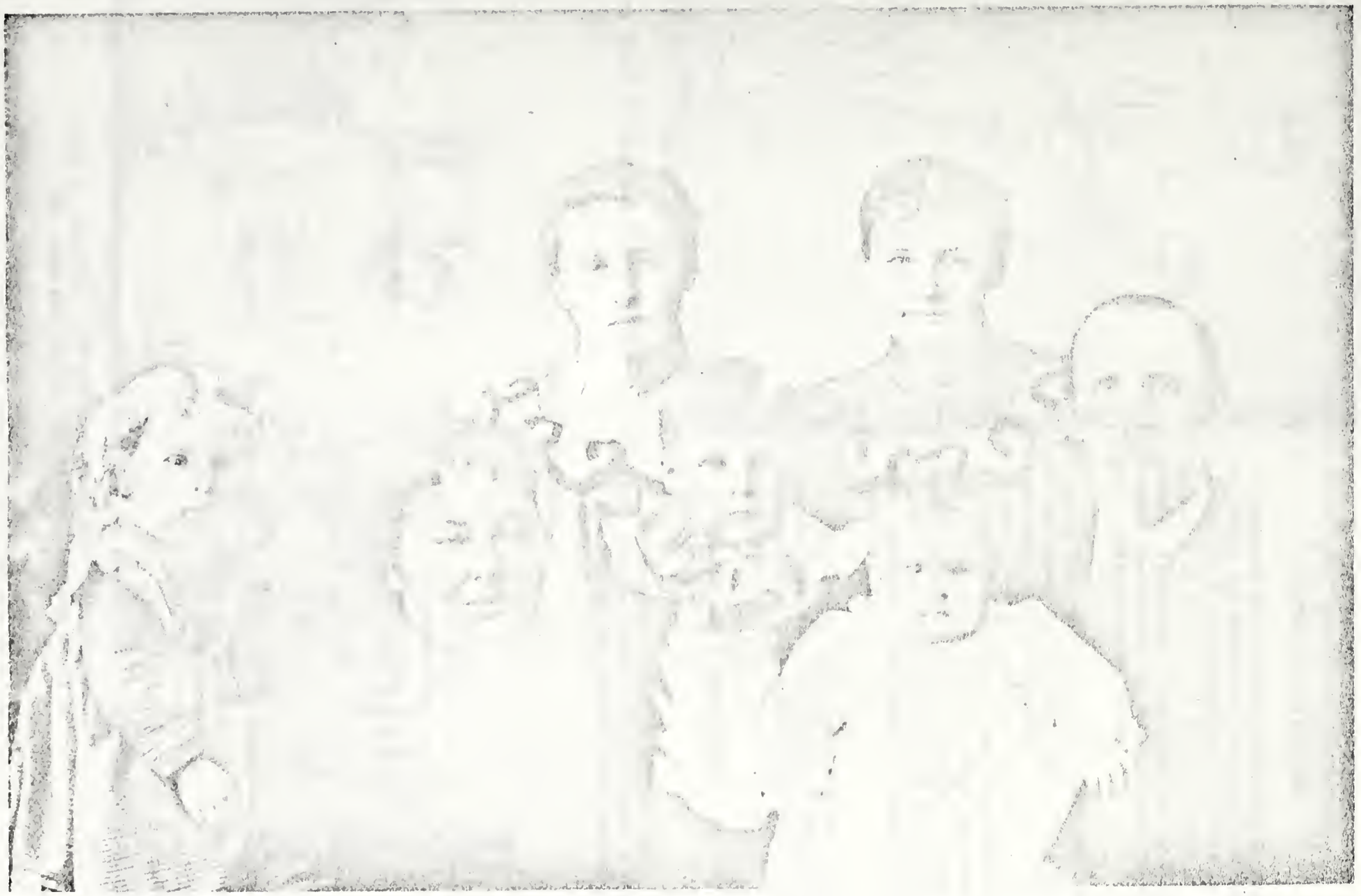


Left 1st Row: Joseph Mohr, Thada Fulscher and Gary Fulscher.
2nd Row: John Mohr, Leslie Fulscher, James Mohr.
3rd Row: Mary Cressen Mohr, Donna Mae Hanna Fulscher.

I remember.....well, many things of no interest to anyone else.....



The George Frels Homestead



The George Frels Family
Irene, Nettie Golden Frels, Benjamin, Mildred, George Frels.
Top Row, May and Genevra



Genevra Frels Erdman and George Erdman

The George Frels Family

Genevra Frels Erdman

Genevra Frels Erdman was born September 19, 1883, the eldest of the family of George T. and Nettie F. Golden Frels. I lived on the farm all of my life in Edford Township, Henry County, Illinois. I was married to George W. Erdman on January 11, 1906. We moved to Geneseo, Illinois March 1948.

We have one son, Leslie who was drowned in the canal on July 22, 1922. He was fourteen years old at the time.

Mother died when I was seventeen years of age so I took over the care of the home and three younger children, Benjamin, Irene, and Mildred for eight years until Father married Mrs. Emma Eberly of Manilla, Iowa on March 17, 1909.

They moved to Geneseo for one year, then two years at Manilla, Iowa and then back to Geneseo where they both passed away a few years later.

George and I never missed any of the Frels reunions.

My husband suddenly passed away July 17, 1953, at the age of 72 of a heart attack while in his car on the street down town of Geneseo.

May A. Thatcher



May A. Thatcher and her four sons and their families.
The sons are Marion, Melville, Dale and Frank

May A., being the second child after our Mother passed away in 1901, went to Kansas with our grandparents for a year and then on to California where I was married to Melville J. Thatcher on November 10, 1905 and have spent most of my life in Central California.

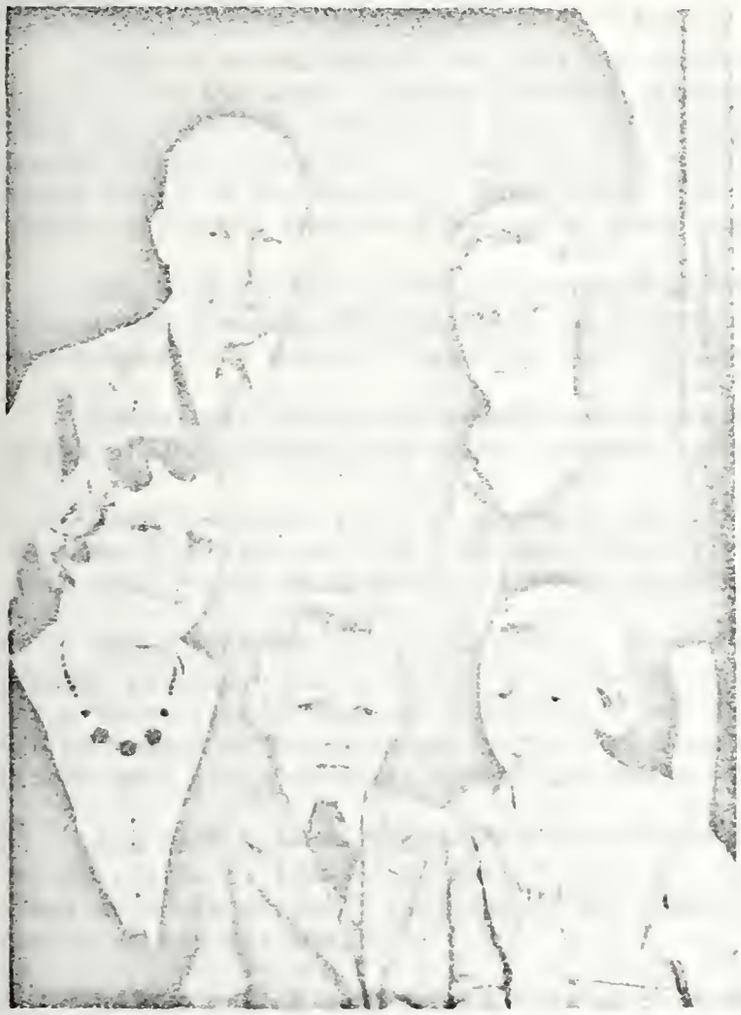
There were four sons born, Melville G. W. who served as corporal in the Personnel Department of the Army in 1942-43 and was married to Virginia Leach on February 6, 1942 to whom was born Jacquelyn and Jane Thatcher.

Romayne F. married Gladys Angie on August 26, 1938 to whom Robert Edward was born March 8, 1943.

Marion S. was married to Daye Dean April 14, 1950 and have two girls, Sandra Faye and Janet Leonare also Joan Eloise by a former marriage.

Dale A. served with the government on the Alkan Highway. He married Arline Griffith March 22, 1946, and they have one son Benjamin Dale who was born March 17, 1948 and a daughter Betty Marie born April 4, 1932 by a former marriage.

Benjamin Frels



The Benjamin Frels Family

Events, experiences, and personages of the past and present, figuring in the life of Benjamin A. Frels (1895) to date.

May 15, 1954--In offering this commentary, as a minor contribution to the Frels Family story of the 19th and 20th centuries, "1850-1950", I must admit that, due to physical handicaps of partial paralysis, my ambition to write has been verygreatly discouraged. More about it later.

Nevertheless, I still regard a record or family album as important to all of us - particularly posterity-as it plays a very prominent part in guiding our futures.

One of my very earliest recollections of the stern but fine qualities in the character of my parents, aunts and uncles, was my attending that great event, the annual Joslin Fair, in Rock Island County, Illinois.

Father and I started one afternoon in our old buggy and one white horse, we crossed Rock River at Angels ferry, arriving at Frank Paynes near Osborn village and stayed all night so we would have a full day at the fair the next day. I enjoyed very much the visit with Frank and Clara Frels Payne, a young married couple then, but I wondered a great deal about how Mr. William Payne, Frank's Father, who was there also, ever found time to read all of the books in his library. I think he was a State Senator at the time. Frank was supervising a large hay making crew at that time.

The first man I saw on the fair grounds next morning was Uncle Marx Hauberg and I soon concluded that he knew everything and everyone to be found there.

I was completely astounded at his being able to remember the names of all the varieties of apples, vegetables, and melons, grapes, etc. My impression of Uncle Marx was formed then

and always as a man of great courage and self-confidence and a driving determination to reach his goal.

Aunt Margaret also very skilled and resourceful was seemingly a balance wheel that kept all interests well in hand.

That day at the fair, we also met other members of the Hauberg family, and Uncle Henry's and Uncle Will's families, "Father's older brothers".

We spent that night at Henry Frels home and a thrill it was for me. Mae played a piano and Harry's interesting gadgets and hobbies amused me. Next morning at breakfast Aunt Lizzie was very anxious to see me "eat and get big" and said, as she only could say it, to Dad, "George, Bennie don't like that speck, Naye" referring to a portion of bacon or side meat I had on my plate. Of course, I didn't like bacon at that time and her statement about"liking it Naye" to Dad was the sweetest thing she could have let me hear. She was everafter the kindliest lovable little lady with a little bit of business here and a little bit of business there, but always busy.

Uncle Henry always more reserved, but genuinely gracious in all his efforts, enjoyed the greatest respect of his kinsmen.

After a second day at the fair, we spent a night at Uncle William's where upon arriving we received his very vigorous and warm handshake accompanied with that somewhat muffled, but very heart warming chuckle of his. And Aunt Bertha greeted me with assurances and with her supper table loaded with a great variety of delicacies. There too I was entertained with piano music in the evening. Edna Frels, who was four or five years older than I, played the piano, and Viola who was a couple of years younger than I, sang solos.

The next day was spent getting home again, but I could never forget those gracious hand shakes and greeting ceremonies as they were practiced by all of my father's brothers, sisters, and inlaws-they somehow signified the tie that binds and endures.

Uncle Adam Gernant is remembered as a man of great physical strength and fine ideals. A man of broad vision and sound business judgment; one emulated by all.

Both his first wife, Mary Frels, and his second wife, Emma Koch, had passed on prior to my memory serving me, but I am sure their place in the lives of a large family following them were made richer as a result of their example.

Uncle Fred and Aunt Etta Schmoll were possibly better known to me because of their living closer at hand. Uncle Fred's bravery was made secure to me, when he was guardian for us kids at a three ring circus one time when a bad wind storm came up while we were in the tent and it took much of his calmness to keep us from stampeding. His stories of his unusual experiences were always certain to build courage in the heart of his listeners.

And Aunt Etta's untiring efforts to work in her efficient manner to provide, prepare and serve the food, fiber, and shelter for all that she could, together with her peace of mind, and very apparent grateful attitude at all times, certainly placed her with the groups top, to which we can all aspire.

Mother passed away when I was but five and one-half years of age but I still can hear echos of those words of wee advice on forms of child behavior coming from her lips and I have felt through the years our severe loss of a mother at a time when much is to be received from her. However, that gap was filled very proficiently by my oldest sister and father.

Since in previous paragraphs I have given my impression of some of the characteristics of Father's immediate family, brothers, sisters, etc., I must say I always did hold Father in the highest esteem, in spite of the story which says, "A certain teenager finds it surprising how fast the old man "catches on" to modern ways of thinking and acting."

Early in his married life Father began serving his community and township in one or another official capacity, and always continued an active interest in public affairs. While he was never considered to be a man of few words, he did stress the good use of words speaking only those that he meant to be understood, and with a minimum of repetition. He despised useless chatter as he called it. He also put emphasis on the personal responsibility that is a counter balance to each privilege or so called right of an individual. His recognition of such qualifications in good citizenship won for him a position of sound and profound respect by many.

Father married a second time to Mrs. E. Eberle when I had reached the age of fourteen, and as to be expected, it was not too easy for me to adjust to the ways of a stepmother, but at this distance in years from that period, I can see many many values acquired in my adolescence that were due to the influence of my stepmother.

In the spring of 1909 Father and we three youngest members of the family moved into Geneseo, just prior to his accepting his second wife.

My younger sisters and I attended city schools then, but in September of that year we were obliged to follow the newlyweds to Stepmother's farm in Iowa, for a stay of eighteen months during which time her son, J. H. Eberle who was proving up on a "home site claim" in the Rosebud area of South Dakota.

In late February, 1911, our family came back to the old home farm which has ever since been home to me. Early in the spring of 1917, Father and Stepmother moved to their new home in Geneseo, and sister Mildred acted as my housekeeper and I began farming on my own account. The next year I had a married couple live with me until I entered the army on February 26, 1918, in that war to save Democracy.

The war we later described as the one in which "We won the victory, but lost the peace." I had a number of worthwhile experiences in the brief period I served on Uncle Sam's payroll, and do not regret that time it kept me from home.

On June 2, 1918, occurred my marriage to the girl who for two or three years prior had been my choice, Stella W. Redmann and except for the eight months I spent in the armed service, we have lived all of the time to date at the home farm which became Grandfather's possession in 1860.

I vividly recall the high war time prices of 1919 and 1920, then the drop of values in 1921, the farmers struggle through the 20's to keep from sinking financially, then the crash in '29 and the extremely low prices of the early thirties.

Our family has enjoyed membership in Congo Church and in the community surrounding Geneseo taking part in its changes and developments through the years. There could be some question as to whether our hours have been properly divided between all of the varied time consuming interests of the past 35 years, however, of one blessing we can be thankful, that of reasonably good health and no serious greviance in our own immediate family.

In 1922 the serving of local town government as clerk became my duty and continued for 13 years. Also school board work and farm organization occupied much time together with the usual farm and family work. Then in 1933 an appointment by the state director of Agriculture to membership in the County Warehousing of Grain committee, and the following year elected as a member of the County AAA Committee did require very much time.

The federal government Agricultural program, of which the AAA was at that time the most vital part in as much as it was attempting to bolster the national economy, was a much discussed organization and of course affiliation with a political party came in for an airing also.

I had always been registered in the primary elections as a Republican and for that reason my serving in what was generally termed a Democratic party program had to be explained by

realizing that our economic plight was not the product of either party, but one in which all of us could help, either by going along with it or criticizing it constructively it was obvious to all that some changes must be made along the road of National Economic Welfare. My work in this program furthermore proved to be very enlightening as well as educational to me personally, my meeting thousands of people in many vocations and professions throughout the state and especially in the state house at Springfield. This work and the nature of the National Act under which it was authorized, changed as time went on, until it was rather appropriately serving the emergency brought on by World War II.

I as well as all able bodied persons were doing many long hours of service to the end that we bring the war to a victorious close, when on January 1, 1945, without warning of any sort I suddenly attacked with a stroke of paralysis which at no time rendered me unconscious but after six separate attacks over the next five weeks left me with almost complete loss of use of muscles of the right side, however, enough recovery of strength has returned to permit walking, talking and limited to one handed work.

My family after marriage consisted of course of the better half, Stella, our eldest daughter Lola B., born October 24, 1919, who is now Mrs. C. A. Johnson and has two sons three and five years of age. Lynn born February 12, 1951, and Steve born January 14, 1949. Our second daughter Dona M. was born May 10, 1921. She is now Mrs. W. H. Hanford and has a daughter Kristy who was born September 20, 1952. A son William Hosford born June 1, 1955.

Our third child, a son R. A. born June 22, 1926, is now married, his wife being Norma L. Oltman Frels and their children are a daughter Julie Ann who was born October 26, 1949, and a son James E. born November 28, 1951. Daughter Lola and husband C. A. Johnson are very energetically farming his family's farm of 240 acres two miles northeast of Geneseo.

Dona M. and her husband W. H. Hanford are interested in carrying on General Insurance in all its forms one which was began in 1855 by his great grandfather Major J. M. Hosford, a Civil War Veteran. Bill as we call him, Dona's hubby, is also a war veteran, that of the Italian Theatre in War II serving with the rank of 1st Lietuanent.

Our son and his family reside in their separate home on our home farm of 180 acres and has for the past seven years been engaged in operating it on a share and share basis with his parents.

I have previously mentioned Grandfather Frels acquiring in 1860 what is now our home site, which is the East 60 acres of the northwest quarter of Section 21, Township 17, Range 2, East, and also a 40 acre tract just across the Route 6 highway in the southwest quarter of section 16, which totals 100 acres of the original 200 acres purchased by Grandfather in 1860. The other 100 acres of the 1860 purchase formerly owned and operated by Uncle Will Frels is at present owned by a neighbor, joins our 60 acres on the west.

An 80 acres which has on it the home of our son, R. A Frels and now makes our total of 180 acres, was added to the original 100 acres in this manner first a 30 acre tract was added in the 70's by Henry Frels Jr. and the remaining 50 acres I bought in 1948 from my sister and her now deceased husband, Mr. and Mrs. George Erdman.

Many changes in the cultivation and care of the home acres have occured in the 94 years that it has been in the Frels family, but most of those changes have undoubtedly taken place in the past 25 years and at this writing no one can predict what the next five years may bring. My greatest concern is found in the question, "Will the next 94 years permit the way of life known today as the American Farm Family."

This biographical paper covering lives and customs from ox cart days to the present atomic age could very well warn us of the coming "automatic and remote control" of food production and the ability to see and hear at once all the way around the world. The consequental problems accompanying such a next century would cause one to conclude only that we individually contribute but a very small bit to the solving of the World's Mystery.

Yet we may say in all sincerity that we understand a little more completely the biblical phrase "There shall be Life Everlasting".

Mildred Frels Roesner



Mildred Frels Roesner and husband, Arthur Roesner and their three children, Myrle, Cleora and Claude.

This covers the history of Mildred Frels Roesner and family. April 16, 1899 a daughter Mildred F., was born to Mr. and Mrs. George T. Frels, raised and educated in the Henry County schools, January 23, 1918, she married Arthur A. Roesner in Awatanna, Minnesota. Coming back to Illinois a home was established in Edford township but soon to be broken up by Arthur entering the service in World War I. He was stationed at Camp Grant, Illinois, Fort Dix, New Jersey, then overseas to England and France with the 10th Regiment Company L, 28th Division fighting in several battles including at the Meuse Argonne from which he received a medal. He was on the front lines when the war ended, was gassed very badly the last day so was taken to the hospital for five months. He was discharged from service May 15, 1919.

On December 25, 1918, a son Myrle Arthur was born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roesner. January 1, 1920 a daughter Cleora Marilla and September 2, 1921 a son Claude Warren.

Our home was maintained in Colona Township until 1937, then we moved to Geneseo, in 1940 Arthur, Claude and I came to California by car and house trailer to make our home in Santa, Cruz, Myrle and Cleora came out to live with us in side of one year's time. We then moved to San Diego, California and all worked in defense plants excepting Claude who joined the Navy Air Force in 1941, he served off the USS Midway carrier during the War.

January 2, 1943, Myrle married Lucille Ledford, to this union were born four sons; Ronald, Richard, Robert and Roger--during winter months Myrle works in the lumber mills and timber and the summer months he is a commercial fisherman.

October 25, 1943, Cleora married Otis Haynes, two daughters were born to this union, Karen Ann and Rita Jean--Cleora divorced Otis after three years of marriage--January 27, 1954 she married Roy Swank..

August 20, 1945 Claude married Marguerite O'Neal, two sons were born to this union Allen Scott and John Arthur. Claude being in the reserves after World War II was called back to duty April 16, 1950 serving aboard the USS Solomons and USS Princeton with the VF-191 in the South Pacific, commissioned to Lt. Roesner, he again sailed out to sea on September 9, 1953 on the Oriskany flying Jet Bombers at a speed of 1,000 miles per hour which was considered fast at that time. He arrived back in the United States April 22, 1954 and is now stationed at Corpus Christi, Texas as a flier instructor.

March 14, 1952 Arthur Roesner passed away and was buried at the Golden Gate National Cemetery, San Bruno, California.

Goldie Irene Frels Holke



Goldie Irene Frels Holke, husband Albert Holke, and son Kenneth Holke

Goldie Irene Frels Holke has always lived in Edford and Geneseo. My mother passed away when I was three years old. Genevra took over as sister and Mother to us three youngest children. In the year of 1903, Papa built a new house. I remember riding in the wagon going to Colona Stone Quarry to get stone for the foundation. We could only haul five or six stone on a load which was an all day trip. We would take lunch with us, Ben and I thought we were having quite a picnic. At that time we were living in as we called it "the shed" during the time the house was being built. It was threashing time, and about 30 men to feed, beside the carpenters. Neva had cooked a large kettle of apple sauce, and put it on the table, also a pan of eggs. When Mildred and I came in to see what she was making, we learned on the table leaf and upset it on the floor. Oh, what a mess! Then we had to go to Blankefelds, who lived ½ mile west, to borrow some bread. We were barefooted, and the dust on the road was so deep and so hot we ran all the way. I guess we must have been dirty when we came home.

February 3, 1915, Albert H. Holke and I were married at St. John's Church in Edford, and moved to the Holke farm one mile west of the church in Edford, where Kenneth A. was born on July 2, 1920.

Albert "Bert" as he was known, passed away October 7, 1948 in Chicago Hospital after an operation.

Fred Holke and I were married January 3, 1950.

Kenneth A. and Shirley Ann Oberle were married September 18, 1943. Their children are as follows:

Collin Kent	born September 11, 1944
Linda Jean	born November 10, 1945
Karan Ann	born October 29, 1949
Christine Marie	born November 5, 1952



Kenneth Holke and wife Shirley Ann Oberle Holke and their four children Collin, Linda, Karan, and Christine.

Kenneth started farming on the Holke Farm bought by his grandfather in 1882.

George and Nettie Frels had seven children --two of whom died. They are George Royale born December 21, 1886 - died 1890, Rilla Blanche born June 10, 1892 - died 1893.

Remember folks that when Grandfather Frels' children married, they didn't move into a mansion of grand proportions. They moved into a log or small frame house with limited conveniences. Some of these are still standing, being used as a tool or hen house. A cistern was used to store the rain water as it fell on the roof. Rain water that fell on the roof was piped into the cistern. This was soft and used for laundering and other household uses. And every year or two the privy was tipped over and flushed with a pitch fork. It stood a few rods from the house.



The Fred Schmoll's First Home

A four-hole cook stove in the kitchen where food was cooked in abundance for the growing family. A wood or coal heating stove in the living room. A parlor wasn't needed in those early homes In the bedroom three in a bed was not unusual and if you had company some slept on the floor. Of course, we youngsters were always out-growing our clothes, sometimes this was appreciated by the younger ones of the family.

Too bad we don't have more pictures of the old original home scenes, but picture taking wasn't popular those days. This picture is the Fred Schmoll home, not in Kansas but in Henry County, Illinois. These huskey youngsters are Clarence, Carlie, Elnora and Perry.



The Frederick Schmoll Homestead

Fred Schmoll was born October 19, 1856, a son of Caroline and Fred Schmoll and came to this country from Germany at the age of eighteen months. His parents settled in Osco Township, Henry County, Illinois--he lived there all of his life.

Henrietta Frels was born June 22, 1862 in Hampton Township, Rock Island County, Illinois. The youngest and sixth child of Catherine Mandler and Henry Frels, she was born in the large brick homestead where all the family grew up. Etta's mother died when she was three days old on June 26, 1862. She had a stepmother for eighteen years, who was very good to her. Etta grew up with her sisters and brothers and attended Oak Ridge School and went to the Zion Lutheran "the brick" Church confirmation class and became a member there.

There were three girls and four boys in the Frels family living--one sister Rosena died December 31, 1853 at the age of two years, three months and two days old.

Etta once said, "When brother George and I were home alone a big Indian came and I had to fix him something to eat. I was scared and George wasn't. He came twice. We were putting up hay and he came on horseback and he asked George, "Me sleep, me sleep." George said yes, put your pony in the barn, but he couldn't understand. He came a year later from the east that time. I couldn't tell the first time where he came from."

Etta's sister Mary married Adam Gernant, and lived in Henry County. Etta stayed with them quite a lot. There she met and married Fred Schmoll on February 15, 1883 at St. John's Lutheran Church Edford. The Schmoll wedding was celebrated in the Fred Schmoll's parents home. There was deep snow and frozen so hard also by big drifts people drove right over fence tops in sleighs. Etta and Fred drove to Church in his cutter, their wedding picture. Her dress of heavy pure silk, color brown, is now still as good as new. The silk is strong and not a slit in it. A Geneseo dressmaker, the best in town, Mrs. Lemile, made it. All hand sewed and the shirring and the many button holes down the front are marvelously done. The price for making this beautiful dress was seven dollars.

The couple lived on the farm working hard and acquired two good farms, and built a large house on each of them. They had five children, Clarence, Carl, Elnora, Perry, and Glenn.

Clarence and Carl started to school together--they stayed until noon then ate their lunch from their pails and came home. Mother was surprised to see them back at noon and asked how was the teacher, and they said that there was no teacher, it was just a girl. She asked what they learned and they said in German, "Sie Hat vas am de vant schmiered" meaning she wrote something on the black board and we did not learn anything. Etta loved to have and tend house plants, it seems like the saying she had a green thumb, everything she planted grew. She had such fine crochet lace, and pieced and quilted many lovely quilts, she lived in her home along in Geneseo and did all her housework and enjoyed it, that was the way she wanted it.

Fred and Henrietta celebrated their Golden Anniversary February 15, 1933. The Rock Island country relatives came in the day with well filled basket dinners and in the afternoon put on a mock wedding for which they all came prepared. Everyone had a good time and the party left gifts, cards and flowers. Those present were Henry Frels, Louis Hauberg, Emma Henniger, Nora Lyford, Clara Payne, Fred Frels, Edna and Joe Mohr, Ray and Viola Hanna, Gladys and Alvin and Lavern Behrendt, Myrtle and Harry Frels, Helen Lyford, Walter and Bertha Frels, Ida Frels, Clarence Schmoll, Amanda Cunningham, Perry and Rose Schmoll and family, and Phyllis and Elizabeth Schmoll, Uncle Fred and Aunt Etta's pictures were taken of the group. The Henry County relatives and friends came in the evening. All this took place in their farm home near Osco.

Etta said that when she was quite a big girl, her father received word from his cousin Mrs. Otto Rastede near Albany, Illinois, who had arrived from Elsfleth, Oldenburg Land, Germany in 1873, she was a Gode. She wanted him to come to see her that she had something to tell him. So Etta and her father drove there with a team and wagon. The Mississippi River was high and they had to leave their horses at a farm and walk on the railroad track a distance. Mrs. Otto F. Rastede was the mother of Fred, "her husband died in Germany in 1864",



Clarence



Carl



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schmoll
and Family



Perry



Elnora



Glenn



in Geneseo and Henry and Otto of Morrison and Albany and Amelia who was the mother of Irving G. Naftzger who owns the old Rastede homestead near Albany. She wanted Henry Frels to go to Germany to claim his parents' estate, his two brothers died in the U.S. and he was the rightful and only heir and she said it was a $60,000 estate. As Henry left Germany when he was fourteen years old and never went into Military training and the fact that he was well established with a family here he would not go back to claim it. So he never received any of it. A woman from Geneseo, in 1938 went to Germany for the purpose of claiming her share of an estate and she said that all she could get would be eleven cents on the dollar, so she let it go. Perhaps Grandfather Frels would not have fared any better. Etta told the writer this many times. A Mrs. Hamman who had lived in Springfield, Illinois, knew the oldest missing Frels brother, it was when Lincoln was elected for President and that he had a wife and a daughter ten years old. His wife did not know there were any brothers here, the husband disappeared;either he was killed by Indians or went away with the Mormons.

Irving G. Naftzger married Anna M. VanBuer. They have three children. Amelia married Mr. Huggins, Pauline married Mr. Cooper and their son, Irving Jr., lives on the old homestead and farms it, and the adjoining farm which the Naftzger's own near Albany.

Clarence Fredrick Schmoll



Clarence Fredrick Schmoll and wife Barbara Baker Schmoll

Clarence Frederick Schmoll was born the 25th day of November, 1883 in Osco Township, Henry County, Illinois. My parents were Fred and Henrietta Frels Schmoll and I am a member of the German Lutheran Church at Edford Township. I started at the carpenters trade in August, 1901, when Father built our home on the farm in Osco township. In the month of May, 1903, I started to work for Tank and Heartsburg Building Contractors in Scribner, Nebraska. In the fall of 1903 I built an addition to Uncle W. Schmoll's livery barn in Ward, Colorado. In 1904 I worked for Vick Okeburg, a Geneseo Contractor. In 1905 I built the barn on our home farm.

In August, 1910, I worked at Springfield, Illinois as Farm Foreman for C. A. Weaver and Son of Clayton, Illinois, Bridge builders. At that time this was the longest concrete bridge in the state. In 1911 I built a large modern home for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maeltzer on their Osco farm. In the fall of 1911 brother Perry and I went in the Threshing and Road Grading business which we carried on for ten years.

From 1915 to 1918 I leased the store and dancing hall at Morristown. Also had a semi-pro baseball team. On November 10, 1930 Mrs. Barbara Baker and I were married. We lived at Morristown until 1937. We moved in June, 1937 to Meersmans Addition, East Moline, Illinois. In 1949 we moved to our new home at 130 East 9th Avenue, Babcock Addition, East Moline, Illinois.

I have built many homes in East Moline and Moline and also in Port Byron in the last 17 years. In 1948 brother Glen and I went in partnership as Schmoll Brothers Contractors and Builders. At present I am doing some contracting and building with my building and bee business and traveling and sight seeing I manage to keep busy. I have 140 stands of bees.

Fall of 1953 the Mrs. and I traveled in and through six southern states sight seeing and crossed a 3½ mile concrete bridge at Baton Rouge, Louisiana. We went through the battle fields at Shaonnon, Mississippi. Also visited the Mammoth Caves in Kentucky.

March 25, 1954 we were south bound again for more sight seeing and a business trip. We went through the Hills of the Sheperds in Arkansas. Called on Mr. Oberby at Bunkie, Louisiana. Mr. Oberby is one of the largest bee shippers in the south--he has ten thousand stands of bees--what a sight. We called on my friend, Jonnie Arnosville, at Hamburg, Louisiana. Bought 20 stands of bees from him. Called on Mr. Neals a bee man at Marksville, Louisiana. April 2, had home grown peas and strawberries out of the garden--what a surprise.

On our homeward trip we stopped at Arcadia, this is the highest point in Missouri. When we arrived home I began to get my bees ready for this year's honey crop. So in closing will say from now on I will spend most of my time with the bees.

Carl William Schmoll

Carl William Schmoll, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schmoll, Jr. born June 3, 1885 in Osco township; and Pearl Irene Reed, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clint Reed of Cambridge, born January 26, 1891, were married February 3, 1909, in the Cambridge Methodist parsonage. Attendants were Daisy Reed, sister of the bride and Lawrence Johnson.

We went farming in Osco township on Grandpa Schmoll's farm for two years. We moved two miles east of Andover and lived there nine years. Then we bought a farm four miles north-east of Osco and lived there until 1942 when we retired. We now reside in our own home at 222 East Main St. in Geneseo. We have been confirmed and baptized in St. John's Lutheran Church of Edford township. We have two children, Bernice and Russell, four grandchildren and one great-grandchild.



Carl William Schmoll and wife Pearl Irene Reed Schmoll and their children Berniece and Russell.

Russell Schmoll was born August 17, 1913 and is married to Doris Allred. They have two children, Richard and Valarie. They reside in their home in the rural area of East Moline. Russell is employed in Bettendorf, Iowa.

Bernice Schmoll was born January 7, 1910 and married Melvin LaVerne Anderson May 20, 1931. They reside in their home at 302 East Main Street, Geneseo. Both are employed at John Deere Harvester, East Moline. They have two children, Robert and Loretta.

Loretta Jean, born January 7, 1935, married James F. Hohenboken February 19, 1954. They are now tenant farmers east of Geneseo. James entered the army February 19, 1952 with the Illinois National Guard. He was stationed at Camp Cooke, California, until his discharge in January, 1953.

Robert Dean Anderson was born February 4, 1933 and was married to Marlene Shambaugh on February 2, 1952. They have a daughter, Lynette Kay born March 24, 1953 and a daughter,

Suzette born November, 1954. Bob entered the army February 19, 1952 with the Kewanee branch of the Illinois National Guard. He was stationed in the 44th infantry Division at Camp Cooke, California, until October, 1952. Then he was shipped overseas. He served eleven months at Chinon, France, as a typing clerk. He received his discharge, with the rank of corporal, at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, on November 11, 1953. He is now employed as a tool and die designer at John Deere Harvester Works, East Moline, Illinois.

Elnora Marie Schmoll Ruark



Elnora Marie Schmoll Ruark and husband Walter Earl Ruark

I was born December 4, 1887, in Osco Township, Henry County, Illinois. I was the third one of a family of five having two brothers older and two younger having no sisters. I got to be quite a tom boy. My mother's maiden name was Henrietta Elizabeth Frels and Father's name was Frederick Henry Schmoll.

I attended the Liebe school in Osco Township. I was confirmed in the Lutheran Church in Edford Township at the age of fourteen. Rev. Mennecke was our teacher.

I was born and raised on a farm which I enjoyed a lot, since I was Mother's only help we were kept very busy raising lots of poultry chicken, ducks, geese and turkeys, and also had lots of flowers, and cared for a large garden, canned quarts and quarts of vegetables and most all kinds of fruits which we all enjoyed during the winter months.

Father owned and farmed two hundred and twenty three acres. When harvesting time came, Mother and I and a neighbor lady would prepare huge roasts of meat, vegetables, bread, pies, and cakes for about twenty or twenty five hungry men.

Christmas was a time I shall never forget, we always spent it at Grandfather Schmoll's. They had a large tree and in the evening we would all set around the room and wait for Santa to arrive, when we'd hear the sleigh bells ringing we would all be as quiet as mice and Santa would come in carrying a basket well filled with candy and nuts to pass to all.

February 15, 1933, my parents celebrated their golden anniversary--sorry to say we were unable to attend.

June 4, 1917, I was married to Walter Earl Ruark, who was born on March 2, 1883 in Jameson, Missouri, when he was nine years old his parents moved to Green Castle, Indiana, where he grew up. At the age of 23 he began working for the Western Union Telegraph Company where he worked until the retiring age.

Eloise, our only child, was born August 5, 1924, in Kankakee, Illinois.

December 18, 1936, my Father passed away and is buried in the St. John's Lutheran Cemetery in Edford township.

After Father's death, Walter and I bought the farm, we moved there from Earl Park, Indiana five years before Mother's death, so we'd be near to help care for her. At the age of

ninety Mother passed away, on May 17, 1953, and is buried in the Lutheran Cemetery beside my father.

Mother's funeral services were held at the Myers Funeral Home with the Rev. Walter D. Uhling, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church of Edford, officiating. Pallbearers were Elmer Schmoll, Marvin Gernant, Romayne Frels, Everett Temple, Glenn Schmoll and Everett Gernant.

We haven't done much traveling since we were married. I did do a little in my single life and enjoyed all the trips I had.

Eloise Elizabeth Ruark

I was the only child of Walter and Elnora Schmoll Ruark born August 5, 1924, in Emergency Hospital, Kankakee, Illinois. In October, 1924, I was baptized in St. John's Lutheran Church, Edford Township, Geneseo, Illinois, with Fred and Henrietta Frels Schmoll, my grandparents, as my sponsors.



Eloise Elizabeth Ruark and husband Dr. John A. Homer

When I was about three or four years old I took my first long trip to Rochester, New York, to visit my great step Grandmother Rieke Schmoll. We visited Niagara Falls, and I was one of the smallest children to ever go behind the falls. They had quite a time trying to find a slicker small enough to fit me.

I started to school at Steuben School, Kankakee, Illinois, and on December 4, 1929, we sold our home and moved to Earl Park, Indiana, where I enrolled in Richland Township School. I graduated from that school in May, 1942, as valedictorian of my class.

During high school I was a member of the Sunshine Society, 4-H Club, and Girl's Athletic Association. I also played in the high school band and dance band, the latter being a lot of fun.

I was a member of the 4-H Club for six years, and during that time I managed to get three purple ribbons, county champion in clothing division, which made me eligible to exhibit at the Indiana State Fair. For three years I exhibited at the State Fair, and couldn't manage to bring home one ribbon, which made me very unhappy.

After high school graduation I enrolled in Indiana Business College, Lafayette, Indiana, but in the fall of 1942 I left that college and transferred to Gallagher Business College, Kankakee, Illinois, from which I graduated. After graduation from business college, I followed in my father's footsteps and started working for the railroad.

On Decemember 20, 1942, my cousin, Kathleen Schmoll, was married to Wendall Kelly in her home at Geneseo, Illinois, and I was her bridesmaid. Her brother, Donovan, was groomsman.

In October, 1945, I spent my first vacation on my own in New York City. I don't believe my girl friend and I missed very much in New York.

We went out to the Statue of Liberty, and were not satisfied in going as far as the elevator would take us up in the Statue, we had to walk the rest of the way up I don't know how

many stairs. We suffered for a couple of days as the result of that climb. We visited the famous "Little Church Around The Corner," and it's all that the name implies.

We also went to the top of the Empire State Building, which is no place for me, who can't stand heights. I started grabbing for the railing when I was quite a distance from it.

Rockefellar Center is truly a city within a city. I don't believe you would ever have to leave there for a thing, as they seem to have everything you want in that area. Something it had that I had never seen before was the roof tops of the buildings there were landscaped.

In August 1946 found my girl friend and I off to visit Eastern Canada. Our first stop in Canada was at Toronto, where we toured the city and saw the beautiful Queens Park, University of Toronto, and Casa Loma, a miniature castle costing several million dollars to construct. Toronto was a nice city, and an English speaking population. We went to Montreal and visited Notre-Dame De Montreal, which is classed as the second largest church in America. Our next stop was at Quebec where we stayed at the Chateau Fronteau, which was the place where Churchill and Roosevelt held their historic wartime meetings. Quebec is definitely a French speaking city, and like all other older cities they have very narrow streets. While in Quebec we went to the magnificient Ste. Anne De Beaupre, a reverent shrine. The alter at Ste. Anne De Beaupure was literally covered with casts, crutches, canes, etc. that people had left there after being healed. Another spot we visited was Montmorency Falls, and I understand has a cataract higher than the mighty Niagara Falls. Part of our trip through eastern Canada was spent on a boat going up the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers through the Thousand Island, which is a beautiful spot. We made several stops at the various resorts, and they all seemed to be just ideal for a vacation.

Decoration Day 1948 I attended my first 500 Mile race at Indianapolis, Indiana. I was very fortunate in having a seat on one of the curves where the only accident of the day happened. The races were nice, but that constant whizzing by you of cars grows tiresome.

In October 1948 Mother and I spent our vacation in Washington D.C. We were allowed to go through a portion of the White House. I would like to be able to go through it again, since it has been remodeled, if that is possible, as I thought the furnishings were lovely then.

We also visited the tomb of the unknown soldier, where a guard is posted constantly, and also Arlington Cemetery of Arlington, Virginia.

We found the home of George Washington, "Father of our Country", quite interesting. It was really a nice plantation home.

Some of the other points of interest I recall visiting was Washington Monument, Lincoln Memorial, and Ford Theatre, where President Lincoln was shot.

We drove to Annapolis, Maryland, from Washington D.C. to the U. S. Naval Academy. I enjoyed watching the fellows drill on the field. Everything was just so, in fact I would say more so with them than the ordinary soldier or sailor.

In December 1948, my cousins, Wendall and Kathleen Schmoll Kelly, asked me to be a sponsor for their son Stephen when he was baptized. Stephen was baptized in the Lutheran Church in Bloomington, Illinois.

During February 1949 I attended the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, Louisiana. The people of New Orleans start with their various balls in connection with the Mardi Gras period early in January. It is rather difficult to obtain tickets for the balls unless you obtain them far in advance.

Mardi Gras is celebrated approximately ten days before Lent, and the day before Lent is known as Mardi Gras day. On that day the greatest parade of them all that of King Rex is staged. You can't quite visualize the costumes that the people come out in on Mardi Gras Day. I couldn't possibly think up some of the ideas that they do. The costumes I saw on Mardi Gras

day beats any Halloween. Canal Street, the main street of New Orleans, it is just impossible to move. People roam all over the street.

The colored people are not allowed on Canal Street, so they, therefore, have their own King Rex and parade in their section of town.

We visited the French Quarter with its tall French and Spanish buildings, its balconies of iron-lace grill, and its lovely patios and gardens. In the heart of the French Quarter is Jackson Square and bordering it the famous St. Louis Cathedral. We had dinner one evening in the French Quarter at the famous "Antoine's." The menu was entirely in French, so we had to have assistance from the waiter.

We also tried our luck and visited the Fairgrounds Race Track. Knowing very little about horses, we didn't fair so well, and after the second day, we didn't return. We were rather fortunate the first trip out there by breaking even.

Something unusual at New Orleans is that all burials are above ground, because the ground is so wet, and they can't dig very deep without hitting water.

When visiting New Orleans you must stop at the French Market for a cup of their black coffee. The southern people add chicory to their coffee and it really makes powerful coffee. Of course, you must request that kind of coffee, or they will serve you northern coffee. If we were in the vicinity we always stopped there before returning to our hotel in the evening.

In August 1949 I spent my vacation at the resort town of Saugatuck, Michigan. On my return I stopped in Benton Harbor, Michigan, and visited the House of David. It was my idea that we should arrange to stop and have dinner there. My that was a sad mistake. The members of the House of David are strictly vegetarians, and all their meat dishes are some vegetables fixed up to represent meat. Believe me it's an experience to wonder just what you are eating. The members of this order also do not cut their hair and raise these long beards.

In August 1950 I spent my vacation at Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin. We took several sightseeing trips to view the spectacular rock formations cut out by Wisconsin River. We also attended the tribal ceremonies of the Winnebago Indians at Standing Rock.

In September 1951 I departed for Colorado and the Rocky Mountains. I was in Colorado Springs and while there visited the Van Briggle Art Pottery Shop and Will Roger's Shrine. The drive up Cheyenne Mountain surpassed Pike's Peak, as I thought it was much more frightening.

We took a trip to the ghost mining town of Cripple Creek. Certainly was a barren looking place. On our way to Cripple Creek we were to visit a gold mine, but due to some disturbances, were unable to go down in the mine.

We made a short stop in Denver toured the city. I made a trip to Mount Evans, and if I remember correctly it is higher than Pike's Peak. I crossed the Continental Divide on the way to Grand Lake, picturesque Idaho Springs, and Buffalo Bill's Museum on Lookout Mountain. From Denver, I went out to visit my cousin, Hazel Schmoll at Rangeview Ranch, Ward, Colorado. We went on a hiking trip to Red Lake, Isabel Lake, and Isabel Glacier. Hiking is really rough, or at least I think so.

In November 1952 I went to Sarasota, Florida. Quite naturally I spent a lot of time on the beach, so I could come back with a lovely suntan and be the envy of my friends, but I did take some time to do some sightseeing. Of course, located at Sarasota is the John and Mable Ringling Home, Museum of American Circus, and Museum of Art, which was all donated to the State of Florida by John Ringling. I went through their sumptuously furnished home and also the Museum of Art, which had very lovely paintings, but having very little knowledge of art couldn't really appreciate it as I should. At Sarasota we also visited Sarasota Jungle Gardens with its famous tropical botanical gardens, with thousands of varieties of exotic and indigenous plants autmenting a native jungle setting. I saw my first flamingo, and I thought

they were just beautiful. I was in St. Petersburg several times, and I was told that is commonly referred to as the "old peoples home" on account of so many benches lining their streets. Also visited the Sunken Gardens there.

Another interesting spot I stopped was at Cypress Gardens, which is located near Winter Haven. It also has tropical plants along the various trails. I also visited Silver Springs with its very clear water. We took a boat trip on a glass bottomed boat, and we could see all the underwater life. The reason the water is so clear is because it is filtered through sand and then through the thick limestone crust, and in so doing it absorbs some of the lime which is thought to give the water brillance. Another spot very similar is Rainbow Springs. A lot of underwater movies are shot at both places.

In September 1953 I again journeyed west. I drove down through the Lake of the Ozarks, stopped there for a trip around the lake, and I might say that I was very disappointed as it didn't compare with the lakes in Wisconsin and Michigan. Of course, since that is just a newly developed area, perhaps I expected too much.

At Tulsa I was fascinated by the oil wells located in the backyard of the Capitol Buildings. Oil wells were certainly located in some rather peculiar spots, but of course, I wouldn't mind having one of these in my backyard. I took the Turner Turnpike which had just been opened in May of that year from Tulsa to Oklahoma City. This was my first experience on a Turnpike, but I think they're marvelous.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, was a nice southwestern city. I visited the Old Town Plaza and the old Church of San Felipe, which is located there. We left Albuquerque rather early the next morning and stopped at an Indian reservation at my insistance. We arrived at the Reservation just a little too early, as I don't believe there was a white person within miles of that place. I was certainly glad to get back to the highway and on our way again.

We were fascinated by the beautiful colors of the Painted Desert, which consists of several hundred miles of sand, shale and limestone formations splashed with brilliant shades of red, yellow, etc. After leaving the Painted Desert I drove into the Petrified Forest with its spectacular display of petrified wood, much of it in the form of logs.

Another point of interest was the Grand Canyon with its mile-deep gorge, having been formed by centuries of erosion by the Colorado River. I was very disappointed that I was unable to make the trip by mule down to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, but reservations were all booked up.

The Grand Canyon was to be our turning back point, but we had extra time on our hands so we drove on to the west coast and Los Angeles. Had lunch one day at the Farmers Market and tried some of their Spanish Food, which was horrible. I visited Sid Gruman's Chinese Theatre and noted all the footprints and handprints in the cement.

While in Los Angeles, we secured tickets to attend the Queen for a Day TV program. On our tickets we were supposed to answer a few questions, etc. I never dreamed that mine would be one of the few selected from the audience. I was not one of the five girls that were on the program, but I just made a good back stage along with about nine other girls. My net gain as the result of being on the program was one pound of coffee and three packages of cigarettes. There is a great deal to see in Los Angeles, and I would like very much to return, as I had such little time there.

On our return home we stopped in El Paso, Texas, and had a guide take me across the border to Juarez, Mexico. If all of Mexico is similar to Juarez I have seen enough. It's no wonder they don't want any pictures taken of their people.

At Carlsbad Cavern we were amazed at the formations made by stalactites and stalagmites, and the vastness of the Cavern. We drove into a nearby town for dinner and returned that evening to see the bats fly out of the Cavern at dusk.

I stopped at Springfield, Illinois, I stopped to visit the home of Abraham Lincoln and then drove on out to New Salem State Park.

The Frels Reunion that is probably the most outstanding in my mind is the one held on my grandmother's ninetieth birthday. Grandmother surely enjoyed herself that day. She was still there talking to everyone when I left for the train to go home.

I am very interested in bowling and do try golfing, but that isn't so good. I have served at Treasure of the Bowling League one year, and several years as Captain. In 1953 my team came in to be the City Champions, and that same year another girl and I placed in the Doubles in the State Tournament at Quincy, Illinois.

Several years ago I finally took confirmation instructions in St. Paul Lutheran Church, Kankakee, and joined that church. Prior to that time I more or less considered myself a member of the Presbyterian Church although not really, possibly because my father is a member of that denomination.

Eloise was married to Dr. John A. Homer on June 19, 1955 in St. Paul's Lutheran Church at Kankakee, Illinois.

The Perry Schmoll Family

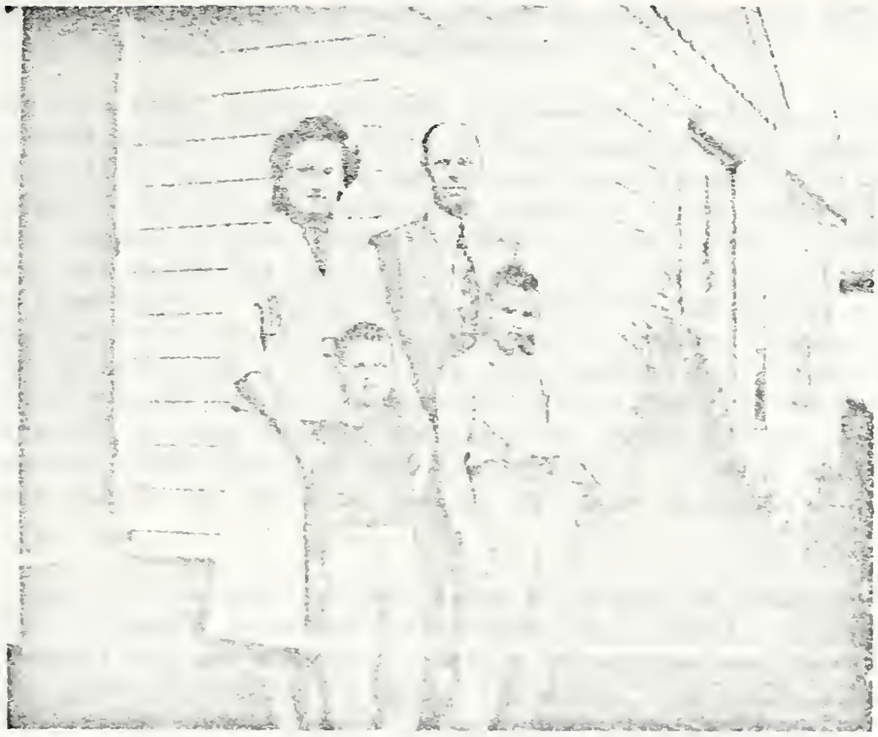
I, Perry Schmoll, was born on June 17, 1891, in Osco Township, Henry County. I was the son of Henrietta Frels Schmoll and Fred Schmoll. I was christened Perry George by the Rev. A. C. Mennicke in St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church in Edford Township. I received my education at Leibee rural school which was near our home. At the age of 14 I was confirmed by Rev. Mennicke. He also officiated at my marriage to Miss Rose Firch of Edford on December 18, 1920. We started housekeeping on a farm in Osco Township and lived in the Osco and Geneseo communities for many years.

On May 20, 1923 we welcomed a baby daughter, whom we called Kathleen. On July 17, 1929 we welcomed a baby boy whom we named Donavon--both were christened and confirmed in the same church in Edford and attended Smith rural school which had also been the school attended by their mother. Later both attended Geneseo Township High School after which they went on to Illinois State Normal University at Normal, Illinois. Kathleen was graduated as an elementary teacher and taught for two years before her marriage to Wendell Kelly of Bloomington, Illinois. Don received his bachelors degree in Social Science and at the present time he is in the USAF.

We have two grandsons, Dennis and Stephen, ages 10 and 6 years. They attend the Ben Franklin School at 53rd Street, Moline, Illinois, having moved there with their parents in 1951--We moved to Moline, Illinois in 1947.



Perry Schmoll and wife
Rose Firch Schmoll
1954



Kathleen Schmoll Kelly and husband Wendell Kelly,
and their sons Dennis and Stephen

Donovan Schmoll

Greetings from Goose Bay, Labrador! This is a rather early stage of the game for a young man to be writing an autobiography. Experiences have been relatively few in these first twenty-four years. Most everything lies in the future. Nevertheless, here goes my story.



Sergeant Donovan Schmoll at Labrador

Goose Bay has been "home" to me since November '53. I came here via airforce transport, from Westover Field, Massachusetts. Take-off time was one a.m. on the twenty-second of November; five hours later, we set down in this land of abundant ice and snow. We were greeted by a very snowy scene and zero temperatures that bright and sunny Sunday morning.

This little dissertation may as well be a bit educational, so I shall attempt to give a brief description of this region of Labrador. The official title of the airfield is Goose Air Base Force. Canadian and American forces are located on opposite sides of the field. The inspiration for establishing this base came in 1941, after surveys had been made by the Canadian Department of Transport, and by Captain Elliott Roosevelt, representing the United States government. They reported favorably on the site, to be used as a transit point for aircraft being ferried to Britain. Their reports were accepted, and the first airstrip was completed in November '41.

Goose Air Base is situated on the fifty-third parallel, approximately eight-hundred miles northeast of Montreal, four-hundred-fifty miles northeast of St. John's Newfoundland, and a hundred-thirty miles inland from the Atlantic coast. It is now a stopping point for the Trans-Canadian Airlines, enroute to London and

the continent. Of course, it is also a refueling and resting spot for USAF aircraft bound for Europe, Iceland, and our several bases in Greenland.

The base is built on a huge, sandy plateau, surrounded by rolling, evergreen forested hills. The military reservation covers a total of one-hundred-twenty square miles. On the base itself, there is still an abundance of spruce and birch forests. Waterways are numerous; Goose Base is actually located on the western shore of Goose Bay, which broadens eastward into Lake Melville, which in turn, leads to the Atlantic Ocean. There are several rivers---the broad Hamilton forms the south boundary of the reservation, and the Goose and Northwest rivers also flow nearby. Eighty miles eastward are the Mealey Mountains, rising to more than four-thousand feet. This snow-capped range is plainly visible from the Goose. In the northern tip of the province are the fifty-five-hundred foot Torngats, Labrador's highest peaks. In winter, Goose Bay has communication with the outside world only by air and radio. Water transport is also available during the summer season, for approximately four months, via Goose Bay, Lake Melville, and the Atlantic. Coastal freighters ply this water route extensively during the ice-free season, bringing in supplies for both American and Canadian forces.

At the present time, the air base is undergoing an extensive construction program, for the purpose of building it into a permanent, all-modern U.S. field. All airmen living quarters are new and modern, as are many of the other structures and facilities. An American construction company is doing the major building; therefore, there are several thousand civilian employees also living on the base. These workers represent quite a conglomeration of national backgrounds---many are displaced persons from Europe, many are Newfoundlanders, some are southern Canadians and Americans.

As for Labrador itself, its population totals approximately five-thousand-five-hundred, and is composed chiefly of Newfoundlanders, plus an approximate one-thousand Eskimos and three-hundred Indians (Nascopie and Montagnais villages). These people are distributed about in various missions, interconnected by air, dog team, or snowmobile. (Above facts and figures taken from a Goose Air Base brochure) There is only one native settlement in the immediate vicinity of Goose Bay. That is a small village, locally called "Happy Valley", populated by mixtures of French-Indian, and probably some British strains. Supposedly, there are two Eskimo families also residing in the settlement.

Climatic conditions in Labrador? An interesting subject indeed! The average annual snowfall is a hundred-fifty inches. Snows of two-hundred inches have not been uncommon, and this year's total is nearing that figure. December brought fourty-five inches; January added another thirty. By mid-March, the yearly sum had reached twelve and a half feet, and we're not through yet, it seems. Snow falls on the average of fifteen days during the month of April, according to the records. Lowest temperatures recorded this winter have been slightly more than thirty below zero. There were quite a few days in this category, during which the high for the day would remain from fifteen to twenty below. A bit nippy, to say the least, but we have the Arctic clothing to combat this "nippiness"; and also, we were out in that weather only a very minimum amount of time. February saw a break in the weather; temperatures often rose into the mid-forties. The first of March brought a complete reversal of form---winter reigns supreme again. The summers, I have been warned, are more unpleasant than the winters, with many days of blowing sand, and mosquitoes of tremendous proportions.

I have been doing a great variety of things to keep my free time fully occupied. Actually, I believe that I've been busier here in both duty and off-duty time than at any other time in my life. I've been reading and studying quite extensively in my major field of interest. Currently, I'm working on a correspondence course in American Diplomacy from the University of Alabama. Also, I am enrolled in a base class in Comparative European Government, presented by the University of Maryland. Instructors from various departments at Maryland rotate here every few months; each presents several courses in his field while here. In addition, I'm attempting to struggle through a Spanish language course, via the Linguaphone record system. I also have a small foreign correspondence hobby (the old "penpal" idea) that I try to maintain. Photography is another pastime. Athletics are a time consumer ---I'm a bowling fan, and serve as player-coach of the squadron volleyball team.

Before coming to Goose Bay and the 7th AFDS (Aviation Field Depot Squadron), I was stationed at Walker AFB, Roswell, New Mexico. I spent quite a pleasant fifteen months there. There were many enjoyable weekends in the nearby White and Sacramento Mountains, hiking and climbing about. My major accomplishment in this climbing game was reaching the top of Sierra Blanco, a 12,003 foot peak in the White Mountains, and central and southern New Mexico's highest point. There was one other major event that I participated in while at Roswell; that was the championship airforce volleyball tournament. I was a member of the Walker team, which represented the Southwest Air Force at Hamilton AFB, San Francisco, in the World-Wide Air Force Tournament. We were eventually eliminated, but, nevertheless, enjoyed a very pleasant late April week in beautiful Frisco. Every major USAF command around the world sent its champion. I was very happy to be named to the "honorable mentions" on the honorary All-AF team, selected at the conclusion of the tourney. Of course, volleyball in the United States is considered a very minor sport, but it is a fine game and is on the rise in popularity. In other parts of the globe, however, it is a major sport in at least twenty-five countries.

Prior to Roswell, I attended school for several months at Sandia Base in Albuquerque. I spent the spring and summer of '52 in that town, and liked it very much. The University of New Mexico golf course and the nearby Sandia Mountains were the sites of many fine times.

Biloxi, Mississippi, and Keesler Field was the assignment previous to Albuquerque. I attended an electronics school there for a number of months---a nice climate in which to spend the winter of '51. August and September, however, are not the most comfortable months in Mississippi. Perspiration and mosquitoes both come in abundance. Also, going to school from six p.m. until midnight, six nights a week, was not the most enjoyable of experiences. But there were some interesting, more pleasant times---a few trips to old New Orleans, and to historic Ship's Island and Fort Massachusetts, situated several miles out in the Gulf. Then, too, Biloxi was the exciting center of the Congressional investigation that autumn. Senator Hunt led his sub-committee into town, to probe deeply into the lucrative maze of gambling operations in and around the area. Many local officials were "highly embarrassed." Biloxi and vicinity were consequently "cleaned up"---I think.

Shortly after enlistment in Chicago on June 19, '51, air force days began at the Sampson training center in Geneva, New York. This is in the Finger Lakes resort and recreation region, but I'm afraid I saw very little recreation on the several weeks that I was there.

While attending my four years at Illinois State Normal University I was also a member of the Illinois National Guard, having enlisted in November, 1947, in the Bloomington unit, which at that time was the 396th AAA Bn. anit-aircraft artillery battalion. Later, as the 44th Illinois Division developed, our AAA unit was incorporated into it as the 144th AAA Bn. We drilled a night a week, year in and year out. Most of the time I played "vertical gun-pointer" on a 40 milimeter gun crew. Looking back now, there was lots of fun connected with it. There were the two weeks of active training every Spring and Autumn. Weekend outings were spent usually either at Camp Lincoln near Springfield, or at old deserted Camp Ellis.

Summer encampment we put in at Fort Sheridan and later at Camp McCoy and Camp Haven in Wisconsin. At Camp Haven along the shores of Lake Michigan, we would dig in our artillery pieces, and pound away day after day at aerial tow targets. One major highlight in the Units history was when we participated in the governor's inaugural parade in Springfield when Adlai Stevenson took office in January 1949.

Now a few briefs around College: There were the usual various club associations and activities. In addition, I became a member of Pi Gamma Mu National Social Science Honor Society and Gamma Theta Upsilon National Professional Geography Fraternity.

One summer school session I spent at the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho. This was quite a pleasant summer vacation, besides getting in nine hours of work in history and economics. In addition to study, I got in some interesting week end trips, as a visit to the Grand Coulee Dam, the great lumber camps at Pierce in the Bitter Root Mountains and the huge lumber processing mill at Lewiston. The last collegiate year, I spent nine weeks in a

"student teacher" capacity on the faculty of Streator High School. This was a part of the degree requirement. June 1951 brought graduation, a bachelor degree, and an end to my formal education for some time to come. Ten days later I was in the USAF.

Now, the future very briefly: next November brings me rotation to the States. Sometime between December and June 1955 I shall be released from the service (which I hope to never encounter again) Then I intend to take the fullest advantage of the G.I. education program. I wish to enter graduate school in the field of international relations, preferably at an Eastern University. Finally, I hope to gain a position in government service, private business or possibly in education.

In conclusion, I send Best Wishes from the Northern most port of the Continent:
S/Sgt. Don Schmoll "Labrador"

Glenn George Schmoll



Glenn George Schmoll and wife Ellen Nero Schmoll, their children Glenn Dale, Margaret and Phyllis.

I, Glenn George Schmoll, was born January 15, 1899, on a farm in Osco township. My parents were Fred and Henrietta Frels Schmoll. I was the youngest of five children. I received my education at Liebee School in Osco township and helped my father on his farm. I was married December 9, 1920, to Ellen Nero of Cambridge, Illinois. I lived on the farm for two years after my marriage and then moved to Moline. We had three children, two daughters and one son, Mary Ann born September 30, 1922, Phyllis Margaret born June 4, 1921 and Glenn Dale born March 13, 1924. My wife passed away in December, 1930 and is buried in Andover cemetery in Henry County, Illinois.

I worked in the shops and was on the Moline Police Department from 1927 to 1929. I was Business agent for the Teamsters and Chauffeurs Union for three years and then worked for the International Harvester Company until 1941 and since then have been contracting House Building. I married Rebecca Long in 1935.

I have gone up North several times on hunting and fishing trips.

My son, Glenn Dale, enlisted in the Marine Corp in 1941 at the age of 17. He was wounded in action after he had served eight months at Guadalcanal in the Soloman Islands and was hospitalized for a year. He received the Purple Heart. He married Anne Dudlak in Chicago. They have a son Glenn III who is now eight years old. He was born September 4, 1946. Glenn is employed by the American Television Company in Chicago, Illinois.

Phyllis Margaret Schmoll

I was born June 4, 1921 (on my Aunt Elnora and Uncle Walter Ruark's Wedding Anniversary) at my grandparents' (Fred and Henrietta Frels Schmoll) farm home southwest of Geneseo. My parents being Glenn George and Ellen Schmoll.

Sometime after my sister was born my folks moved to Moline, Illinois, that being where I grew up.

I attended Logan School, John Deere Jr. High School and Moline High School and was graduated in 1939.

I attended Sunday School at Trinity Lutheran Church while Mother was living and later at Gordon Memorial.

My mother passed away when I was about 9½ years old. She is buried in the Andover Lutheran Cemetery.

Most of my childhood memories are those that I spent with my grandparents at the farm (my birthplace).

Summer vacations and holidays after Mother died were spent with my grandparents, also spent some time with my Aunt Rose and Uncle Perry Schmoll and cousin Kathleen and Donavan, and Aunt Pearl and Uncle Carl Schmoll. One summer I remember going to stay with my Aunt Elnora and Uncle Walter Ruark and Cousin Eloise. They were living at East Park, Indiana, where I had a good time. One summer my sister and brother went to stay with them and I was alone that summer and I didn't know what to do I was so lonesome.

Being a city kid--I used to think it was terrible to be stuck way out in the country so far from the city, but when I look back it really was the best time of my life. (All city kids should have a chance to visit a farm.)'

The only Frels Reunion I remember of attending was one held at Camp Mansur some years ago.

I remember going to Sunday School and Church at the St. John's Lutheran Church in Edford Township. (My grandparents are buried in the churchyard cemetery there.)

Grandfather drove a horse and buggy and he bought a special buggy (a two seated affair with lamps on both sides) so they would have enough room for my sister, brother and myself.

I used to ride horse and buggy to town with grandpa and I always looked forward to that as we would get a bag of candy which was a treat, as he didn't go to town very often. Sometimes he would stop to visit a bachelor friend of his on the way back from town.

The day my grandparents celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary was a memorable one. I especially remember the mock wedding ceremony.

During the draught (around 1933) I believe, I recall helping my cousin Kathleen herd cows along the roadside for Uncle Perry. The pastures were all dried up and the only green grass was along the road and we would sit on the roadbank and watch the cows.

One year the Morning Glory vines were so thick in the corn fields and my Uncle Carl paid us kids to pull them.

Whenever my grandparents didn't want us kids to know what they were saying they would talk German and that always irked me. Grandpa tried to teach me to talk some German and once wanted me to say a piece in German at a Christmas program at the country church but I was too bashful. (Later I took a course in German at High School).

After grandpa passed away somehow the farm (my birthplace) never seemed the same.

I was married September 30, 1941 to Walter Morey (better known as "Babe") at Crown Point, Indiana.

We now have three daughters, the oldest Carol Jean born December 20, 1942, Merry Beth,

born December 17, 1947, and Julie Ann, born July 1, 1951.

In the Spring of 1949 I became ill with Rheumatic Fever and that summer I took the two girls and went to California to visit my husband's relation and help regain my strength. That is the extent of my traveling so far.

Harry W. Mitchell

I was born August 8, 1914 in Moline, Illinois. Grew up and educated in East Moline, Illinois and attended University of Illinois. I was a member of Delta Upsilon Fraternity. Was in University class of 1936.

I played trumpet in Tri-City Symphony orchestra when sixteen years of age, and was first cornetist with the University of Illinois Concert Band as well as marching band. Played for Governor Henry Horners inaugeration, and played at the Worlds Fair in Chicago in 1933. I was Cornet soloist for the United Township High School in East Moline and earned letters in basketball, track, and music. At University, played on Championship Soccer team, earned medals in track and music, and did Exhibition Ice Skating for two years. Took general business course at University and employed most of life as salesman.

At beginning of World War "2" employed as civilian employ of Army engineer Corp. Volunteered for duty in 1943. Trained for duty with 173rd Combat Engineers at Camp Beale, California. Received additional schooling at Camp Claiborne in Louisiana, and later sent to Camp Ellis in Illinois to help activate and train a new Engineer Company of specialists on heavy equipment and Airborne equipment.

Started overseas by air from Miami, Florida in 1944. Made stops at Puerto Rico, Georgetown, Brittish Guinna, Belem and Natal Brazil South America. Flew to Africa from South America, with one refueling stop at Ascension Island in mid South Atlantic. Landed at Accra on the Gold Coast of Africa, Nigeria, Egyptian Sudan, French Equatorial Africa with last stop at Khartoum. Flew to Aden and from there followed coast of Arabia to Messirah Island. Next landing was after flying Indian Ocean to Karachi. Spent Thanksgiving in an Army overseas transient camp at Karachi. Next stop was at Agra, where we got to see the Taj Mahal. One of the wonders of the world, and from there to Ledo, India. Where I spent the major portion of my overseas duty. After spending nearly a year in dense jungle territory, I volunteered for convoy duty over the Ledo Road and Burma Road into Kunming China. Trips took sixteen days to complete, with usually about 20% of the starting trucks finishing the trip without casualty. Transportation back to India was by plane by flying what was called "the hump" meaning the Himalaya Mountains, the highest in the world. Convoy cut off by Japs just ten miles south of the China border in Burma, so was held up there several days until Japs could be eliminated. My company saw the Japs fall in Bhama, Warzup, and Myitkyna in Burma.

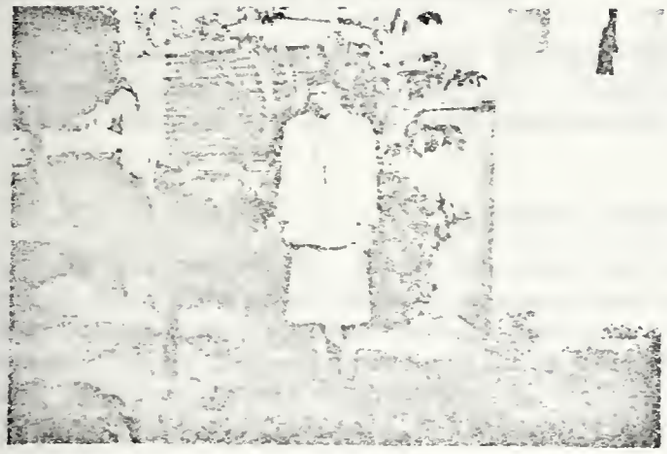
Army record: Technical Sargeant (Rank). Expert with M-1 rifle, Springfield 03 Rifle and Carbine.

Decorations: Victory Medal, American Theater Ribbon, Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon with two Battle stars, Good Conduct Medal and Overseas Service bars. Letter of Commendation dated 17 September 1945 for helping to keep heavy equipment operating which otherwise would have been deadlined for long periods of time. Signed by commanding Officer in Advance Section of USF in India-Burma Theater.

Entered as Hospital patient in field hospital at Ledo India in September 1945, flown to General Hospital in Calcutta, then by ship to Halloran General Hospital at Staten Island, New York. Hospitalization at Percy Jones Hospital at Battle Creek, Michigan until February 1946, and then discharged at Fort Sheridan, Illinois, February 8, 1946.

My father is Carl E. Mitchell and my mother is Hattie E. Mitchell. I am a resident of West Virginia and employed as a State Representative for Dari-Delite.

Elizabeth Mary Ann Schmoll Mitchell



Elizabeth Mary Ann Schmoll Mitchell

I was born September 30, 1922 in Geneseo, Henry County, Illinois. My parents were Glenn George and Ellen Josephine Nero Schmoll. I was baptised in Trinity Lutheran Church in Moline, Illinois. I attended Logan grade school and was graduated from Moline Senior High School. I attended Sunday school and Church at Trinity Lutheran Church in Moline.

I belong to Zal Caldron No. 4 Daughters of Mokama in Moline and Young Womens Christian's Association, the National Hairdressers Association. I was married to Harry Warner Mitchell on March 6, 1952 by the Rev. N. D. Yount at the Lutheran Parsonage in Hollywood, Florida. Harry's parents are Carl E. and Hattie Warner Mitchell of East Moline, Illinois. Our present address is 2516 Cleveland Avenue, St. Albans, West Virginia.

I can well remember the horse and buggy days as I made several trips with Grandfather Schmoll and Grandmother Schmoll from their farm to Geneseo, Illinois, to take eggs to the market and to pick up feed. Of course when we went to town to pick up feed we always drove the wagon carriage and to church we drove the hooded carriage. Had one horse named Fanney and one pony named Todd who pulled the carriages to and from desired destinations. They were well trained horses. The roads as I can remember them, were very narrow and if we had to pass anyone we had to drive on the shoulder of the road. Geneseo has grown a lot since I was a small girl as all the parking stalls were only to tie horses to.

I have attended a great many of the Frels Reunions and especially remember the one years ago at the Camp Mansur. Those days there used to be a good turnout.

I have had many lovely trips. I made one in 1952 out to Ward, Colorado to Range View Ranch to be with cousin, Hazel Schmoll. Her ranch is really something to see and her hospitality is beyond words. It was a great life, take flash lights to the evening table where all the guests dined together and then when it was time to retire we took our flash lights and went back to our rooms and lit our kerosene lamps. Today with modern times she has lights. It was fun to live the rugged life without fancies.

I have had several trips to Florida and like it well in Hollywood, Florida. We winter there every year.

Christmas time at home in my young days--no Christmas tree until Christmas Eve and then it was decorated and then on Christmas morning we saw the tree and what Santa (Mother and Dad) had left us. It was great to get up and see the dolls, buggy, scooters, wagons, and stockings filled with candy, fruit, and nuts.

Dorothy Joanne Drews Behrendt

I was born at Sterling, Illinois, August 27, 1931. I attended four different rural school during the time I grew to be 12 years of age. My parents then moved to Rock Island where I attended the Central Junior High School, and later graduated from the Rock Island High School in 1949. During the next three years I worked. In 1951 I got engaged and on June 1, 1952, I became Mrs. Laverne Frederich Behrendt from Port Byron, Illinois. We were married at the First Lutheran Church in Rock Island of which I am a member.

My parents are Herman Frank Drewes and my mother's name was Sophia G. Drewes. My mother passed away March 10, 1950.

After getting married we moved on the farm into a new house Laverne built. It has four rooms and a bath and a full basement.

After one and one half years he was drafted into the Army. I later joined him. On September 10, 1954, our first child, a daughter, Diana Lynn, was born at the Fort Levens Hospital. We got out of the Army February 29, 1956. Then back to farming. ---That's all of it.

Laverne Frederich Behrendt

I am the son of Mr. Alvin Behrendt and Gladys Frels Behrendt. My Grandfather Charlie Behrendt is a native of Germany having come to this country when a young boy. My Grandmother Sophia Behrendt was born in America. I was born November 4, 1928 on a farm in Zuma township. Here I grew up and attended the rural grade school in Zuma township for eight years. I attended the High School in Hillsdale for four years and graduated with the class in 1946. After graduation I helped my father and Grandfather operate their 300 acre farm.

1951 was a red letter year for me. I met Miss Dorothy Joanne Drews. We were married June 1, 1952. After the wedding we moved into a new house which I had built just across the road from my parents.

We lived here for one and one half years when I was drafted into the Army for a two year period. I took my basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, after which I was sent to Fort Sam Houston, Texas, to be trained as a Medic. I graduated there in the M.D.C. in August, and then was sent to Fort Devens, Massachusetts, and here I soon had my wife come to live off the post with me. Our home was blessed with the birth of a daughter September 10, 1954 at the Fort Devens Hospital.

I am now serving as a Corpsmen on the wards here. I will complete my two years of service February 29, 1956, after which we will return to Illinois and help my folks operate the farm.

Chapter IX

The Frels Church Activities

Mrs. M. D. Hauberg writes: When I was about six years old a preacher came to our house, and stayed a week or more with us, and I and brother Henry and sister Mary were christened, and all our neighbors children were christened before he left. The years run on and finally they had a preacher come to give sermons in a frame school house that had been built; so for years we had church. Then the Germans together bought a brick house in Hampton and had church there every Sunday; by this time Father had a carriage to take us all in.

Mrs. Hauberg states farther that, Father and his brother John Frels were among the earliest settlers in the neighborhood, and then George Wiltamuth and others came and they got a little clique together and built the German Lutheran Church. Adam Wiegant came and he was quite a church man too.

Marx D. Hauberg in his Memoirs states that "the Rev. Mennicke, an unmarried minister, preached at the Hampton Bluff Church and that the Henry Frels were prominent members of the congregation. The Frels home was his headquarters most of the time when he preached there. Miss Anna Margaret Frels was one of the brides maides at the wedding when Rev. Mennicke was married to Miss Anna Mangelsdorf in 1861.

The first class of the Hampton Bluff Lutheran Church held its confirmation exercises in the hall over L.F. Baker's Store in Hampton. This was in the spring of 1860. They had been holding their church service in a brick building, up the hollow in the village of Hampton. Anna and Mary Frels were among the members of the class to be confirmed."

Paul Gerhardt has this to add regarding the Zion Lutheran Church. "The brick church was built in 1864. The German clique that was organized in 1861 built the parsonage and school combined, it was a two story frame building, the preacher and family lived up stairs. The confirmation class school was held on the first floor. This parsonage and school burned down in 1876. Paul remembered seeing it burn. He was about six years of age living with his father, August Gerhardt who lived near the school."



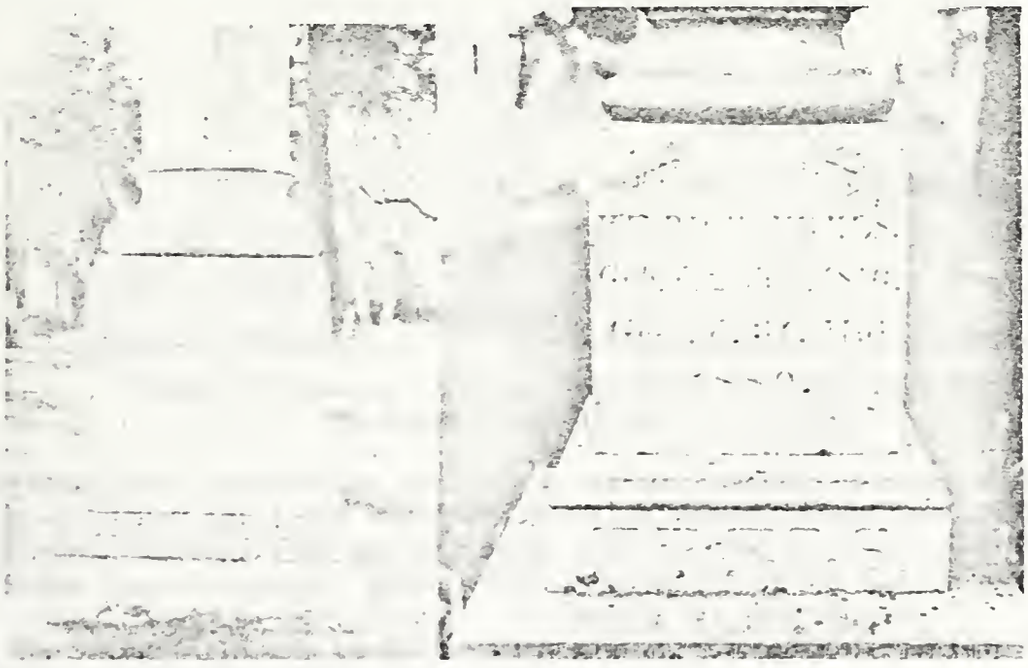
The picture at the left shows the Zion Lutheran Church Cemetery two miles East of Hampton. It was laid out and dedicated in 1857. The first burial was Frederick Schultze September 4, 1857.

Our Grandparents are both buried here. They helped to organize and build the church seen in the left back ground, where they attended. The Parochial school is acrcss the road in the center of the picture where the children of our Grandparents and those of John Gerhardt Frels and other Lutheran parents sent their children for a study of the scripture during the winter months. The children were taught in English. In the spring, at the end of the study period a special confirmation service was held at the

church at which time the members of the class were examined in their knowledge of the scripture and were given a certificate of confirmation, and they became members of the Lutheran Church.

This confirmation day was a great day in the church, they always had a full house. The roads were most always muddy, everyone started early in the morning to be in time for the service.

Mrs. Myrtle Frels interviewed the Reverand Wuehle pastor of the church regarding the early history of the church. His reply was that the records of the church were kept at the Parochial school and when it burned all the records were lost in the fire.



The Inscription on the Frels Stone

The grave stone of our grandparents is a tall round pedestal set on a square base seen in the center of the first picture. There are three inscriptions on this stone. You will notice Maria Catharina born the sixth of August 1820 and died June 26, 1862. The other inscription is Henrich Frels born January 2, 1816 and died March 31, 1880.

On the other side of this stone is the inscription of Mrs. Gernant Frels who died in 1879.

There is also a separate marker for each of the two Mrs. Frels, consisting of a thin slab similar to those seen in these pictures.

The Lutheran Churches have several branches. The Zion Lutheran church is a member of the Missouri Synod. They are strictly opposed to its members being affiliated with secret societies such as the Masons, Odd Fellows, Grange, Modern Woodmen, etc. Many of the members of Zion Church had joined such organizations as mentioned. The laws of the church was presented to them. The results were - forfeit membership in those organizations or be dismissed. A rather hard pill to take for those who had supported the church for years.

In the spring of 1894 a group of settlers living in this community found themselves with out a church home, and having a common cause at heart they decided to organize a new church. Services were held in the Mosher school house a mile west of the present church.

Henry Frels Jr. and William Frels were among 18 charter members who organized this church August 19, 1894. Three acres of land was acquired for the church and cemetery site. Part of



Peace (Friedens) Lutheran Church of the Augustana Synod
on Route 2 and 92 East of Silvis

it was purchased from John Mosher and part of it was donated by Henry Frels. A rail and hedge fence, a house, and large oak trees were all removed from this property and the steep hill was graded down with team and scraper. Rock for the foundation of the church was gotten from the Mosher Quarry October, 1895. The corner stone of the church was laid.

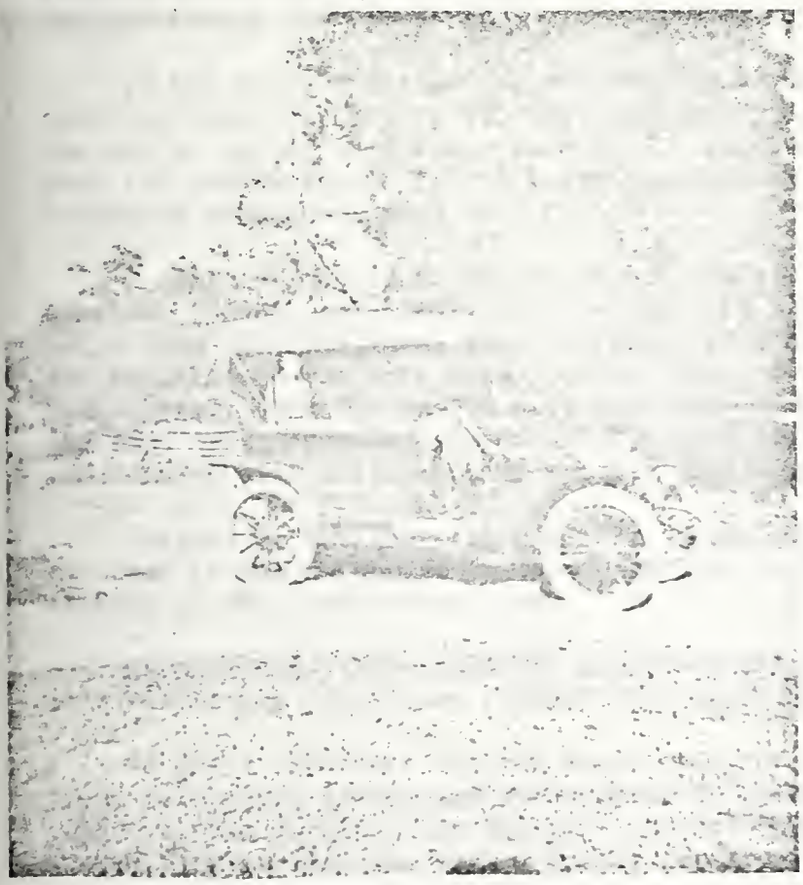
This church continued as an independent organization until February 28, 1922, when it united with the Augustana Synod. This church has had a steady growth in membership, the church has been enlarged and modernized with class rooms and a kitchen and a very well arranged and equipped chapel.

For a number of years during the early history of this church Henry Frels took the offering at the service, using a long pole with a small sack attached to the end, with this he could reach every individual in the pew.

Chapter X

Transportation

This book wouldn't be complete without a chapter regarding the improved methods in transportation. Our grandparents went places on foot when they were young. Archie Allen's name is familiar to most of us. He had a neighbor Clark who lived in Rock Island, and they owned a plow jointly. This plow had a wooden moldboard and a steel share. When Clark had the plow and Allen wanted to use it, Allen walked down to neighbor Clark's and carried the plow home. Neighbor Clark carried the plow back when he thought Allen was through using it.



Henry Frels Jr.'s First Auto 1908

Grandfather Hauberg moved to the farm in the spring of 1853. That fall he made two trips to Dixon, Illinois, to buy more land, a distance of ninety miles round trip. He made one of these trips in one day. He went on foot because he could make better time. He must have averaged three and one half miles an hour. With horses coming into use in the late fifties, they could take one a little faster. It isn't likely that those early wagons would hold together going more than three miles an hour. Grandfather Frels had a carriage to take his family to church on Sunday in the 1850's when they attended church at the brick church in Hampton.

Men, women and children did a lot of walking sixty and seventy years ago. One harvest time Dad sent me to Hillsdale on foot to get him a plug of tobacco. He had in mind a plug 3x10 inches in size, but I came home with a 3x2 size plug, and he would chew most of that in one day. I played at the neighbors enroute home so I really got a strapping. Rosena recently told me she walked to Port Byron when she was young carrying a small basket with money in it for the bank. It was only eight miles to Port Byron!

Our father didn't hesitate about walking ten or fifteen miles when he was nearby fifty years of age, when younger he walked farther. Walking was the common way of going places when the Frels folks were young.

Two and three seated buggies became more common along in 1850. The entire family could ride in one of these. Ben Frels reported that when they saw a three seated canopy top buggy coming along the road, they knew it was the Henry Frels family. If they saw a two seated democrat buggy coming it was likely to be the Haubergs. Your writer remembers when Uncle Fred Schmoll and Auntie drove up to our place with two pure white Arabian stalions hitched to a top buggy. They were beautiful and attracted considerable comment along the highway.

It was easier to keep a buggy washed up and clean when we wanted to go places than to wash the wagon. No one wanted to ride in a dirty wagon that was used for hauling fencing, cleaning the hen house and barn.

Only wealthy farmers had carriages to ride in in the 1850's; such as our grandfather had. Deacon Pearsall who came to Coe township in the 1940's and took up 1000 acres of land had a carriage in which he took his family to church in Port Byron on Sundays. That carriage was the talk of the country.

In the late eighties and nineties carriages became more common, partly because people had more money. The top kept the hot sun from shining on one in the summer and by putting on side curtains the carriage was more comfortable to ride in the winter time and in stormy weather. Carriage owners couldn't expect to have the common bed quilt to put over one's knees, therefore, fancy lap robes were purchased for winter use, and dusters for summer use to keep the horse hair from falling on one's clothes. The driver who was some what particular about keeping his or her clothes free from horse hair, wore a light weight coat duster while driving and caring for the horses.

In the early nineties the two wheel road cart became popular. Every farmer had one and with one horse hitched to it, they were handy to get around in. The seat was somewhat narrow and it had no back rest, so a fellow taking his best girl for a ride had to hold her in, just for safety sake! If the horse happened to take a jump forward, the girl might fall backwards heels over head.

I must not overlook the use of the sleds. In the winter time we merrily rode along in a bobsled. Sleds were easily constructed. In the early days one would go to the timber and cut a tree that had grown just the shape of a sled runner, build benches and cross pieces for the runners and you were ready for the box. I vividly remember riding through fields, over hedge fences when the drifts were high and hard and neither horse nor sled would break through the hard crust of snow. We sat in the sled with a heavy coating of hay or straw in the box and covered with buffalo robes and bed quilts going to a Christmas party.

Cutters or sleighs with one seat, drawn by one or two horses, made a nice conveyance. In these it was necessary to have plenty of clothes on; a fur coat was just the thing to be wearing in the cold winter time.

When ice was frozen solidly over Rock River we often drove to Henry County in a bob sled to visit Uncles, Aunts and Cousins when there was plenty of snow on the ground.

We drive to a farm now and never look for the hitching post. In the horse and buggy days every farmer had one or more hitching posts, and if all the posts were taken one could tie his horse to the hay rack or yard fence. Tying a horse to a tree was bad because if the bark of the tree wasn't bitter the horse was sure to eat the bark from it.

In the villages and cities hitching posts lined both sides of the street and horses were tied here while trading was done. Another must was the village pump where man and beast could get a drink. A trough from which the horses could drink without being unhitched and a tin cup was handy for the family use.

We were certainly living in a wonderful day and a wonderful land. It's very very true "We know not what a day may bring forth". Before 1900 people began talking about horseless carriages. To some it didn't make sense, but when gasoline engines came out, some fellows put these engines in their buggies, then fastened the hind wheels of the buggy to an axle. A chain was used from the engine to the buggy axle and when the engine ran the buggy moved -- just that simple! Automobiles were the result. The picture at the beginning of this chapter is that of Uncle Henry Frels' first automobile, a Moline Knight, purchased in 1908. The first autos didn't have a top. This one has a top and no doubt side curtains to put on to protect one from stormy weather and against cold. These first autos were a great pleasure. Farmers who owned one usually went for a joy ride after chores and supper were over. There was just nothing like that auto ride, going down the road waving at the neighbors who hadn't yet

purchased a car. There was a lot of brass on those first autos that had to be kept shining, so people could see it.

A lot of these early auto owners just couldn't trade in the little country town stores any more. They were too close to home. They drove to the city where they had bargains, and those city stores soon advertised anniversary sales with more bargains. The preacher in the country church was not up to the "snuff" in his preaching so they drove to the city church to hear better preaching and better singing. Your writer was told by several persons that the country church will soon be a thing of the past, and who wants to live in one of these little country towns where there is nothing going on. The city is the answer where there is something to be seen. Many people who didn't have much property moved to the city where they could be happy.

Of course these early autos were not trouble free, parts would go wrong and the purchaser knew nothing about repairs. Boys who didn't have a steady job wanted to become auto mechanics. The head man in the garage was the only person who knew the mechanical operation of an auto. There was too much repair work for one man so the boys were hired to help out; they could take an auto apart, but seldom put it together properly. It became quite a chore, to keep those first autos in running order. The first pneumatic tires wouldn't stand very much abuse. Every auto had a repair kit which was used when a tire blew out.

The mind of man and the trend of conditions have changed considerably in this fair land of ours during the last one hundred years. Some of the streets and sidewalks of Chicago were planked 120 years ago to keep folks out of the mud. Indians camped along the Chicago River. Today over 3,000,000 people live high and dry in that city.

Farmers are now content to live down on the old farm, and the country town is a nice place to trade and meet the neighbors to talk over crops, prices, how much that new school is going to cost, and where we are going on that vacation after harvest. We are content to worship with our neighbors at the little country church. To be sure a lot of these country churches have closed, but those that remain have been modernized. We are not so keen now about driving so far to worship.

Our roads today are splendid, graveled, macademized or paved with cement, with few bad chuck holes to injure a tire or an auto. The automobiles are now so efficiently built that we often drive several thousand miles without the slightest trouble. Tires are likewise so well constructed that they last several years or the life of the auto. Thirty years ago thirty or fourty miles an hour was fast driving. Today sixty to eighty miles per hour is common on our highways.

Auto accidents and deaths are a common occurance today largely because of excessive speed. Auto insurance is now high and a MUST. Some juries and judges put a high price on some of the folks killed by autos.

In the auto of today we sit enclosed, just as comfortable as in our home. Heat when we want it, or cool air can easily be let in. Those first autos were a little breezy to ride in. John Butzer of Hillsdale had one of the first autos in our community. The windshield and lights were extra in cost. This auto on a slightly down grade had a speed of twenty miles an hour. A few years later Henry Ford announced to the world that he would make a car so reasonable in price that any person could afford to buy one. When a dealer ordered the required quota it sold for $300. It was known as the Model T. Of course there were a lot of folks who thought they couldn't go in good society with a Ford. They paid more money for a different make, an Overland cost $820.00

The engine of all these early autos were started with a crank. It was some what of a chore to keep the side curtains in repair, the wind would whip them and tear out the fasteners. With good curtains the auto was quite cozy to ride in. With the improved economy of today people are spending a lot of money for autos, many families own two. Farming operations are so mechanized that an auto much stand ready to go to town for repairs at any time.

Mother and the children couldn't be expected to sit at home, they need a car to go to Ladies Aid meetings and run errands for the home. In the city the man needs the auto to drive to work. Many men commute living 10, 20 or 30 miles from where they work. The auto is a necessity! The tragic thing of today is that so many mothers are working in industry instead of staying home to properly rear the children.

The early autos were painted black. Today they are trimmed in all the colors of the rainbow. Many of them are marvelous in color, beauty and design. Just for a little gossip - some folks are more concerned about a nice auto than a nice home.

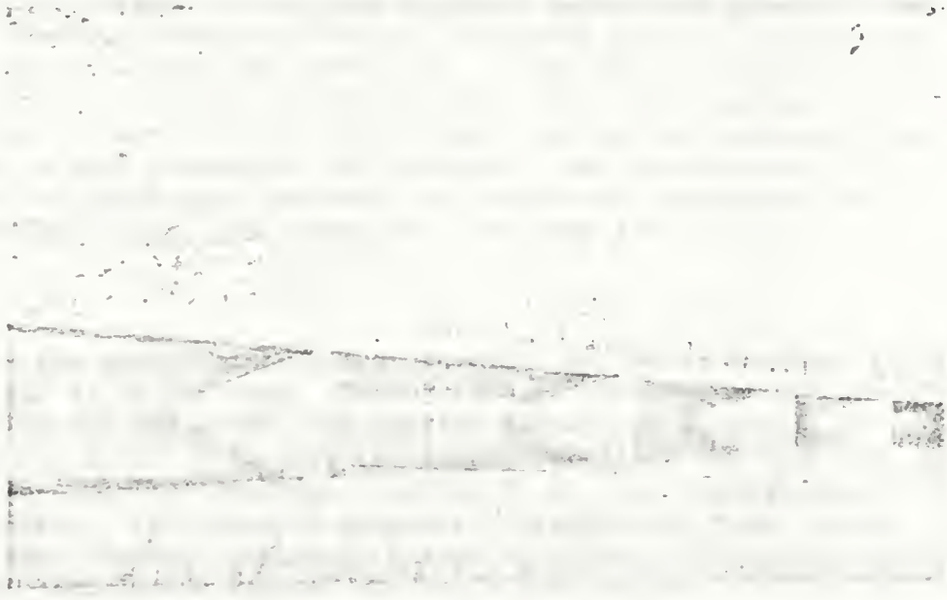
Three of our Grandfather's children lived in Henry County, the other three lived in Rock Island County. There has always existed a nice spirit of relationship among them. When visiting back and forth in the winter time they cross Rock River on the ice. In the summer there were three ferries; at Cleveland, Osborn and Colona. The Cleveland ferry was mostly used by the Frels folks.



John H. Hauberg and his Band Boys

This picture shows John H. Hauberg and his Band boys crossing the river on the Cleveland ferry. They have two wagons with a team for each and a light wagon drawn by one horse. This ferry ride was always a pleasure to us.

In 1934 the state built a bridge across the river near Joslin, Illinois. This bridge is not excelled in beauty in our state. It's a free bridge and greatly used by the public.



The Joslin Bridge

From Ox Cart to Airplanes

Advance methods in travel in 100 years, commercial planes can now take 75 or more passengers from city to city, from nation to nation or around the world in a few hours or days.



Many men in the Government service during the war learned to operate planes. Returning to private life, they purchased a plane for business purposes, and for recreation and pleasure. Now many farmers own planes to go to cities on business and state fairs.

This picture shows Edward Sweeney, who is a licensed pilot, and his plane with a scout pilot at Washington, D.C.

Century Old Book tells travelers how to settle in Henry County, Illinois. In Geneseo Public Library reposes upon the shelves a book, Illinois in 1847-48, with a map containing also "The Emigrant's Guide to the West". (That is what the book was named when it was published in 1860 by Grigg and Elliot, Number 9 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Its pages now yellowed with years are filled with information as to how Illinois appeared to our great grandparents a hundred years ago. It tells the boundry of Rock River and timber. Green River and the head branches of Edward's and Pope's and Spoon rivers. The county is an area of about 850 square miles. I am quoting here only a small part, since our Grandfather Frels bought two farms in Henry County and also had a big interest in the grist mill in Cleveland and so many of our clan live in Henry County and are property owners.

Transportation Routes Given:

"Routes by boat and stage from the east to the Illinois country comprise no small part of the book's information. It is suggested that bulky goods be shipped by immigrants to their homes by way of New Orleans and the Mississippi River, such a method being more safe and less expensive than the overland route. Persons coming to Chicago, the north part of Indiana and Ohio, and Michigan, are advised to use the lakes and canal route. "The whole expense of a single person from New York to St. Louis by the way of Philadelphia with cabin passage on the river, will range between $40 and $45; --time, from 12 to 15 days. Taking the transportation lines on the Pennsylvania canal, and a deck passage in the steamboat, and the expense will range between $20 and $25, supposing a person buys his meals at twenty-five cents and eats twice a day. If he carries his own provisions, the passage will be from $15 to $18."

Farms Were Cheap:

In a chapter purporting to tell the method of locating, farming, and building, the information is given that land sells for $1.25 per acre. Taking $400 as the cost of 350 acres of land, $495 for fencing and breaking the 160 acres, and cost of cabins and buildings as $250, a good farm could be obtained for $1145. "In many instances," declares the book, "a single crop of wheat will pay for the land, for fencing, breaking it up, cultivating, harvesting, threshing, and taking to market. All kinds of mechanical labor is in great demand, especially in the common building line; workmen, even very coarse and common, get almost any price they ask. Any young man, with industrious habits, can begin here without a dollar and in a very few years become a substantial farmer.

The settler is advised "to supply himself with a good manual of household medicine and to have a small but well-labled and well supplied medicine chest; to depend for health on temperance, moderation in all things, a careful conformity in food and dress to circumstances and

climate, and particularly let him observe a rigid and undeviating abstinence from that loathsome and murderous western poison, whiskey, which may be pronounced the prevalent miasma of the country, but let every immigrant learn the mustery and provide the materials to make good beer."

Cleveland was laid out in the year 1836. Henry County was organized in 1835 at Dayton. The Rockford, Rock Island and St. Louis railroad built a bridge at Osborn and then a branch of the railroad into Cleveland from the east. There were three shaft coal mines and several strip mines where they took out coal and loaded it on cars with teams. The coal was widely known and it was a fine grade--from 15 to 30 carloads were shipped out every day. There were between 400 and 500 houses in Cleveland. George Atkinson ran the first ferry on Rock River in Henry County. He died in 1838. The first frame house was built by Atkinson and Wells in 1836 in Cleveland. A Mr. Baker and Company built a coffer dam into Rock River and took out the coal half way across the river. Then also was a large flour mill run by water power. There were three general stores, one grocery store, a meat market, a millinery shop, and a bakery shop. A large hotel and several boarding houses and eight salons and two ice houses. January 1887 the last coal was taken out--the ferry stopped running about 1927.

There are now four fine bridges crossing Rock River in Rock Island County. One is at South Moline, one at Colona, a beautiful four lane one at Joslin and one at Hillsdale just finished in September, 1954.

Chapter XI

The George Mandler Family

Mrs. M. D. Hauberg had written her Aunt Anna Wells at Elkton, Oregon, for a history of the Mandler family. Her aunt replied with two letters. One written in 1891 and the other in 1893. We are including both of these letters in this chapter.

John H. Hauberg had correspondence with Mary and Flora Wells who are daughters of our Aunt Anna Wells, asking them to write him regarding their father and mother's journey across the Plaines state in 1847 with a covered wagon caravan, their reply is included with some additional notes. A brief account of George Mandler and his youngest sister, Elizabeth Gode, is also included.

Elkton, Douglas Co., Oregon
March 16, 1891

Dear Niece:

You wish to know something more about your grandparents, their birthplace and their children. Their native land was Prussia -- Frankfort-on-the-Main; east of the river Rhine.

They were born at Launspach, -- all the children were born at the same place, about one mile from Giessen, our nearest town. Your husband Marx or his parents must certainly know the place.

They left Prussia April 18, 1838, with five children, namely: Margarete; your mother (Catherine); myself; George and your Aunty (Mrs. Gode, of Clinton, Iowa), the youngest of the children. She was just three years old then.

I cannot give you the exact age of grandpa (Mandler) I have often heard him say that he was a small boy when Napoleon Bonaparte over-ran Germany, that was in 1806, I think; that he used to play with him. I often think of that my former home.

Your Aunt,

Anna E. Wells.

The following is copied from letters which Louis D. Hauberg had between the pages of the big heavy family Bible at his home on September 5, 1940. He let me have them for family historical reasons. I am returning them to him--after copying. The "Dear Niece" was our mother, Mrs. M. D. Hauberg, whose mother was a Mandler.

Elkton, Douglas Co., Oregon
March 31, 1893

,Dear Niece:

Your Grandpa George Mandler was born in the year 1794, July 10th, and died July 17, 1849. Your Grandma Catherine Mandler was born in 1795, July 10th, and died in the fall of 1839. They were married in 1817. To them were born seven children, namely,I) Your Aunt Margerete was born in 1818 and died in 1838. Your Mother was born August 6, 1820 and died the 26th of June 1862.

I was born July 10th, 1822. Your Uncle George was born October 11, 1824, and died September 17, 1873. Two small children were born between your

Uncle and your Aunt Lizzey. She was born April 19th, 1835, was three years old in April the same month we left our home, in 1838. We were all born at a village by the name of Launspach, Prussia, Frankfort-on-the-Main.

Your grandparents both died in St. Louis and were both buried there.

As you wished to know something more about your Grandparents, I will send you this short record and trust it will prove satisfactory.

I must now close. I remain as ever your Aunt, Anna E. Wells.

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Compare this with yours and see how we agree.

Your Aunt Anna E. W.

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Elkton, Douglas Co., Oregon
March 31st, 1893

Dear Niece and Family,

Since your Uncle is no more with us, I thought I would write to you and let you know that I am still living.

Your Uncle was born at Athen, Vermont, Windlam Co., July 30th, 1814, died July 17, 1892, Sunday morning at 3 o'clock. Consequently it lacked 13 days of being 78 years of age. No more at present. Trust this will find you all well. With best regards to you all. I remain as ever

Your Aunt Anna E. Wells

Write soon.

We are tolerable well at present.

Dear Niece,

The record I have sent to you I did not get of your Aunty, Gode, but collected all little items together and by remembering certain circumstances, I know must be a true record.

Anna E. Wells, July 30, 1893

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In 1924 Sue and I were on the train going North from Frankfort-on-the-Main (July 20, 1924) and by and by we passed the suburbs of Giessen, with Castle Leiberg on the hilltop. I snapped it from the moving train also the U. of Marburg. --All in old Ober Hessen, now Prussia. We left the train at Uelzen, and took an auto to Papa Dankmann's birthplace--old Salzwedel, Prussia. Aunt Well's letter is of the greatest importance should we ever want a genealogist to look up the Mandlers'.

John H. Hauberg

As previously stated, George Mandler Sr. and his wife Catherine left Prussia April 18, 1838, for America. They landed at the New Orleans port in the early part of June. Sail ships loaded with people and products from many ports of the world were docked here. Emigrants with their bundles, trunks and suitcases, bringing their most precious belongings with them to start life anew in this new world. Steam boats from the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri River valley arriving at this port with products from the farm, cotton, tobacco, corn, wheat, barley, oats. The grain was in sacks, cotton and tobacco, in bales, lead from the Galena mines, and products from industry. There was only one port in U.S.A. that had more business than New Orleans and that was New York. Of course, there were passengers on these steamboats, not many people just sight seeing.

Coming across the Atlantic in six or seven weeks gave the passengers ample time to get acquainted with one another. In our minds eye we can see a group of these emigrants walking along the streets of New Orleans, on board and dirt walks, Papa and Mama in the lead with the children stringing along behind. These emigrants came up the hard way, used to many hours of hard work a day. Coming to America, the promised land, where greater opportunities for work and pay and comforts of home life were to be had.

Crossing the Atlantic at this season of the year, there are many storms to be encountered, and some of these prolonged storms were hard to take, especially for weaklings. Sanitary conditions on the ship and in the cities of that day were not like they are today.

Success and failure, happiness and sorrow may befall the best of people in any land. How sad it must have been for these Mandlers who just arrived in this fair land, to have their oldest daughter Margerete, who was 20 years of age get sick and die. She was laid to her eternal rest here in New Orleans.

With three daughters and a son the Mandlers traveled up the Mississippi River to St. Louis. Most of the people of St. Louis were Emigrants, and, most of the Emigrants were Germans. It must have been somewhat like entering a German city.

A year in St. Louis and sorrow entered the Mandler home again. The mother Catherine Mandler who was born July 10, 1795 was taken by death in the fall of the year 1839. Of the seven children born to this family, four now remain, Catherine age 19, Anna age 17, George age 15 and Elizabeth age 4. It's likely the Mandlers had relatives living here as well as many friends with whom they associated.

Catherine became engaged to one Fred Broady. Before their marriage Fred was taken sick and died. Before his death he prevailed on his friend Henry Frels to take over his espoused and marry her. Meanwhile Catherine gives birth to a son, who is named after his father, Fred Broady.

In 1842 Catherine married Henry Frels at St. Louis. After the wedding they took their honeymoon trip up the river to Hampton, Illinois, where Henry Frels was then staying. Catherine's two sisters, Anna and Elizabeth, and her son Fred accompanied them on this pleasant scenic journey. No doubt Henry the groom was familiar with the many places of interest on this 200 mile journey. They arrived at Hampton. Later in life, Elizabeth stated, "We went to Blacks store and then walked along the road through the brush to John Frels home, he was married and had a log house built at that time".

It's likely that this family remained in the John Frels home until Henry built a log house of his own on land he purchased that year from his brother John.



Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wells who moved to Oregon in 1847

Anna Mandler who is now 20 years of age, had her home with her sister and brother-in-law. We are quite sure there was plenty work in this household. Carrying water from the spring for all household use and for the laboring men to wash, the garden to be tended, gathering wild fruit and nuts; this would be fine and delicious without the need of spraying, as is necessary today.

The year of 1844 Anna married Ira Wells. Mr. Wells with 11 others of his name sake were in the Black Hawk War, Ira being a Lieutenant at 17 years of age. After their marriage they continued to live in the house of his brother-in-law for three years.

In 1847 Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wells join a covered wagon caravan for a journey across the Western plains to the state of Oregon. A journey of this type has a lot of interest, therefore we are including a description of this journey written by Mary and Flora Wells, two daughters of the Ira Wells.

John H. Hauberg had gotten a pention for Mrs. Ira Wells in behalf of Ira Wells service in the Black Hawk War. He also asked the two daughters to write him a description of their parents' journey across the Plains to Oregon. The letter follows.

Elkton, Ore., 1/2/15

Mr. John Hauberg,
Rock Island, Ill.

Dear Cousin:

Firstly, I desire to crave your pardon for the discourteous manner in which I treated your very interesting and welcome letter, which reached me in due season. Poor health, and insufficient knowledge of the things which you wished to know is my only excuse for this seeming neglect.

Secondly, I desire to thank you for having taken sufficient interest in my father's name and history to write me concerning it. I would be glad indeed were I able to do justice to my father's memory.

There were, indeed, stirring times in his life time as well as many others; however it would take an abler pen than mine to do the subject justice.

My father was "older than he used to be" by the time I became old enough to remember much of his conversation. By that time other things has so engraven themselves on his memory that he seldom talked much of his younger experiences, save occasionally referring to them but not entering into the details of the journey.

Danforth, First Lieutenant of the Rock River Rangers, was my father's cousin, and I take it that at that time Second Lieutenant was considered too insignificant to have been recorded, as we failed to find any record of it in the War Department at Washington; however, he did serve in that capacity during the whole term of service.

Yes, indeed, often I have heard him speak of dear old Illinois, so often that next to my own native State we learned to love Illinois, and especially Rock Island County.

Our parents were married December 8th, 1844, at the home of my mother's sister, Aunt Catherine Frels, your Grandmother, on the farm now owned by Henry Frels, and continued their residence in Rock Island County until April 18th, 1847, when they, with many others, constituting an immigrant train, started on the long, perilous trip "across the plains" as the long, tedious, and dangerous trip from Illinois to Oregon was then called, now spoken of as the time that tried men's souls.

The best add bravest only lived to reach the end of the journey, so in this way Oregon became settled by the best people of every State in

the Union, but since railroads have become so numerous, and traveling cheap and easy, we are getting quite the reverse and Oregon is suffering thereby, but I am digressing.

Of course, father's Indian War experiences served him in good stead in crossing the plains, so they had a large and varied experience with the Indians, though no real tragedies because of the faithfulness to duty.

The good generalship and knowledge of the Indian nature and warfare for days together with nights as well the Indians followed them at night watching continuously for a moment when those on guard would relax their vigilance and give them an opportunity to stampede their stock at least. Of course, could they have succeeded in so doing they would have weakened their forces so that it would have necessitated a division of forces. While the most able men would have been cut after the stock, the Indians would have fallen upon the camp, but the good judgment displayed by the entire company prevented this calamity by making a miniature fortification of their wagons in a circle, then standing their cattle inside, making a circle within a circle, then putting the families in the center.



The Covered Wagon
Emigrants in covered wagons passed the Frels home almost daily during the 40's and 50's and later. Many days long lines of loaded Emigrant wagons waited at the levee at Rock Island for the ferry to cross over the river to Davenport. The ferries ran from daylight to dark. The box of the prairie Schooner was longer and deeper and would float when cross- a stream. Those were days when a good quarter section of Iowa land could be bought for $1.00 an acre or less.

They never slept without knowing that a good trusty guard was on duty, and thus they came through without damage, except one night when they did succeed in stampeding a few of their animals but not enough to seriously damage them. They had sufficient left with which to continue their journey, but, Oh, the horror of it all, the anxious watching by night, and by day, when lying down at night never knowing what the awaking might be, or rather would be after passing through all the trials and vicissitudes of such a cruelly hard trip.

After reaching the Southern part of the State, then the Territory of Oregon, in crossing the Rogue River some of the company unfortunately got into deep water. My mother thinking their wagons had stopped for the night left her one sleeping child, an infant, on the wagon hastened to the other wagons to lend her assistance in hanging their bedding up that it might dry. My father not thinking of danger if he knew, decided to drive on a little. The baby was thrown from the wagon, and instantly killed. They brought the body on to Eugene the first settlement for burial, the distance of about two hundred miles.

Then at the end of the journey their trials were not ended for hardships were yet to be met and overcome. Indians were still to be encountered and dealt with, but no trouble came to them through them. My father and mother were kind to them, and my father often said he never had to use a lock and key until the white men came. Now everything must be locked.

I only wish I could write their lives as they lived them. I am sure it would be to a stranger far more interesting, and to the average reader, than fiction, and though they had all of these unpleasant things there is another side to the picture. The beautiful country with its virgin soil, the rivers full of fish, the blooming flowers, the mountains of evergreen timber, the native grass that a man on horseback could lose himself in, but best of all, the health-giving climate.

My mother had shaken with chills regularly every day until crossing the Missouri River. The warm winters here were opposite to the cold of Illinois. While they loved their old State, the State of their adoption grew to be more dear.

About the towns, --Port Byron and Hampton were then the chief towns. Rock Island, of course, being the Capitol some business was done there, but Port Byron was the town. Moline was unknown. My father witnessed the hanging of the men who murdered poor old Davenport.

Now I believe this is all that I can recall at this time, but if there is anything else I shall be most happy to assist you in any way possible. I have only sketched briefly the incidents as I recall them, having attempted nothing in order. If it serves you in the least I shall be very glad.

Your mother wrote us of your marriage, for which I extend my heartiest congratulations. You would have been foolish indeed, had you not married whom, to you was the best in the world. May the Good Lord bless you both. When I next visit Illinois, I shall take great pleasure in doing myself the honor of calling upon you.

We received your mother's invitation to her Golden Wedding for which we are thankful. Sister Mary wrote her about the Yuletide. Now hoping to hear from you again at your convenience, and wishing you a happy and blessed year, I have the honor to be,

Yours very respectfully,
Your Cousin Flora,
Flora Wells.

P.S.:

I forgot to say that my mother lived long enough to sign all papers to enable us to get it (Pension for husband's Black Hawk War service) after she left us. She knew it was all right before she gave up. We have regretted trying to get it as we fear sometimes it may have been a greater source of worry to her than we realized, however, we cannot tell.

We are having a beautiful winter. Our roses are blooming in our yard all winter. Of course, we have had rain. It rained hard awhile this morning but the sun is shining now, and warm as a spring day. Kindly remember us to your mother, and Louis (I admired Louie so much, he was such a good boy to his parents), and to any of our relatives you may chance to see. Would like to run in and have a visit with Henry and Lizzie.

Goodbye,
Flora.

If your history is not already compiled, if you will let me know I may be able to gather a few more items concerning the early history of Rock Island County and send you later.

I want also to know when it is published. The Indians must have been more troublesome to the settlers for years before the war, more so than during the war as that was a short time only.

We are very busy girls but will try to write a little more soon if nothing happens.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira Wells were the parents of 11 children. At the time of Mrs. Wells' death there were 30 grandchildren and 12 great grandchildren. Mrs. Wells was a Lutheran by faith, and delighted to read her German Bible and prayer book which she brought from Prussia. Mr. Wells was a Presbyterian. The Methodists were more prominent in holding meetings in this locality, the ministers often staying at the Wells home and Mr. Wells often yoked his oxen and hitched them to a wagon and took the minister back and forth from the service to his home.

A rather interesting P.S. to the daughters' letter states that their oldest sister had died, she was the mother of 13 children, all of them married and doing well.

The next member of the Mandler Family is George Jr. a tailor by profession. It's likely he remained in St. Louis until the death of his father which occured July 17, 1849. Both he and his wife are buried in the cemetery at St. Louis.

George Jr. when coming to Hampton married a widow Mrs. Wiegant who was the mother of four children, namely: John, Mary, Maggie and Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mandler Jr. were the parents of two children, George III who never married and a daughter that married M. K. Lintler, living at Ocheydan, Iowa.

In 1855 George Jr. sold a lot in Hampton to his brother-in-law Henry Frels for $125.00. George was a first class tailor. His niece Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg wrote that her Uncle George often made clothes for her father.

Morris Heagy, a prominent citizen of Hampton, wrote in his folio of Hampton, that George Mandler was a member of the village Bras band and that was organized in 1868, and that he played the bass drum. Mr. Haegy wrote that he thought the band was a nuisance to the town, you could hear them tooting all over town as they practised, the band functioned for seven or eight years. They played at Political rallies, Fourth of July celebrations and picnics at Oltmans Grove, Joslin, Osborn, Cleveland and on the streets of Hampton. Political rallies were really something in those days. Street parades, Torch light processions, Flag raising, and speech making, the kind where you whoop it up. Your political affiliation wasn't a secret to anyone. So said our mother regarding Political Rallies.

The Home of George Mandler is still standing in Hampton. A nice home with three bay windows, seemingly in good condition, painted white. Our Aunt Anna E. Wells of Oregon wrote that he brother George died September 17, 1873.

The last member of the Mandler family is Elizabeth. She was three years old when they came to America. She was born April 19, 1835. She was seven years old when she came to live with her sister and brother-in-law HenryFrels. Several years later Elizabeth Mandler married Henry Gode of Clinton, Iowa. Henry Gode was a cousin of Henry Frels.

Chapter XII

The John Gerhard Frels Family



The first official record of any Frels that we have in this county is that of John Gerhard Frels, an uncle of mine, who purchased 40 acres of land in Hampton township from C.C. Parker September 2, 1840 in the South West corner of section 13. Another purchase was made from the Government April 19, 1842. At the time of this purchase he gave as his former address Cincinnati, Ohio.

John Gerhard Frels was born November 24, 1814,at the village of Elsfleth in the state of Oldenburg, Germany. His parents owned a farm. Your writer visited three Frels families in May, 1955. Carl and Gustaf Frels both live along a macademized tree lined highway in the village of Elsfleth. Their farms join their homestead. Henry Frels lives at Bardenfleth along a fine macademized tree lined highway his home is also at the edge of his large farm. The water table is so near the surface that many ditches are required for drainage.

I visited the pastor of the Lutheran church at Elsfleth and was shown the membership record books of the church dating back to 1600. I, of course, was interested in the records of 1800 to 1840 or so to find if our Grandparents were confirmed in this church. There was no record of Frels at that time, but I did note the name of Addicks and of Oltman. The name of Gerhard as a given name was very common among different families. At this church I also saw CARE and CROP packages sent to this church for distribution to the needy from the churches of the United States. I was in three homes that had received edible gifts from this church.

It is unfortunate that these three brothers, John Henry, John William, and John Gerhard, were left orphans so young an age at the death of their parents. John G. was 13 years old when his father died, and four years previous his mother had passed on. They were then reared in the homes of different relatives. We have every reason to believe that they had many relatives among the Frels families and then the Gode and Henry Gode who married Elizabeth Mandler and lived in Clinton, Iowa and Mrs. Rastead of Albany, Illinois, were cousins of John G. and Henry Frels. They also came from Elsfleth, Germany. Mr. and Mrs. Gode raised a big family of boys and girls. He was in the grocery business in Comanch, Iowa for a number of years. Mrs. Rastead had three sons, Henry, Fred and Otto, and a daughter, Amelia, who married I. Naftzger. Fred was a sailor for three years having entered that service at 13 years of age. He later conducted a grocery store at Geneseo, Illinois. Henry and Otto remained at home.

Mrs. Rastead of near Albany, Illinois, who was a sister to Henry Gode of Clinton, Iowa informed these Frels brothers that they were heirs to an estate in Germany of $60,000 and that they would need to go to Germany to collect their amount. Henry didn't care to go for he had plenty here and it's likely John G. was too busy to go. Going to Germany and back

might require three or four months' time in that day. Today it could be done by air in two days if necessary.

In visiting the Carl Frels in Elsfleth, I told them who I was and they at once replied that they had a letter from a Miss Frels in Texas just the week previous asking for information regarding her ancesters at Elsfleth.

In July 1953 I visited Mr. and Mrs. Herman Frels at 3441 West 2nd Street at Red Field apartments Los Angeles. Herman informed me that his father Herman and Uncle Gerhard came from Oldenburg Germany and settled in Colorado County, Texas. Other settlers came to live in this area and after a few years this settle became known as Frelsburg, Texas. We may readily assume that there was quite a large relationship of Frels in Oldenburg, Germany. A short account of my interview with Herman Frels may be found in this book.

Interesting also at the Carl Frels home was the thatched roof barn built in 1709, and lived in by the family up to 1912.

Rock Island County was still young in population when John G. Frels arrived. There was one voting precinct in this end of the county in 1934. It extended from the Meredocia in Cordova township to the Henry McNeal house at Watertown. The voting to take place in the Walter Phillips house. The other voting precinct included the rest of the county.

In 1840 there were 33 marriages in the county.

The information we have John G. attended school in Germany and had somewhat of an education, it's likely Father and foster parents saw to it that he attended school. His brother Henry may not have been encouraged to attend school, for we are told that he had no schooling.

A very needy occupation in any civil country is that of a blacksmith. How could farming in this country or Germany be carried on in that way without the blacksmith?

When John G. bought land in this county he gave as his former address Cincinnati, Ohio, therefore we think he landed at Norfolk, Virginia, when he arrived in America, then by stage, steamboat and maybe a Canal boat and afoot he reaches Cincinnati. His brother Henry took out his first Citizenship papers here in Cincinnati in 1836. The brothers may have met there.

Alvin Frels a grandson of John Gerhard Frels tells me that his wife's grandfather John Walker knew John G. Frels well and often had work done at his shop. He had oxen and horses shod and other blacksmith work done there. Mr. Walker was Coe township's first settler coming in 1835. Mr. Walker also stated that John G. Frels was a very hard working smithy; that he would make nails from wire at night having a candle on each end of the anvil for light. We note in Henry Frels accounts with Blacks store that he ordered several kinds of iron from the store, some of it for making horse shoes, evidently the Smithy made the shoes and nails, hooks, clevises, wagon tires, buggy tires, repaired plows, sickles, hoes, scythes, grain cradles, log chains, etc. He was a mighty important man to the community.

I am informed by Lindy Frels Dailey and Alvin Frels that their grandfather shipped wood by boat to St. Louis in exchange for iron to be used in his shop. The plows of that day had wooden mole boards. John Gerhard sharpened many a steel point on the shares of these plows.

Alvin tells me that John G. before his marriage lived in a log house near the spot where his brother Henry later built, and conducted his blacksmith work there.

John G. Frels married Maria Louisa Dorothea Fronke at St. Louis January 31, 1840, she was born December 23, 1822, and died July 13, 1881, and was buried at the Oak Wood Cemetery at Geneseo, Illinois.

At the time of their marriage John built a new log house on the hill in the timber four miles or so East of Hampton. This house was lived in for 110 years by various people. Your writer was in the house in the 1940's, the walls were plastered, somewhat bulged in places,

ceiling somewhat low, deep window sills, not too much light, but quite a cozy home. In later years siding was nailed over the logs which gave it somewhat the appearance of a frame building. No doubt it was even a cozy home in the winter time. There are still several log houses in this area being lived in, additions have been built onto them, all have siding on them. A stranger couldn't identify them.

John G. and wife were the parents of the following named children. John Henry, John Dedrich, John Theodore and a daughter named Rose who died at eight years of age.

All we farmers know the precious need of the blacksmith. Machinery don't break down when it's idle, but when it's in use and breaks and holds up our activities, then we are in desperate need of having it fixed. Our crop is at steak and must be cared for. Many times we have gone to the smithy when several farmers or teamsters are ahead of us having work done, with uneasy patience we await our turn while the smithy with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his leather apron on to prevent sparks from burning his clothes, he pounds away desperately trying to serve us as soon as possible.

Some winters ice forms so thick on the ground that neither man nor beast can scarcely move. The daily work must be done. They go to the smithy, --they had oxen and horses shod so they could stand and work on the ice. That's another time when farmers gang up on the smithy. A whole string of farmers want their horses shod. I have known Edward Lyford to drive ten miles to shop and be there when the doors opened in the morning to have two or three horses shod. Ed was always an early riser.

What a worthy and fitting tribute Longfellow pays to those hard working blacksmiths. We must include his poem.

The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading Chestnut tree the village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he, with large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long, his face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat, he earns what 'ere he can.
And looks the whole world in the face, for he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night, you can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, with measured beat and slow;
Like a sexton ringing the village bell, when the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school peek in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge, to hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church, and sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach, and hears his daughter's voice,
singing in the village choir, and it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like his mother's voice, singing in paradise!
He needs must think of her once more, how in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes a tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, -rejoicing, -sorrowing onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin, each evening sees it close,
Something attempted, something done has earned a night repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, for the lesson thou has taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped each burning deed and thought.

By Henry W. Longfellow

It's quite likely that John G.'s father encouraged him to learn the trade of Blacksmithing. And this may have been a privilege this Frels family was assigned by the local government. We will quote an instance of this sort found in our "Midwestern Family book."

"Dedrick Bracker my uncle who married Elizabeth Hauberg was a blacksmith. He states, "They used to have in the old country certain privileges that went with the land; one owner would have one kind of privilege and another would have another kind. My father owned a farm and it was his privilege to have a blacksmith shop and no one else in that part of the country could have one. The village of Runohr didn't have a blacksmith shop; so they had to move either to our place, or go elsewhere and they were discouraged having to go so far, so Father built a shop there and wanted me to take charge of it. I learned my trade of blacksmithing in Kiel and worked very hard. We got up and started to work at 4:30 o'clock and pounded away all day. The boss was awfully strong. If I could do one half now that I did then, it would be a good day's work. My hand got sore from handling tools and iron, and I finally had to go to the hospital and spent nine weeks there. My boss would come to the hospital to see how I was getting along; he was anxious for me to get back to work, but I told him to get some one else. Three men came to apply for the place and he wanted me to pick out the one I thought would be best, but I let him do the choosing and he took one of them, but at 5 o'clock next morning the fellow came back. He had had enough.

My hand swelled fearfully, and I suppose it should have been opened, but the doctor kept it until it broke of itself, and then he did some cutting and cut the cord and I was never able to straighten my finger again.

There was disagreement among the people of Rumohr, and this with my crippled finger and besides a friend from our neighborhood wanted me to come to his country, caused me to come over.

I was twenty years old at the time. I had been notified to come to the Recruiting Station at Bordesholm, Holstein, and was examined for army service. But I was put back a year on account of my finger, and now I wanted to come to America.

To go somewhere one had to apply to a court to get permission, but of course I didn't dare to ask for leave to come over here because they would not let me go. We have a passport to travel in the old country: You get a book after you get through learning a trade. This book gives a full description of you, marks and etc. and you have to take this book to the court and tell them where you want to go, then you have to go there and to no other place. If you don't find work there you go to the court at that place and report and get permission to go elsewhere, writing it all in this book. Any police can stop you and ask for your book, and if you are off from your course he may put you in jail. I think all this has been modified now, but in case one was a thief it was easy to catch him. I have been looking for my old book several times. I wish I had it, but it seems to be lost.

"Well, when I left home I went to a court at Bordesholm and told them I wanted to go to Altona, which is near Hamburg. So at Altona I got a man who I heard did this kind of work, and he fixed it for me. I gave him $10.00 and he fixed it so I could get aboard the Ocean steamer. In the evening when the big ship would leave I had to go in a small boat which leaves from Hamburg for Cruxhaven. The big ship didn't get into Hamburg. In getting there that evening we ran for a droschky or bus, and he told me I had to go now--to get in the man's rig. He says, "He'll take you to the place and there'll be another man to meet you," and he says, "You follow that man. He will take you across the river on the small ship or yacht." Now it was quite dark, there were no lights on the small ship we crossed the river in, and the man took me aboard the yacht or tender and down in the hold of the boat, and told me to stay there until the next morning.

"During the night I heard a noise. There was no bed or nothing -- only a board to lay on. I heard a noise --I could not sleep. I hollered several times. Who's there! I had all my money, of course. I couldn't get any answer, but next morning I looked around in that hole and found another man there; he seemed to be terribly surprised. I asked him, "You are going to run away too, are you?" He wouldn't at first tell me, but I said, "You might as well own

up." So the next morning they took us; the passengers for the big ocean steamer who were on this yacht, and there were police to watch that no one got away but those entitled to go.

"The man that arranged things for me had got me a ticket for the big ship and when we got up to the big boat, our passengers crowded up to get on and I just mixed with crowd and went up and no one said a word to me. That's all there was to it--slipped right past the guard in the crowd. No, the guard wasn't fixed, because they could not tell which one would be on duty at that place. So, I came on the rest of the way to New York as a regular passenger. That was in the fall of 1867.

"When we got to Castle Garden all the passengers had to give their names and register. I was scared and didn't know whether to give my name or not, but I thought I might as well tell the truth, so I registered and there was no trouble about it.

"I decided to come to Davenport and came by rail; I don't know by what rail route. I worked for Henry Kahler that fall and winter, he wanted someone to come out and work for him for he had too much work for one man. This shop was out in the country six miles east of Port Byron where Adelphia school now stands. Grandfather Hauberg lived one and one fourth miles north and west. Marx D. Hauberg lived one and one quarter mile north and half a mile east."

Dedrick Bracker related the above interesting story to John H. Hauberg March 15, 1915. We now know that Blacksmiths were in great demand in both Germany and America, and it looks like it was near two eight hour shifts in Germany, he probably got by with twelve to fourteen hours in America.

Escaping military service in that day was quite like East Germans escaping Russian denomination. Today, however, Russian denomination in many instances means death. As yet our country hadn't established such rigid rules over its travelers. Millions of our people are traveling over North America with scarcely more than drivers' license. What a wonderful privilege!

Home life on the farm. A vegetable garden to grow most all of the necessities of life. Sheep to produce wool for clothing. Oxen to do the farm work and haul products of the farm and wood to town. It was just that simple. Think of the hand and back work involved to produce those products. Progressive people love to work, they don't go about their work with the corners of their mouth turning down. When the winter snow is leaving in the spring time it's time to look for the garden seeds and get seed for the early crop in the ground. Early sown wheat always yields highest. No professional sheep shearers, every farmer sheared his own, washed and cared the wool. They were all accustomed to the purring of the spinning wheel. The weaver of cloth was right in the family. Mrs. Frels' mother, Mrs. Franke, did the weaving. Only four miles to the Hampton tailor George Mandler who made the clothes. This pioneer family seemed self sufficient. All they lacked as far as we know was a shoemaker.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom". Thus sayeth the scripture. These two Frels brothers never lost their religious convictions which no doubt they received early in life. A Lutheran minister came to the Henry Frels home to minister to the religious needs of the family. Our mother Hauberg wrote many of the German families of the neighborhood had their children christened. They attended church in a frame building in Hampton, then later they bought a brick building just out of town where church services were held. As stated previously John Gerhard Frels was a hard-working Smithy, putting in long hours of work every day. Mr. Walker stated that he worked too hard for his own good. He became ill with typhoid fever, this was quite a common disease for a number of years and caused largely by the use of impure water from shallow wells and the like. Of course other causes could bring on the disease.

He became bedfast. His brother Henry called at the home one evening to see him. Godfrey Addicks who was a laborer at the farm for several years came to the door and told Henry that his brother John was getting along all right and that he need not worry regarding his condition. Henry didn't get to see his brother that evening. The next morning John was dead.



Cemeteries in the rural areas and some city cemeteries were established to quite an extent by the church. There was neither church nor cemetery nearer than Hampton, therefore a cemetery was established on a beautiful knoll on the John Gerhard Frels farm. Henry Frels had three children die in infancy, Rosena, Minnie and a son, these children were buried here and now the father dies and is laid to rest on his own land. A neat picket fence surrounded these graves for a number of years.

Six years later John's mother-in-law, Louise M. Franke, the wife of Dedrick Franke, dies and is buried in this cemetery. Mrs. Franke was the community weaver and rendered a very essential service. In addition to weaving cloth from yarn, she no doubt wove carpets and rugs from carpet rags. Men and women didn't have two or three suits of clothes for winter and summer dress up wear. One pair of boots or shoes for dress occasions and to work. Clean them up nicely and grease them with speck to make them shine for special days.

Mrs. John Gerhard Frels now being a widow, later she married Godfrey Addicks. To this union four children were born, George, Louise, Anna, and Charles.

Three sons were born to this couple. John William Henry, born August 15, 1841. John Dedrich Frels born February 9, 1844. John Theodore Frels born November 26, 1852.

John William Henry at twenty one years of age entered the army service August 15, 1862, becoming a member of Company K and a part of the One hundred twenty nineth Illinois Volunteer Infantry. This regiment was organized at Pontiac, Illinois, August 1862, this Regiment left Pontiac with 927 officers and men and reported at Louisville, Kentucky on October 3rd. It was sent in persuit of Braggs army at Crab Orchard and participated in the engagement at the point. On October 17 the Brigade was transferred to the Tenth Division, Brigadier General R. S. Granger commanding, and was transferred to Bowling Green, Kentucky and later to Mitchelville, Kentucky where from the middle of December 1862 to the first of June 1863, the command guarded the railroad from Bowling Green to Gallatin, Tennessee and during the period there were frequent skirmishes with the enemy.

This service was extra hazardous as the attacking parties were usually guerrilla bands acting without due authority and noted for their cruelty. From June 1st to August 22nd, the command garrisoned Fort Thomas at Gallatin which was threatened by General Morgan's command. General Morgan did approach within eight miles of the fort, but retreated. On August 22 the command took up the line of march for Nashville, Tennessee, where it remained in garrison until February 24, 1864. When it was sent to the vicinity of Chattanooga, having in the meanwhile been made a portion of the First Brigade, First Division, Twentieth Army Corps.

On May 3, 1864, this command left with General Sherman's army for Atlanta and during this campaign took part in the Battles of Resaca, Buzzard's Roost, Lost Mountain, Dallas, Peach Tree Creek, and others of less importance in the vicinity of Atlanta. One of the positions occupied by this regiment was at the Boom proof works at the railroad crossing which was so near the enemy's fort that it was necessary to maintain a guard to protect the Union men from the sharp shooters on the other side. At the evacuation of Atlanta the regiment

entered the city and from there went on with the army in the march to the sea, taking part in the subsequent campaign in the Carolinas, being in the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville. It was also in the Grand Review at Washington, from whence it went to Chicago and was discharged June 10, 1865.

Some of the members of this regiment whose names are familiar to the Frels and folks of that area were: Fredrick Broady, William Edelman, Phillip Wilthmuth, Simon Koch, John Brown, Chris Denhardt and August Klebe. M. D. Hauberg told us that a group of these men were sitting on a log with J. Henry Frels at Atlanta, Georgia. A rebel, thinking he could shoot all of them, shot Wilthmuth through the hand and John Henry Frels in the back of the neck. Thinking this neck wound not serious enough to enter a hospital for treatment he continued on with the regiment. The would became inflamed and gangrene set in and in a short time he died June 17, 1864. He was buried at the National Cemetery at Nashville, Tennessee. He was not married. His name is recorded on the Soldiers Monument among the many from our county who served in the Civil War. This monument stands at the Court House Square at Rock Island, Illinois.

Frederick Broady was also a member of this regiment having enlisted August 15, 1862 with John William Henry Frels. They were both Corporals in the service. Broady was in the service until the end of the war being discharged at Chicago.

John Dedrick Frels was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gerhard Frels, born in the log house in the timber on the hill, the house that was lived in for a hundred and ten years. He attended school in the two story log school mentioned by Paul Gerhardt and played with his cousins of the Henry Frels family who lived less than a mile away. John was only eight years of age when his father died. After a while his mother married Mr. Addicks. In a couple of years John was old enough and big enough to help considerable with the work on the farm. School months of the year were not nine months, boys and girls were needed to work around home and on the farm. Six months or less was the length of the school year. Too many boys and girls today are reared in idleness up to sixteen or more years of age. By that time their habits are formed and they wish to continue in life as they did in their youth. Dedrick as he was commonly known was accustomed to working in the timber, cutting wood for different purposes. Driving oxen and swinging a grain cradle at harvest time and cutting grass with a sythe for hay.

Being reared under the tutelage of a stepfather isn't always quite like that of their real father. At an early age John worked out around among his neighbors. He grew to be a large well built strong husky man. At the age of 22 years and ten days he married Rachel Dorthea Mueller February 19, 1866. For six or more years they lived in a small house south of the road where his brother Theodore later lived. During their residence there, three daughters were born. Emma M. was born November 27, 1866 and married the Reverend Edwin Havighurst. Alvena L. was born October 15, 1868 and married Jess Fitch. After several years Mr. Fitch died. She then married the Reverend Havighurst. May Amelia Adaline was born October 25, 1871. She married Fred Phillip Austin.

In 1872 or a little later John Dedrick built a large house along Route 2 just west of where the road turns toward Barstow. He and his family lived there until 1883. Peter Wiltmuth is the present owner of this farm. Mr. Frels and family moved to a farm near Geneseo, Illinois. At this place a son is born to the couple on February 18, 1884 and named Edwin Carl. They continued to live here until 1889 when they moved to a farm in Phoenix township.

In 1895, May 2, John D. suffered the loss of his wife. She was 47 years old at the time of her death.

The family continued to live in Phoenix township until 1905 when they again moved, this time back to Rock Island County on a farm near Osborn, Illinois. This was a 255 acre farm, he continued to live here until the time of his death which occurred September 12, 1908 at the age of 64 years.

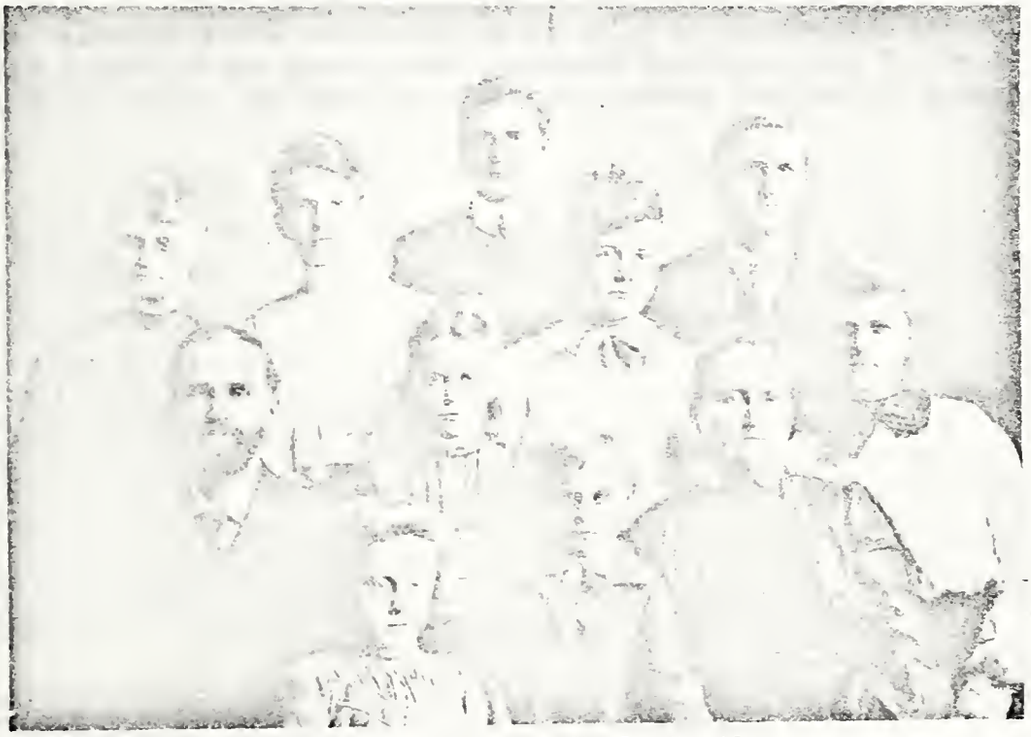
Edwin continued to operate the farm which at present is 295 acres. On February 18, 1914, he married Eunice Elizabeth Osborn. To this couple were born four children, John Dedrick who married Pauline Anderson, Myrtle Mae married Raymond Guildenpfennig, Calvin Edwin married Lois Parnell, and Nora Louise married Fred Rhunow.

John Theodore Frels the third son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gerhard Frels was born November 26, 1852, in the log house his father built on his farm, in the timber. Theodore as he was commonly known did not know his father for he had died nearly eight months before his birth. When Theodore had reached school age he attended Oak Ridge school which was one fourth mile from his home. Theodore remembered paddeling the spinning wheel for his mother. His parents were associated with the Lutheran Group who attended church services at Hampton. By the time Theodore was fourteen years of age The Zion Lutheran Church parochial school had been established for a couple years. It would be necessary for him to attend this school one winter season for the study of the Scripture and become a confirmed member of the Lutheran Church.

Theodore helped with the work around home and on the farm, cutting wood for the steam boats and the fireplace at the home would also need wood. He also helped cradle grain at harvest time in the summer. These Frels were never idle. The harvesting of grain in that day was really hard work. Cutting, binding, stacking and threshing, then clean the grain for grinding or selling. Going to town in that day would be a great treat for a youngster or even a grown-up person to see the steam boats come in to dock and people getting off and on the boat, and hear the mate swear to make the roustebouts work faster, in loading and unloading freight, all different from home life.

At 16 years of age Theodore leaves home to work for himself among the neighbors. Later he attends college at Warrenton, Missouri. He worked in a grocery store during this time to pay for room and board and earned enough money to pay for two years of college work.

While in Geneseo he met a miss Alvina Hoffman of Harper, Iowa. She was visiting her sister and family, her brother-in-law being a Methodist minister at the village. A year later Miss Hoffman and Theodore were united in marriage January 12, 1876, at Harper, Iowa. The first year of their married life was spent at Burlington, Iowa, where Theodore conducted a grocery store. A year later a 200 acre farm was purchased in Rock Island County one mile East



The John Theodore Frels Family
Left to Right, First Row: March, Floyd; Second Row: Theodore, Elnora, Alvina Hoffman Frels, Linda; Third Row: Edna, Adella, Andrew, Myrtle and Alvin.

of where Theodore was born along the highway that Mr. John Walker helped to establish in 1846. A fine two story house was built here on an elevation North of the road. It was nicely located. Here they carried on their farming operations for 46 years during which time a family of nine children were reared.

Alvin Theodore, the elder, married a school teacher, Miss Nellie Tagert, who taught the Enterprise School.

J. Andrew also married a school teacher, a Miss Ethel Adams, who taught school in Moline.

Floyd H. married Miss Lila Wainwright, a daughter of a Short Horn cattle breeder of Zuma township.

L. Adele married Roy Dailey, a school teacher and later circulation manager of the Sarasota Times at Florida.

Edna M. married Charles E. Edwall, a Hay Loader expert at Deere shop.

Linda W. married Homer Dailey, a farmer and breeder of blooded Poland China hogs. Later sales manager for Gordon Van Tine at Galesburg and Burlington, Iowa.

Myrtle A. married Otto S. Bowling, a lawyer associated with the law firm of New York City.

March M. married George H. Pike, an Electric Engineer of Spokane, Washington.

M. Eleanor married Fred M. Smith, Artistic stripper and Velie Firm Painter of Autos, East Moline.

In June of 1923 Mr. and Mrs. Frels retired from farm life and moved to East Moline. The following year Mr. Frels was stricken and died November 8, 1924, leaving the widow nine children and 24 grandchildren. Mrs. Frels continued to live in East Moline until the time of her death May 14, 1935.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Frels are buried on the hill in the Hampton cemetery. The fact that some sons and grandsons and great great grandsons have been born to the descendants of John Gerhard and Henry Frels, the name FRELS should continue for several generations at least.

Chapter XIII

The Hauberg Family



The Hauberg Log Cabin at Sugar Grove, 1853.

The Haubergs

This brief history of the Haubergs will inform us how some of our relatives were encouraged to come to America. This record is taken from the Mid Western Family book.

This is Louis Detlef Hauberg writing this story. My father's name was Marx Detlef Hauberg. My grandfather's name was John Detlef Hauberg and his father's name was Marx Friedrich Hauberg. He married Anna Margaret Henschen.

This Marx F. Hauberg had five children. His oldest son was named Marx who is the grandfather of Edward Broady of Nebraska. The next son was John D. who is my grandfather. The next son is Jochim who is the grandfather of Freda Liedke Tietgen of Clinton, Iowa. The fourth son Detlef died. The fifth child was a daughter who married Wolf Liitt. They came to America in 1847 and were working for Bailey Davenport when John D. Hauberg and his family arrived at Davenport in 1849.

About 1861 This John D. Hauberg and wife who lived in America, sent his parents in Germany $50.00, may be a Christmas gift. The mother of John D. replies:

Schellhorn, February 9, 1862

Dear Son and Daughter:

I find from your letter that you still remember us, and that you showed your gratitude to me in my old age and sent me $50.00, which gave me great joy. I am getting older and weaker right along, and to be so happy as to receive such a fine sum to assist me in my old age makes me very thankful to you.

I cannot express my thanks to you by word of mouth, but I can write and through my prayer to the dear Lord, ask that He may recompense you as well as your family. Remain healthy and be happy; this is your mother's wish.

Many thousand greetings dear children, from your grandmother to her dear grandchildren. Be happy and well in the foreign land.

H. C. Wolf

Our grandfather John D. Hauberg gets a reply from his letter written to his brother, Marx.

Raisdorf, February 9, 1862

Dear Brother and Sister-in-law:

First of all accept best greetings from us all--women, children and friends. It is with pleasure that I take the pen and thank you for preparing for us such a joyous New Year's festival. A thousand thanks. May heaven's blessings be with you in the foreign land is my prayer to Him who watches over us and this will I pray with job and thanksgiving in my heart.

On February 5 we received your good gift finding all of us in good health. Mr. Schleirman of Raisdorf Mills got it cashed for me for M 312.13d. All of you dear brother and sister-in-law, Marx and Detlev, let us pray that we may come over to you.

We cannot come over to you for some time yet as our John is on a voyage to Asia which will take him 14 or 15 months according to a letter we received from him, after which he intends going to America. We have the care of his things and may be possible for us to go with him then, but not now.

My son Henry and Eggert and my daughters Catherina and Christine have a great desire to go to you, but haven't enough funds. If you, dear brother and sister-in-law would be so good as to help them and have one of your sons come over to accompany them over, for they are very much afraid of the trip, then all four would come over with the greatest of pleasure. Please be so good as to write us soon as how to begin it all.

We are healthy and well and pray that God will keep us so. "Lebewohl" and happy and God lead you in the future as in the past and for all of which we will thank Him.

Many greetings from our children to your children, and from your dear brother and sister-in-law.

Marx Friedrich Hauberg and Dorothea Hauberg

These letters certainly brought results.

April 10, 1862

... Eggert left last month for America with great pleasure, and will, with God's help reach you in good health. I gave him 120 mark of the money you sent as soon as John has finished his trip I will write you again when we are coming.

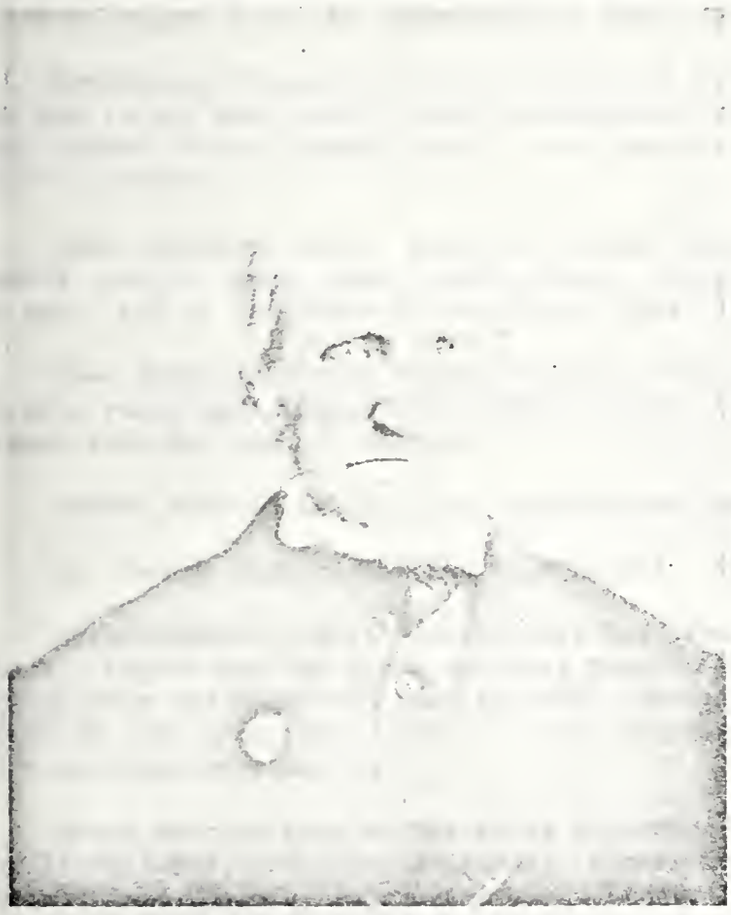
My dear sister-in-law: Will you be so good as to write what is best to bring with us such as bedding and summer clothing for what we have that is good we wish to take along with us, at least some of it. Catherina has secured some nice flax and will have it made up for bedding. How much are feathers there? They are very high here.

A year later June 13, 1863

Dear brother and sister-in-law:

We can write you that our prospects were that we also would go over this spring, but man proposes and God disposes "(Der mensch denkt unt Gott lenkt)" for we had written John that we were going over. But he answered that it was nonsense that we should wish to go over there in our old days, when neither of us was of the strongest. But as to his brother and sister, he would not gainsay their going, but that we should not let his sister go alone, for young maidens often get into strange hands and never reach the place to which they started. He also wrote that he himself would go with her when he returned from his trip.

What is there that cannot happen, and what may not happen? --for he wrote us that he would be here the latter part of April, but at Whitsunday we received a letter saying that he had died of yellow fever. He was buried at sea between Africa and Good Hope.



Marx Hauberg of Nebraska



Dorothea Marie, wife of Marx Hauberg

The above left picture is of Marx Hauberg who came to America in 1865. He lived a neighbor to his brother John D. Hauberg in Coe Township, Rock Island County, Illinois until 1870 when he and his five married children moved to Johnson County, Nebraska, where he died in 1897. He was born July 18, 1807. His wife Dorothea Marie was born April 14, 1807, and died in Nebraska in 1889.

Marx writes his children who have come over.

Raisdorf, April, 1865

Dear Children:

Beloved children we have seen from your letters that Henry is with his cousin Dave, and Eggert is with an American and Cathrena is with your cousin

Marx and that you are all very well pleased with America and that all of you are earning good wages. We were unable to get John's money, but if you wish to be helpful to us and send us money, you must send us at least two hundred thalers.

Marx's daughter Christina added an interesting note to this letter regarding her sister Magdalena. Yes, dear sister and brothers, I wish very much to be with you for I have a great desire for America, but Magdalena has no desire to go to America, and if there should be sacks of money leaning against each other, and roast pork should run in the streets and roast goose fly in at the windows, she still would have no desire for America.

My Grandfather John D. Hauberg married Catharina Margaretha Griese of Elmschenhagen Holstein Germany. She was born July 26, 1811. They had five children before they left Germany. Hans, who died at a young age, Marx, my father, David, Dorothea and Magdalena. They all came to America in 1848. John D. Hauberg died March 14, 1886, at his home on the farm which he bought from the Government in 1851. He was 79 years old.

Grandmother Hauberg died at the home of her daughter Elizabeth Bracker October 10, 1896. She was in her 86th year. Both grandparents are buried in the Lutheran Cemetery in the South West corner of the Hauberg farm. This cemetery was donated as a Lutheran burying ground by Marx D. Hauberg.

Their children were: Marx who married Anna Margaret Frels. They had nine children, namely, Amelia, Emma, Anna, John, Rosena, Louis, Elnora, Ada and Walter who died at 14 months of age. All of the other children have their life story in this book.

Dave Hauberg married Wiebke Messer. They had eight children. Four died of black dyptheria at a young age. Those living were John D. G. who never married, Herman married Maybell Mahana and they had no children.

Luther married Nellie Yale they had one daughter Priscilla who married John Brence.

Dr. George Hauberg married Emma Rydell. They had two daughters Mary and Ruth Ann.

Grandfather's oldest brother Marx had five children. His wife's name was Elizabeth Blank. Eggert was the first to reach America in 1862. Henry and Cathrena came over 1864. The parents and Magdalena came in 1865. The parents lived in a home built by John D. Hauberg about 40 rods from where John D. lived. During the five years stay in this home all of the five children were married.

Henry married Anna Barbra Waltz September 21, 1868. She was born November 8, 1851. They had 11 children, two died in infancy, others are Mary Kuhl, Martin, John H. Margaret Moeller, Julius, Emma Hoffman, Anna Ernst, Lina Wagner, and Amelia York.



The Edward Broady Family
Edward, Lottie and daughter Evelyn

Christine was born July 1, 1847, married Fred Broady February 7, 1867. Their children are: Henry, John, William, Edward, Louis and Frank.

Magdalena born April 5, 1850, married Charles L. Ernst. Their two babies died, living are Katie Scott, Josephine Brem, Winnie Hahn, Margaret Mayer, Lena Allen, Emma Manett, Mary Brown, and Charles Ernst.

Catherine married a Mr. Stoltenberg. They had three children, Ferdenand, Emil and Elizabeth.

Eggert was also married but had no children.

These children of Marx were all born near Preetz Germany. Marx and wife and their entire family moved to Johnson County, Nebraska in the spring of 1870. There they have multiplied and prospered in a big way. Several of the Haubergs and Frels families of Rock Island and Henry County, Illinois, have had most delightful visits with these Nebraska relatives. The automobile is a great aid to encourage visiting.

Jochim Hauberg remained in Germany, had a large family, a grandaughter Frieda Liedke who married Herman Tietgen. Herman came to America in 1923, worked a year here and had Frieda, his wife and daughter Katie come in 1924. They now have a well arranged farm and home five miles north west of Clinton, Iowa. Katie is married to Otto Bruhn, they have two sons and live in Miles, Iowa.

Chapter XIV

Farming and Household, Past and Present



Picture of Farm Machinery 100 Years Ago
Will Gernant, Perry Schmoll, Fred Holke

We can scarcely believe now that acres of crops were cared for with this small equipment by our Grandfather in the 1840's to 1860.

Will Gernant is seen standing between the handles of the double shovel plow. With this plow they cultivated corn, with one horse or ox hitched to it. They plowed along one side of the same row. In my day we had walking cultivators, with a team of horses hitched to it we plowed both sides of a row in one operation. About 1900 two row cultivators were available, with from three to five horses hitched to it one might plow 15 or more acres of corn a day. At the present time tractor drawn four row cultivators are in use. With these 70 to 80 acres are plowed in a day when corn is a foot or more high.

Is it any wonder that we are faced with surplus crop productions. Harvesting grain or cutting grass for hay in small patches, Perry Schmoll is holding a sickle which was in common use. It's a thing of the past here except for trimming lawns. In Europe and the Mediterranean area the sickle is still much in use for cutting grass for hay and small grain.

This is a grain cradle held by Fred Holke. It is a scythe with a light frame work attached, used for cutting wheat, oats, barley or rye. When the grain is cut it falls against the frame work, then with semi circle movement by tilting the cradle the grain is laid in a bunch on the ground. Two or three of these bunches are bound into a bundle, then ten or twelve bundles are used to build a shock. In a couple weeks it's dry and ready to thresh, or stack. A fairly husky man could cradle around three acres of grain in a day. It's likely that day began at six in the morning and quitting time at seven in the evening. Three meals a day and a substantial lunch in the forenoon and afternoon.

Removing the frame work of the cradle you have a scythe. Our fathers used a scythe for mowing grass for hay. Along in the sixties a mowing machine was invented, and such are used to this day The scythe is now used for cutting weeds along fence rows. The housing of a scythe is usually a limb of a tree.



The Self Rake Reaper,
No more need of the grain cradle.

Here is a genuine reaper which was owned and used by Levi Ropp of Hillsdale, Illinois, to cut small grain. The sickle and the grain cradle were the earliest tools used to harvest grain. Our Grandfather Frels and his older children and his inlaws were all acustomed to using a grain cradle to cut their grain when it was ripe. You notice this reaper has four arms on the reel, as the reel turns these arms lay the cut grain on the platform. One of these four arms as it came around raked the grain off from the platform onto the ground in a neat bunch of sheaves. All of the older Frels, the Haubergs, the Gernants and farmers of that day bound these sheaves into bundles. Ten or twelve of these bundles were built into a shock. When the bundles were sufficiently dry, they were stacked. After stacking a week or so this grain became damp and tough, then after a few weeks this grain becomes perfectly dry and ready to thresh.

The above picture was taken at the Port Byron Centennial celebration in 1928. It was a part of the pagent program written and directed by Louis D. Hauberg.



The Rail Fence of By-gone Days

Miles and miles of rail fences such as this were a common sight 100 years ago in this Frels area.

Along in the 1890's barb wire became common for fencing. The first wire wasn't galvenized and didn't last too long.

Living in the timber there was no need of building ditch fences like the Schleswig Holsteiners were acustomed to build nor was there any thought of a sod house. If you owned a farm with timber on it, there was no need of capital to build a log house or a rail fence. All one needed was a good sharp ax, a wooden maul and wooden wedges and a willingness to work. Henry Frels and his sons were acustomed to such work, chopping, hewing, splitting and building, they learned to be strictly clever with an ax, even to the making of furniture for the home.

Henry Frels had neighbors many of whom lived in log houses. Paul Gerhardt who is 85 years of age gave Clara Frels Payne a list of neighbors as he remembered them. I have included the year of their arrival where I found it in past and present history of our county 1877, Daniel Mosher 1837, Horace Cook 1833, Wells 1838, Bill Cook 1835, John Oltman and John Wenk both 1852, W.H.H. Dow 1842, Andrew Denhardt 1860, Douglas Matt, Bischof, Sibert, Wm. Stuhr Sr. Belling, George Wiltamuth, Felix Marz Schon, Fred Miller, Adam Weigandt, Godfred Miller, Dana Edwards, August Klebe Sr., John Crouch, Henry Denhardt, John Gutekunst, Eminuel Kleinau,

August Gerhardt and Louis Reiling. Most of these neighbors were from Germany, and naturally they would have many things in common to talk about.

The picture at the right shows the Charles G. Walther and Alf Wainwright horse power threshing outfit threshing at the M. D. Hauberg place in 1890. There were five teams on the horse power. I note one is a span of mules with light colored noses. Some of us still remember the 30 inch long stakes that were driven in the ground to hold the horse power still while the horses went round and round. Alf Wainwright is driving the horses.



Charles Walther and Alf Wainwright's
Horse Power Threshing Outfit at the Hauberg Place
1890

This threshing machine has a lot of interest. They had just finished threshing the grain from the stacks seen in the other picture. Wooden wheels, stationary straw carrier, grain spout at the bottom of the machine with two baskets to catch the grain as it came clean from the machine. M. D. Hauberg is holding the for the grain, when the sacks are full they set them against the straw pile. It's likely they are threshing wheat, oats would take too many sacks.

The personel includes right to left, Alf Wainwright, band cutter with knife in hand, Henry Brandt fed the bundles in the machine, Charles Walther with the oil can also fed the machine, Will Winterfeldt watching the baskets, M. D. Hauberg with the sack and John Riewerts with a pitch fork. Cassius Genung pitched the straw from the carrier and Herman Bracker carried the straw in place to stack. One can see, two men are not enough in a big straw pile. Everybody worked those days.



Walther's and Wainwright Threshing Machine
Notice the tumbling rod which runs the machine
from the horse power.

Haubergs, Frels and the Schmolls operated machines like this one. We usually had two or more days of threshing. The crew of three men most always remained over night where they threshed. We began threshing in the morning around seven o'clock. Some fellows liked to come early so they could choose the clean side of the machine to work. Most always worked until sundown, then eat supper and go home in the dark. Then light the lantern and do chores.

Two meals a day for ten or fifteen men and the crew staying over night. All the women had to do was work. They rejoiced when that machine pulled out of the gate and left the place.

Twenty-five years later when we had larger machines with steam tractors, twenty or more men were needed, we didn't work so late and we didn't stay for supper.

After all, we did appreciate cooperative effort to get our work done and having a friendly visit with one another, helping one another in threshing, shredding fodder, hauling hog to market, and later hauling out a car load of lime stone for your neighbor. I regret that we don't have a picture of ten or twelve hog wagons in a row taking a neighbor's car load of hogs to town to ship to the Chicago market.

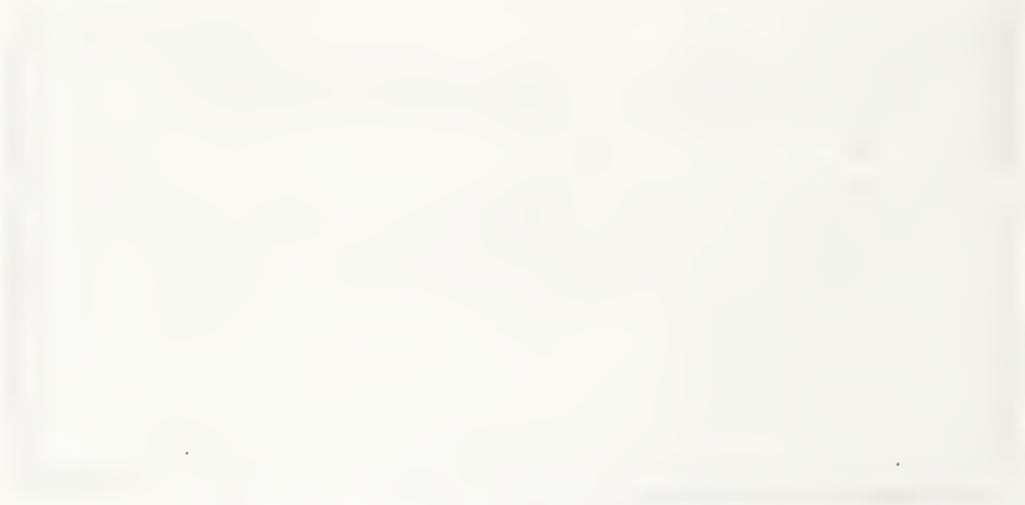
We always drove our cattle to town that we wanted to ship. If it was summer time, we left home before sun up so the cattle wouldn't get so hot. Farmers living a mile or so from town drove their bunch of hogs in rather than call the neighbors for help.

Today, what a change, we call a trucker to haul our livestock to town to ship to the market, or even better the trucker hauls it direct to the market. Farming is a game, and we like it. We have improved methods and machines now for doing our work in an easier manner and we rightly deserve it.



Threshing at M. D. Hauberg's 1893

This is the way we threshed in 1893. We still had band cutters and the grain was fed into the machine by hand. The threshed grain was elevated to a container with a scale attached. The scale beam had a weight which was movable on the beam to the weight of the grain being threshed. Oats 32 pounds to the bushel, barley pounds, Rye 56 pounds, wheat 60 pounds. When the required weight was in the hopper, it automatically dumped and registered each bushel as it went in the wagon. This swinging stacker was a great labor saving addition. Charles Walther sitting on the machine was half owner with Charlie Osborne of this machine. Threshing out of the stack was still the order of the day. Your writer at thirteen years is shoveling grain back on the wagon. Usually one side of the machine was dusty. Some men wishing to work on the clean side of the machine would climb the stack and sit there with their fork before the machine was pulled between the stacks. Six or eight stacks was not unusual in a setting. It was interesting to drive along the highway and see the stack yards in the fields and in the barn yard. Some farmers were perfect stackers putting up ten to fifteen stacks exactly alike. It was necessary to stack these bundles so the rain ran off rather than into the stack.





Louis D. Hauberg Operating a Gang Plow with five or six horses. One could plow six acres a day. Riding plows came in use in 1890.



A Steam Tractor Threshing Outfit - Engine, Water Wagon, Separator with Swinging Stacker

The Waddell steam threshing outfit in 1892 is shown above. It is a steam engine, water wagon with heavy three inch planks to put on bridges to keep the heavy engine from breaking through the bridge. The threshing machine and the stacker which revolved to build a half moon shape stack. Photo was taken by John H. Hauberg.

The horses were used on the tank wagon to haul water for the engine. You notice board fences still are used in 1892.

Harvesting grain in 1955. Practically every farmer this day harvests his grain with a combine. It cuts and threshes the grain in the field in one operation. The grain when cut must be perfectly dry so it will not spoil when placed in the bin. Virgil Simpson is operating this 12 foot combine. The grain tank is being emptied into the wagon. When the wagon is filled it will be taken to the granery by son Edward, who will elevate the grain in a bin.



Today's Threshing Machine, THE COMBINE, used for threshing all small grain plus clover and timothy.

Maintaining soil fertility is the ambition of every good farmer. On the Henry Maeltzer farm maintained by his son Boyd is seen a herd of hereford cattle on feed in their feed lot. There are three areas in Illinois where diversified farming is practised. Henry and Rock Island Counties are in one of those areas where the farmers cash income is the highest. Corn, wheat, oats, rye, and soy beans are raised here. In addition to the crops, dairying, beef cattle raising and feeding hogs and some sheep are raised. In the last fifteen years the farmers income has been very satisfactory with either grain or livestock farming, 1940-1955.

When we oldsters were youngsters we had milk stools hanging on the cow yard fence and milked the cows outside in the yard. Rather strange that some times we could get a rather wild cow to stand still while milking. It took a lot of kindly patience. Habitual kickers were generally disposed of, or let her calf do the milking. Cats and kittens sat patiently by while we milked but the dog had to stay on the other side of the fence. What a wonderful aid some dogs are to a farmer, getting the cows from the pasture, watching the pig and if a pig gets out of place it gets nipped, catch the right rooster when it's wanted for dinner, bark when company is coming and that is very important for you can then look yourself over to see if your clothes are buttoned and your hair combed. If the dog wags his tail you are a welcome visitor, no wag move cautiously. What a pleasant and safe companion a dog is for children. They can ride the dog or play tag with them and guard them from many dangers. They have saved the life of many a child and adult from vicious livestock and many dangers.



The Henry Maeltzer Cattle and Pig Feed Lot.

Not so much attention was paid to the quality of milk from those short horn, jersies, and holstein cows, we were more concerned about getting the pail full. Boys and girls did the milking mostly and were used to being kicked over occasionally and spilling a pail of milk. Every cow had a name, and every cow knew its stall in the barn just as well as children in an

orderly home know their place at the dining table of the home. Animal life is not so dumb. Many of our highways and streets of some cities are built right on the path used for centuries by those wild animals.

Today the laws are exceedingly strict for the dairymen, milk is carefully tested to determine the amount of butter fat, dirt or foreign matter, barn odors and hair. It seems people don't want hair in their butter any more. The barn must be clean and free from any contaminating odors,in fact just as clean as the living room or kitchen of the home. You can smoke or chew tobacco in the barn for there is no law agin that, and, the udder of the cow should be washed before milking. Grade A producers of milk now have Cow Parlors and milking machines. A cow can be milked in one or two minutes.

Beef cattle men raise their calves letting them nurse the cows until they are weaned, and then feed them six months to a year when they are in prime condition for sale.

For a number of years many of these beef cattle men including Maeltzers, Gernants, Stenzel, Schmolls, Ben Frels, Simpson and a host of others, buy Western cattle to feed out. Some prefer to buy 400 pound calves, while others buy 800 to 1,000 pound feeders. These cattle while growing are fed the corn and hay produced on the farm and when sufficiently fattened, they are usually shipped to the Chicago market. The Maeltzers are usually feeding out 150 head of cattle a year.

Henry County, Illinois, at present is the leading hog producing county in our state. Hog raising is another portion of diversified farming. Two or three hundred hogs on a two or three hundred acre farm is a real Mortgage Lifter. Hogs are fed the grain raised on the farm.

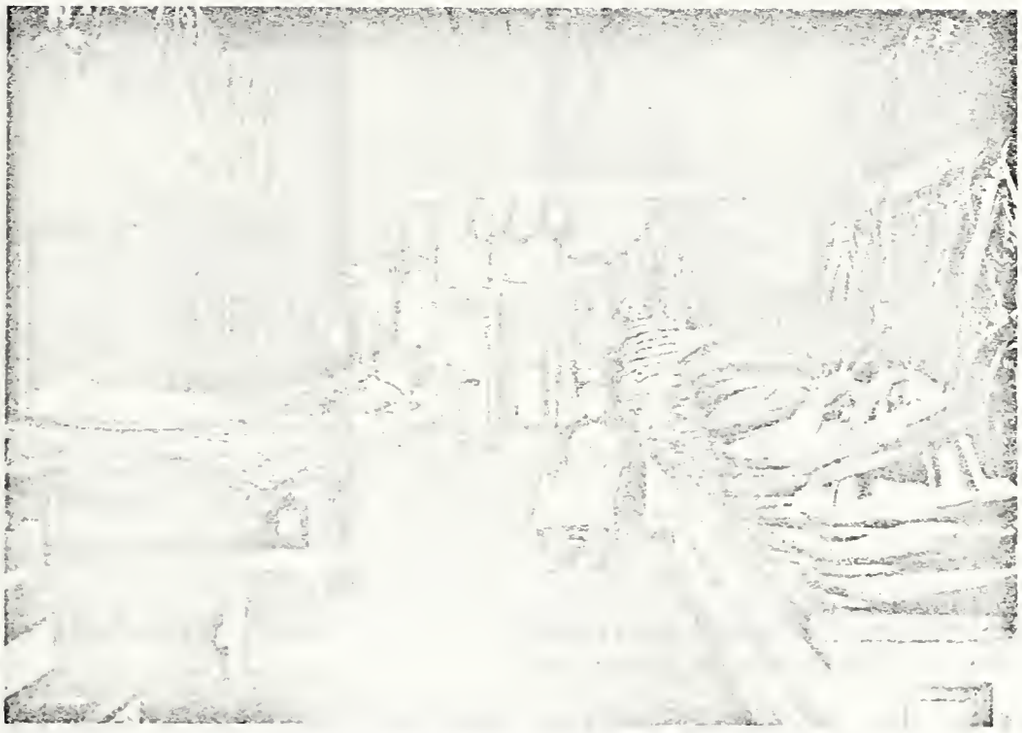
Many farmers maintain that sheep are the most profitable to raise, for in them one has a two way profit. The wool sheared from a sheep is worth nearly half the price of the carcus. Edward Simpson recently had two lambs that sheared 19 and 21 pounds of wool respectively and received fifty-one cents per pound for the wool.

With the feeding of these crops to the livestock a great amount of fertilizer is produced. This is spread on the land and thereby soil fertility is maintained and greater crops are raised.

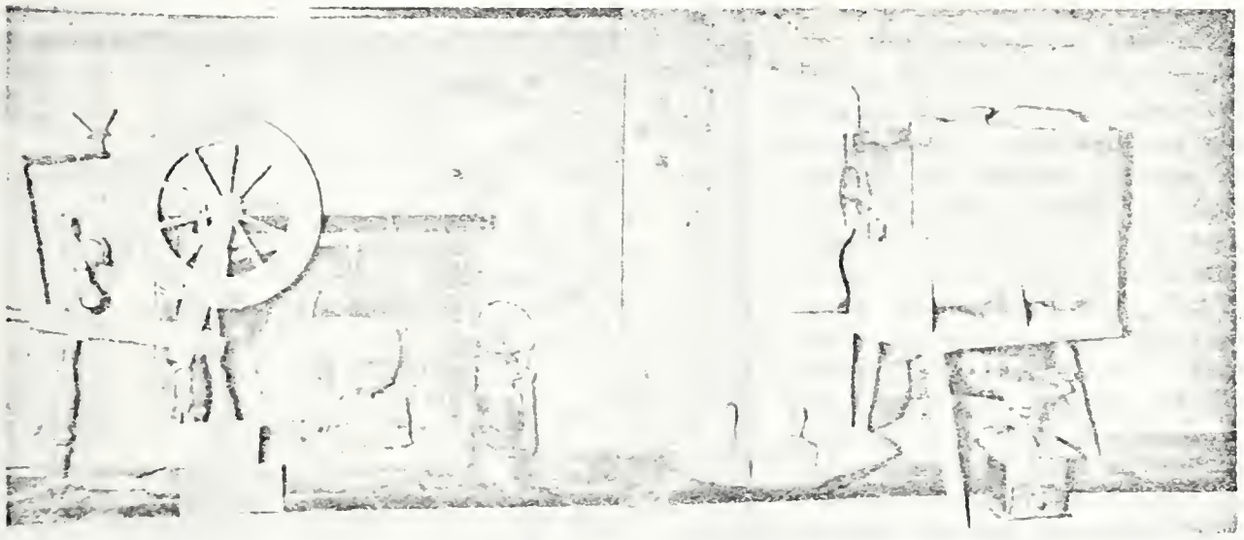
The grain farmer must buy commercial fertilizer to supply the soil with the proper elements to grow crops. The science in grain improvement has given to the farmer higher yielding crops. Improved machinery including the tractor has made it possible for a farmer to prepare the soil seed bed just like the soil preparation in a good gardens. Fifty years ago 40 bushels of oats, 30 bushels of wheat and 40 to 60 bushels of corn per acre was considered good yields. At a recent Frels get-together at Archie Allen Camp, Lester Gustafson of Cambridge, Illinois, told the writer his oat crop yielded 92 bushel per acre and that he expected his corn crop to yield 100 bushels or more per acre. 70 and 80 bushels of corn per acre is the usual yield. Hybrid corn in the last 30 years, and improved small grain, and liberal use of barn yard and commercial fertilizer has boosted crop yields to a surprising degree. Up and coming farmers get high yields of crops. Common farmers get a lesser yield.

The picture at the top of the next page is the Henry Hoeft Harness Shop at Geneseo, Illinois. Mr. Hoeft was blind but he could detect any flaw in a harness that needed repairing by running his hand over every portion of the harness. He and our Uncle Henry married sisters.

Mr. Hoeft had single and double, buggy and work harnesses, bridles open and blind, leather and cloth collars, sweat pads of all sizes, raw hide, whale bone and cheaper whips, horse blankets, lap robes, and dusters. During the horse and buggy days every Frels farmer patronized his shop. Mr. Hoeft was an exceptionally pleasant man to deal with. Every man with whom he had talked with once or twice, he would speak their name the moment they spoke to him.



Mr. Henry Hoeft's Harness Shop



We oldsters remember some of this household equipment. New inventions indoors and out for getting work done have come into being mostly in the last fifty years.

This spinning wheel with the real attached for winding the yarn into skeins, two wool carders for cleaning the wool of foreign matter. The family size kettle and the lantern so much in use doing chores morning and night also used to light the way when out at night. The churn and wooden butter bowl with two paddles for working the butter milk out of the butter, then someone in the family had to grind coffee before every meal. You see the hand hewn meat board standing.







Equipment used in Henry Frels' Home.



Mae Frels Pierce in a Cutter with a Friend, fur coats on and a buffalo robe over their lap.

The equipment used in the Henry Frels home included the kettle with the lid which is the dutch oven for baking bread. After butchering time many people made ring sausage with a sausage stuffer like the one in the picture above. The fireplace afforded much light, but to go in other rooms a candle was used. Thus the candle mold to the right of the picture. To the left is a school slate and an ear phone radio on the floor.



The Hand Power Washing Machine of By-Gone Days

The picture at the left shows Rosena Hauberg Furland and Martha Gernant doing the family washing. Grandmother Frels and her daughters and in-laws washed clothes in this way. A woman's work is never done, from morn to the setting sun. Grandmother and her girls had house work to do in the hard way. No short cuts. Carry the water from the spring for cooking and laundrying. This was nature's water system. Rub the dirty clothes on a wash board, wring out the clothes by hand or use the then modern wringer. We should have a wooden tub and hand-made bench for this demonstration, by these lovely granddaughters.

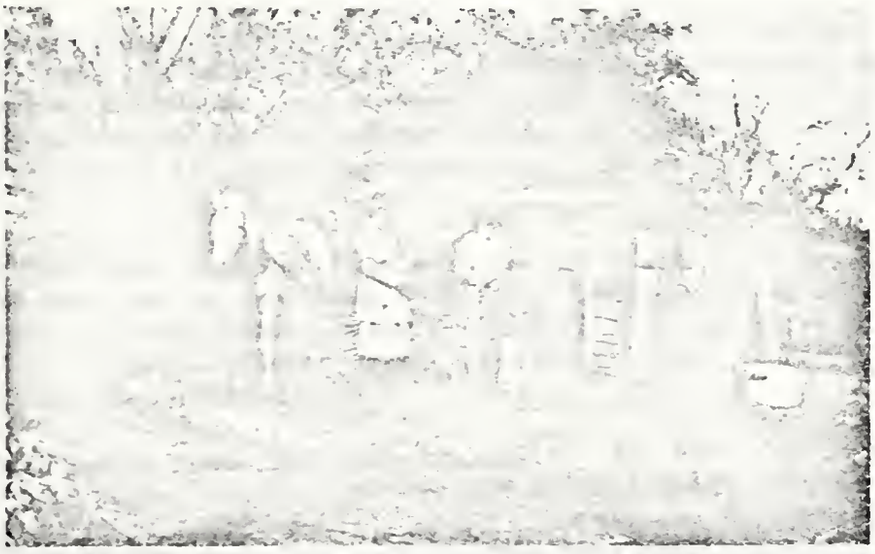
At the beginning of this century gasoline engines were used to operate a washing machine and wringer. Today we have machines to do the washing and drying in one machine connected with the running water system of the home. If you don't care to use the flat irons and board, buy a mangle to smooth your clothes by electricity; the mechanical hired girl of the home.







The above picture shows Aunt Lizzie Frels cooking apple butter in a brass kettle over the outdoor open fire. Emma Fairhurst stirring constantly to keep it from burning. Amelia Schmoll pealing apples. This was an annual fall job at most every home.



Is this Arkansas? No, Sir. It's the Henry Frels gang operating a cane mill. When the horses go round and round the cane stalks are fed into the rollers which press the juice from the stalks, the juice flowing in the barrel. After boiling this juice a day or so in a vat to evaporate the water you have the molasses left. There is just nothing that can take the place of molasses for cornbread, pancakes, and to make ginger bread. All our uncles and aunts knew how to raise cane and strip it for the mill. Most every farmer had a barrel for the annual household use.

The operators of this works are, Lydia Erickson and daughter Lois, Myrtle Frels, Charles Pierce, Harry Frels and Paul Erickson.





Chapter XV

Reunion Pictures and Story

Where did we get the idea of reunions? My first knowledge of reunions came to me when reading of the annual meetings of the G.A.R., The Grand Army of the Republic. These meetings were known as reunions.

We know the Frels family met occasionally together, but we called them family picnics. I found a kodak picture of one of these family picnics held at the Hauberg home in 1911. It was really designated as a Frels Reunion. It is surprising how young looking the Aunts and Uncles look on this picture.

Uncle William Frels lived on the bottom farm for a number of years, he had a closing out sale February 4, 1913. A year or two previous we Frels had a big family picnic in their house yard, we had a pot luck dinner and there was plenty to eat, and a most enjoyable time was had by all during the day. Not every family had an automobile at that time, those who had an auto were sort of in a class of distinction.

May 28, 1911 your writer had his second auto ride. Ed Lyford and I on May 4 and 5, 1911, went to Tama, Iowa to see the Indians with John Hauberg and his driver Andrew Ritz. Ed and I sat in the back seat and held on to the seat and auto with both hands, we were scared stiff. Andrew drove 40 miles an hour at times. Ed and I would much rather have walked than ride that fast.

From 1910 to 1920 quite a number of people became owners of autos. To have some of those owners relate their first experiences in driving was exceedingly amusing. One of our neighbors, John Gerken, drove his auto into his garage, somehow he forgot to stop or put on the brake, so his auto went right through the siding, of course he was somewhat angered and he said to the auto, "Now I will show you something". He drove the auto up and down the road for revenge.

We had dirt roads those days and they were not so smooth. In driving fifty miles or so one could expect to have one or two tires blow out. Driving a team of horses if the harness broke one could repair it with binder twine or baleing wire and drive on. To change a tire on those autos; if the family and some of the neighbors helped it could be done in an hour or two, we were not skilled in this work!

Automobiles and better roads has made it possible for families to have reunions occasionally and greatly enjoy them. Automobiles are now so well built that many people drive 5,000 to 10,000 miles without any auto trouble. Roads likewise are constantly being improved. In our Grandfather's day if the roads got ruts in them they made a new track, later the roads were graded and ruts were filled by dragging so water would not remain on the road. In low places quarry chips from the lime kilns was placed on the road to keep vehicles from mireing. Auto drivers are now willing to pay for better roads, big grading equipment comes into use, stone quarries are opened all over Illinois and rock crushers are installed. Now many of our roads are covered with coarse rock, then a finer grade of rock on top which is made as smooth as a kitchen floor. Illinois now has a network of cement paved roads. Seventy to one hundred miles per hour is getting to be the regular speed on these paved roads when no "cop" is in sight.

With common labor getting a wage of from $1.00 to $2.00 per hour and much of skilled labor getting $3.00 per hour and up, we have no poor people who can't afford to travel; putting their family in the auto they travel far and near to places of interest.

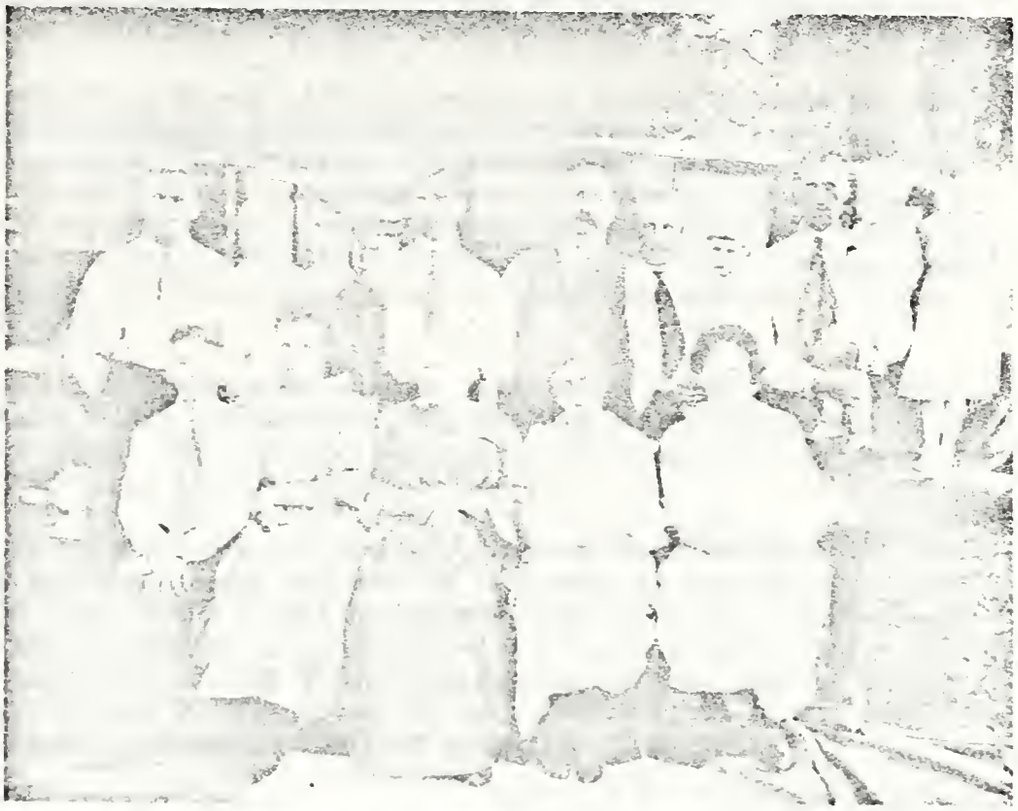
Our Hauberg family has a reunion every five years, this year of 1955 we met at Archie Allen camp September 2 to the 4th. Two of the families came by plane from Washington D.C. and



A Group Picture of Frels Relatives

Left to Right: Henry Frels Jr., Anna Margaret Frels Hauberg, Aunt Elizabeth Gode, Fred Schmoll, George Frels. Upper Row: Mrs. Henry Frels, Mrs. William Frels, William Frels, Etta Frels Schmoll and Mrs. George Frels. Missing from this group are: Mary Frels Gernant and her husband, Adam Gernant and Marx D. Hauberg, husband of Anna Margaret Frels. Picture was taken at the William Frels home in Henry County.

and Seattle, Washington, also one from Colorado. The others came over these paved roads by auto from Montana, South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Indiana, Nebraska and Illinois. Quite a number of this group attended the Frels picnic the following day. Automobiles and paved roads helped to have a good attendance at both of these meetings.



The George Frels Family at the Reunion held at Frank Payne place August 28, 1921.



The Adam Gernant Family August 21, 1921 at the Frank Payne Place.

Sunday, August 28, 1921 the Frels family had a reunion at the home of Frank and Clara Payne who lived along Rock River one mile East of Barstow. There were 94 people present who came in 19 automobiles and one top buggy. Each family brought a basket of eats. Table cloths were spread on the ground in the shade of the oak trees. The many dishes of food were placed on the cloth then we sat down and partook to our hearts (stomachs) content. We had

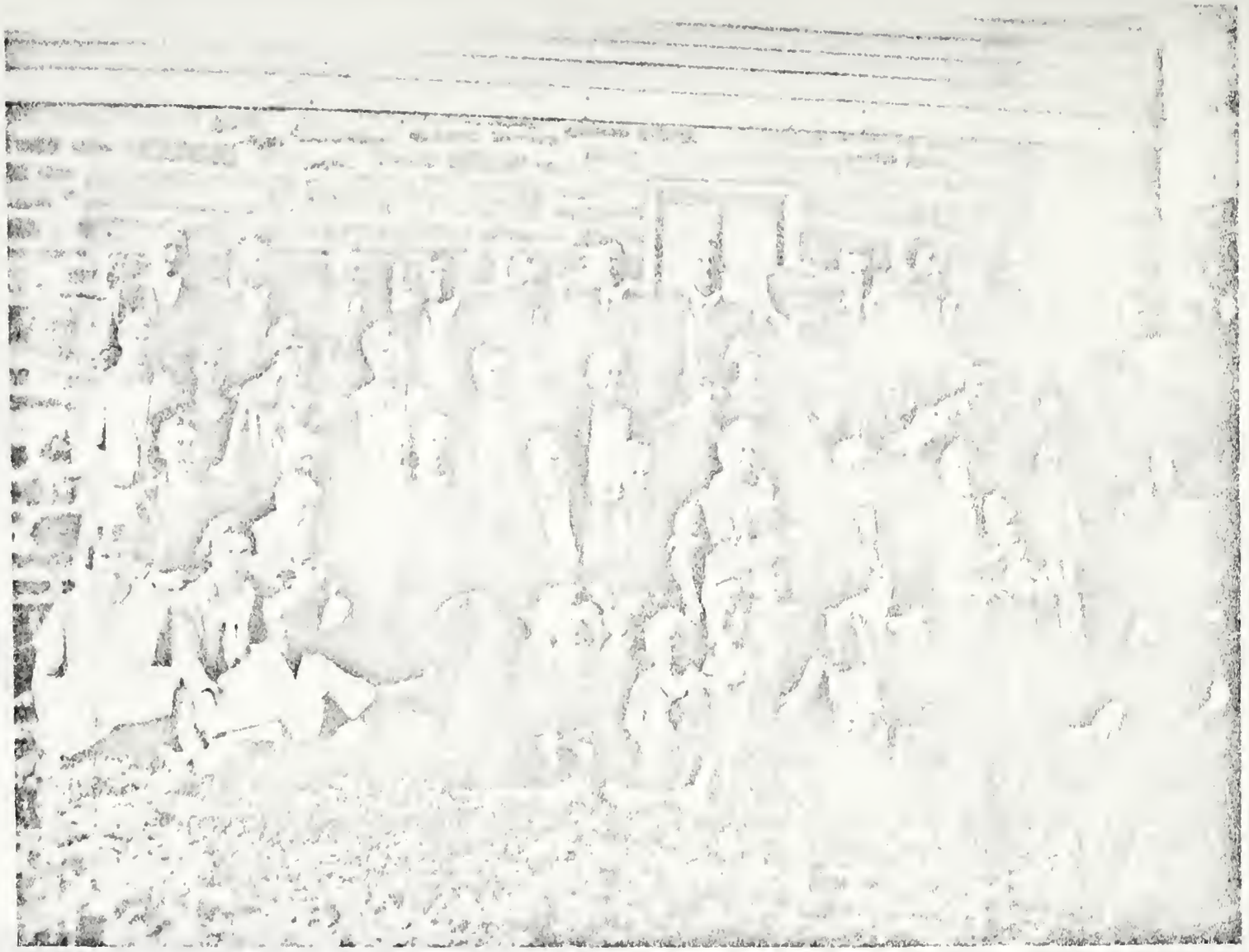


no formal program, we just sat around and visited. Our historian John H. Hauberg was present and collected considerable information regarding the Frels family and took a number of family group pictures. Some of those pictures are reproduced in this book and we are also using his notes. The time was spent so pleasantly that we decided to make this get together reunion an annual event, meeting at the different homes of the family.

A year or two later we decided to select officers who would select the date and place of meeting. The officers were a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. If money was needed at any time, an offering was taken. An exceptional meeting was held in 1924 when we met at Friedens Church. After the basket dinner and picture taking, John Hauberg led us in a walk up the Mosher Creek to where our Grandfather built his first log house and the brick house which was still standing. We saw the area which once was thick with timber where Grandfather made his money by cutting the timber and selling it to the steam boats that stopped at Hampton.

Other meeting places were Ben Frels home October 6, 1929, Orion Country Club 1930 when 85 were present. Camp Manser 1931. Butterworth Park 1938, Riverside Park, Moline 1937, House in the Woods 1934. Most of our meetings have been held at Geneseo Park in recent years with the usual basket dinner and a fine social visit.

At the meeting of 1943 and '44 there was considerable comment about having a written record of our Grandfather and his descendants and have it published in book form. Clara Frels Payne was chosen for the task; after a year or two she asked that Louis D. Hauberg be appointed to help in this worthy adventure. Louis D. was too busy farming in the 40's to write a book. In 1951 he went on a tour of Europe, at the end of that tour he became sick with pneumonia. Book writing was out for a year or more, however, the Frels history will soon go to press. May the Frels Reunions continue annually!



Henry Frels Family Reunion September 30, 1924, at Friedens Church

1st Row--left to right: Clara Payne, Gladys, Behrendt, John Hauberg Jr., Helen Lyford, Chester Payne, Donovan Frels, June Frels, Charles Pierce, Kenneth Holke, Donna Mae Hanna, Billy Mohr, Irene Stenzel, Mildred Hohenboken, -----

2nd Row--left to right: Genevra Erdman, Fred Schmoll (holding baby), George Frels, Bertha Frels, Elizabeth Frels, Etta Schmoll, Marx Hauberg, Henry Frels (holding Henry Frels IV), William Frels, -----

3rd Row--left to right: Anna Hauberg, Irene Holke, Edna Mohr, Nora Lyford, Minnie Maeltzer, Ammelia Hohenboken, Stella Frels, Mildred Roesner, -----, Rose Schmoll, Myrtle Frels, -----

4th Row--left to right: Louis Hauberg, Joe Mohr, George Erdman, Bert Holke, Henry Maeltzer, Walter Frels, Fred Frels, Henry Stenzel, Harry Frels, Perry Schmoll, Ben Frels, Hilda Stenzel.



Frels Group taken at Walter Frels Home 1926

1st Row--left to right: -----, Billy Mohr, Donna Mae Hanna, June Frels, Pearl Stenzel

2nd Row--left to right: Etta Schmoll, Henry Frels, Marx Hauberg, George Frels, Emma Frels, Bertha Frels, Elizabeth Frels, William Frels.



Frels Reunion at Riverside Park Moline, Illinois, 1942

Row One: Barbara Gerhardt, Sandra Gernant, Joanne Gernant, Janice Miller, Marlene Miller, Joyce and Royce Stenzel, Chrisop, Lois Firch.

Row Two: Bessie Gerhardt, Stella Frels, Margaret Gernant, Mabel Miller, Margaret Stenzel, Viola Chrisop, Myrtle Firch, Bert Holke.

Row Three: Emma Henniger, Minnie Maeltzer, Aunt Etta Schmoll, Rosena Furland, Martha Gernant, Amanda Cunningham, Mrs. Henry Gernant (Martha), George Erdman, Everett Gernant.

Row Four: Fred Gerhardt, Fred Frels, Ben Frels, Henry Maeltzer, Frank Payne, Amanda Stenzel, Irene Holke, Ida Frels, Genevra Erdman.

Row Five: Roy Stenzel, Henry Stenzel, Joe Mohr, Will Gernant, Morris Gernant, Henry Gernant, Earl Miller, Louis Hauberg, Clara Payne.



The Frels Group at Friedens Church, 1943

1st Row--left to right: Donna Mae and Gary Fulscher, Bessie and Jimmie Gerhardt, Emma Henninger, Irene Holke, Aunt Etta Schmoll, Shirley Eddleman, Rosena Furland, Barbara Gerhardt Searle, Amanda Cunningham, Carol Schnieder, Robert Gustafson, June Eddleman, Elnora Lyford, Clara Payne.

2nd Row--left to right: Stella Frels, May Thatcher, Martha Gernant, Viola Hanna, Minnie Maeltzer, Amanda Stenzel, Mae Pierce, Genevra Erdman, Marie Gustafson, Ida Frels, Rose Schmoll, Mrs. Redman, Albert Holke, Henry Stenzel, Henry Maeltzer, Charles Pierce, John Wells, Perry Schmoll, Lester Gustafson, Fred Gerhardt, Raymond Fulscher, Joe Mohr, George Erdman, Frank Payne, Benjamin Frels.



The Frels Group at Geneseo City Park, 1949

1st Row--left to right: Donavon Schmoll, Kenneth Hoelke, George Erdman, Lester Gustafson, Perry Schmoll, Albert Holke, Louis Hauberg.

2nd Row--left to right: Shirley Holke, holding Collin Holke, Irene Holke holding Linda Holke, Dorothy Gernant holding Robert Gernant, Amelia Schmoll, Lottie Broady, Clara Payne, Edward Broady holding Mary Ann Gustafson, Aunt Etta Schmoll, Anna Broady, Amanda Cunningham.

3rd Row--left to right: Martha Gernant, Ada Furland, Stella Frels, Emma Fairhurst, Amanda Stenzel, Minnie Maeltzer, Rosena Furland, Elnora Ruark, Martha Gernant, Genevra Erdman, Rose Schmoll.

4th Row--left to right: Walter Ruark, Frank Payne, Fred Frels, Henry Maeltzer, William Gernant, Henry Gernant, Oscar Cunningham, Henry Stenzel, Everett Gernant, Benjamin Frels.

Chapter XVI

Henry Frels -- Master Farmer

The writer has in her possession a copy of the Nebraska Farmer dated February 22, 1930. In it is the story of Henry Frels. He states that he came from Oldenburg, Germany. So I wrote to him to Hershey, Nebraska telling him about the Henry Frels in Illinois and about the Frels history book that we are getting published of all our clan. He answered soon and is very interested and said that he surely wants a book whatever it costs. He said that he is the only Frels that he knows of. His folks had three sons and two daughters. Henry is the youngest, he is 76 years old now in 1956 and the rest of his family is all dead--his wife died four years ago.

His oldest son is Fred W. Frels, he is married and they have two sons. His daughter Edith married a Mr. Howick, they have two girls and the other son, Clarence is not married and he lives at home with his father. They are all farmers. The Oldenburg Frels are all related to each other so I think that we are also. Mr. Frels said that if we came their way to be sure to stop to see them:

Below is a copy of the article which appeared in the February 22, 1930 issue of the Nebraska Farmer:

Henry Frels -- Master Farmer

Large Units of Machinery Save Labor on His Lincoln County Farm
By Glenn Buck

"I was born in Germany where my father was a farmer. My parents came to this country when I was five years old and settled in Fillmore county, Nebraska. After living there one year, they moved west to Hayes county and took up a homestead. I can remember how we used to haul water in barrels several miles, as there were only a few wells and those had been dug by hand. Our buildings were all made of sod and after a rain, the water would continue to drip through the old sod roof long after the sun had begun to shine outside"

Thus does Henry Frels of Lincoln county, Nebraska, one of the Master Farmers of 1929, speak of his humble beginning. His parents were of that progressive class of German people who could see little opportunity for advancement in the old country and came to America to give their children a chance to make something of themselves. If the elder Mr. and Mrs. Frels, formerly of Oldenburg, Germany, could survey the success of their son, Henry, now, their hearts would swell with pride over his many accomplishments. Not only is he one of the leading citizens of his community, but he owns 1,230 acres of land, all paid for, and is regularly making a profit at farming. Any obligations that he may have are more than offset by securities, aside from the land.

Born in a community where the farming methods would be classed as exceedingly backward, as compared to Nebraska agriculture of the present day, he has been able to visualize the possibilities of large-scale farming and is one of the most efficient and modern farm operators in the dry land region.

Last year, Henry Frels and his son operated their 900-acre farm, southwest of Hershey, of which 800 acres are in cultivation, and employed outside help only during the harvesting season. While the wheat was being combined one extra man was hired. In the 1929 crop season there were 595 acres of wheat and 160 acres of corn on the Frels farm. Both of these crops were handled entirely with power-operated machinery. The corn was planted with tractor-drawn, two-row and three-row listers and cultivated with a four-row outfit. One of the accompanying illustrations shows Mr. Frels standing in the edge of a corn field that was tractor-farmed

entirely. The wheat seed bed is prepared by listing or with a one-way disk. The drills are drawn by tractors and harvesting is done with a combine. All hauling is done with a truck.

Contrary to the practice of many dry land farmers, Henry Frels does not summer fallow the land for wheat. Instead he grows corn every third year, making a three-year rotation of wheat, wheat and corn. He believes that any increases in the wheat crop that might result from summer fallowing could not equal the value of the corn produced.

Quite often the wheat stubble is listed immediately after harvesting, in order that the land may be put in shape to conserve all available moisture. Later it is gone over with a middle buster and then drilled. There are many years, however, when the soil is too dry following the harvest to permit listing. Then the one-way disk comes into action, and drawn by the tractor, stirs a ten foot strip of the soil at each trip down the field.

When the corn land is to be put back into wheat, one-horse drills are used to sow grain in the corn fields. Nebraska No. 60 and Kansas varieties of wheat are grown and the seed is always treated with copper carbonate to prevent smut. This Master Farmer seeds one bushel per acre and usually starts drilling about September 15. He has found it a good practice to sow the wheat deep.

Straw and stubble are never burned on the Frels farm. Two tractors are used. One, a 10-20, adapted to use for row crops, is utilized for cultivation, drilling, etc. A 20-35 horsepower handles the combine, disking and other heavy work. Mr. Frels declares that his production costs have been reduced considerably through the adoption of tractor power in preference to horses.

Land which is to be put in corn is usually disked early in the spring and listed in the fore part of May, usually between May 5 and May 20. The seed is covered to a dept of about 2 inches. As soon as the corn comes up, the fields are harrowed and then cultivated two or three times. Corn on the Frels farm averaged 31 bushels per acre for the five-year period of 1924 to 1928.

Although many farmers situated as Mr. Frels is, devote their energies entirely to grain farming, this Master Farmer buys about 100 head of hogs annually and feeds them. Because of lack of alfalfa pasture, he has found it advisable to buy stock or hogs in preference to raising them on his farm. Several good Holstein cows are milked and the purchase of several animals from the University of Nebraska sub-station at North Platte has been the beginning of a good dairy herd. Mrs. Frels is a most competent poultry raiser and keeps a flock of some 125 laying hens of the White Leghorn breed.

When they moved to their present place, Mr. and Mrs. Frels began at once to plant trees to make a setting for the modern farm home which existed then only in their minds. Although trees are difficult to grow in their region, by careful cultivation and watering, they nursed the saplings along until now the place is protected by a large wind-break and the house is almost completely hidden by beautiful shade trees.

A splendid set of buildings has been erected, including an entirely modern house, a substantial barn, a large machine shed, granary, shop, hog house and other buildings. The home contains a water system, steam heating plant and an electric plant. There are lights in the barn, garage and shed and other out buildings, as well as in the home, and electricity is used to operate many laborsaving conveniences in the house.

The water supply comes from an elevated supply tank built of concrete and tile. This tank has two compartments with the top section connected to the home and an overflow pipe carrying a portion of the water to the lower section which supplies the stock tanks. In this way, there is a constant supply of fresh water for home use. The water system is connected to six hydrants in the yard for watering the lawn, and there is a small fountain and fish pool at the west side of the house.

Mr. Frels began farming for himself in 1900, after he had come with his family to Lincoln county from Hayes county. He was married in 1907 and bought 160 acres that year. He has

advanced steadily, putting most of his savings in land and now rents out 580 acres in addition to that which he farms. A school lease which he owns comprises 160 acres of the home farm. Each of the three places rented out is fully equipped with buildings.

Always public-spirited, Mr. Frels holds a high place in his community. He was formerly president and is now one of the directors of the Lincoln County Farm Bureau, is a member of his school board and officer in his church. Some years ago when a new school house was built, he bought all of the school bonds--$5,000 worth. There are three children in the family, two boys aged 11 and 21, and one girl, 16 years old. The two younger children are attending school and the older son finished high school and took a course at the Nebraska College of Agriculture.

In summing up his farming experiences, Mr. Frels says, "I am a farmer by choice and enjoy my work and regardless of the hardships we have gone through, have always been satisfied."

Chapter XVII

Interviews Concerning Our Relationship

Sunday, September 17, 1933, House in the Woods,
Port Byron Township, Illinois

Sue and I went to the House in the Woods after noon food at Johnson Cafeteria. Nora who was living there with her daughters, Helen and Ada, had visitors: --Aunt Etta, and Uncle Fred Schmoll, their son Perry and wife and girl and boy --girl 10 years old, the boy about 5, and Louis D. Hauberg.

Uncle Fred said: Our son-in-law, Walter E. Ruark (married Nora Schmoll) says that his great grandfather, named Henschen, was a brother to Abraham Lincoln's mother, and that his Grandfather was a first cousin to Abraham Lincoln. Note: On 8/23, 1934, Ruark told me, at House in the Woods, --"Grandmother's maiden name was Hanks --my grandmother on mother's side. She was either a cousin or a second cousin of Abraham Lincoln, "For Lincoln's mother was a Hanks".

Tonight, sitting in the library, the radio turned on, we heard a radio program, financed by the Bayer Aspirin people, with the orchestra under direction of Gustav Henschen.

My own great grandfather, Marx Hauberg, married Anna Margaret Henschen. Their five children were Marx, John (our Grandfather) Joachim and Davis, and a daughter who married Liit and lived in Rock Island, employed by the Davenport family.

It runs in my mind that there was a Baptist minister, of prominence, named Henry N. Henschen--maybe I'm mistaken.

WHAT ABOUT THESE HENSCHEN PEOPLE? ARE THEY ALL RELATED TO EACH OTHER? I have never heard that there was German blood in A. Lincoln though his step mother Hannah Bush Johnston-Lincoln was of German origin. At Freeport, Illinois, when they dedicated a statue to "Lincoln-the-debater", they had a fine collection of Lincolniana, one item being a German Bible, which the owner declared was often read by A. Lincoln when he visited their home. Where did Lincoln learn German? Did his stepmother speak the language? Lincoln owned a German newspaper in Springfield, Illinois.

Grandmother Frels died in 1862 "when Etta Frels was three days old. She had gotten up too soon after her confinement, and getting in and out of a high bed had gotten a rupture and died." (Per Amelia Hauberg Schmoll).

Grandfather Frels secured the services of a widow to take care of the children --Etta but six or seven days old, and the other children--the oldest being Mrs. M. D. Hauberg aged seventeen at the time, and the others of the family, Henry, Mary, John William, and George. This widow was mother of Christ Rohrbach previous to her marriage. She had married a man by the name of Gernant by whom she had the following children: Adam Gernant, Maggie Gernant, and Mary Gernant. So she was at this time mother of four children. She soon married Henry Frels, they had no children, but her four children, married as follows:

Christ Rohrbach married Mary Wiegand. They had four children.
Maggie Gernant married Rev. Miller.
Mary Gernant married Gust Magerkurth, and
Adam Gernant married his step-sister, Mary Frels, and their children are our cousins, successful farmers of Henry County, Illinois.

George Mandler was a brother of Grandmother Frels who lived at Rapids City, Illinois. He married a Mrs. Wiegand who was mother of four children, as follows:

John Wiegand --he lived with M. D. Hauberg and wife many years.
Henry Wiegand, Mary Wiegand, and Maggie Wiegand, mother of Fred Frels as noted above. "She did not marry, but lived with the Addicks' and finally when Mrs. Addicks died, she married the widower. (Per Amelia Hauberg Schmoll)

(May 31, 1927)

Amelia Schmoll elaborated as follows: Henry Magerkurth, son of Gust, married Hannah Oltman, daughter of John Oltman.

Miss ---- Magerkurth married Henry Struss, and were parents of Lena Struss. The Christ Rohrback, above mentioned, it appears was father of "John Rohrbach, tall and slender".

"Lizzie Rohrbach, married Redman, who lived opposite the Adam Gernant's", and Mary Rohrback."

Henry Frels' baby daughter Etta in time married Fred Schmoll. Amelia Hauberg married Fred Schmoll's brother William T. Schmoll.

Then there are the Himmelmans. There are three Schmolls: Two brothers, Fred and Henry, and a sister. The sister married a Mr. Himmelman, in Germany. A daughter of this union named Emma, married a man by name of Eberley and they had one or more children when the husband died, leaving Emma a widow. George Frels' wife, nee Nettie Golden, had died years ago, and Uncle George Frels married this Mrs. Emma Eberley. They live at Geneseo, Illinois.

Amelia Hauberg Schmoll of Ward, Colorado, continues as follows: "Theodore Schmoll, my brother-in-law, together with Gus Himmelman and Fred Butzer and another man, a stranger, came to our house Saturday night and on Sunday we began to discuss how we were related. We started with Gus Himmelman, a first cousin of Will Schmoll's, and brother to George Frels' second wife.

"We next took Fred Butzer. Old man Butzer's first wife died leaving a family. Then Old Man Butzer married the widow daughter of Himmelman and they proceeded to have a family, of which this Fred Butzer is a son.

"This Fred Butzer married Mary Rohrbach, daughter of Mary Rohrbach", who is mentioned on the proceeding page.

This relationship, I take it, can be extended as long and as far as anyone cares to pursue it. My interest in it came somewhat as follows: I was inquiring from door to door, at Geneseo, for some family, I do not now recall who it was, when at one of the doors an elderly lady spoke up--I must have given her my name--and said she was an Aunt or something. I knew nothing of the relationship. I think she was a Magerkurth, of whom I had heard--the name often, but not the connection. Again, on my engagement with Miss Denkmann she had a cook named Lena Struss who claimed to be a cousin or something. At that time I thought she was a relative of Uncle Fred Schroeder who had married M. D. Hauberg's sister Margaret. According to the account given above, there is no blood relationship at all, but connection through marriages, and which doubtless, gives the Haubergs as many connections in Henry County, Illinois, on the Frels' side as they had in Rock Island County on the Hauberg side which would make us related to almost every old-time pioneer's family.

John H. Hauberg -- March 4, 1931.

The following is written by Clara Payne:

Mrs. Harry Frels interviewed William Stuhr in 1929. The first generation of Stuhrs and Henry Frels first were neighbors.

William Stuhr, lifelong resident of Rock Island County, celebrated his 77th birthday anniversary yesterday in his home a quarter of a mile off Route 3. Mr. Stuhr was born on February 15, 1852 in Rock Island County and his parents were the late Mr. and Mrs. John Stuhr. Mr. Stuhr's parents were born in Germany where they were married. They came to America in 1844, the voyage taking fourteen weeks on a sailing vessel. On arriving in the United States, they first settled in Saint Louis but later came up the Mississippi to Hampton on a steamboat.

At Hampton they purchased a farm of 100 acres six miles southeast of the village and a quarter of a mile from the recent Route 3. This farm is now owned by Dr. Johnson of East Moline and is occupied by the Warren family. On this farm the seven children of Mr. and Mrs. John Stuhr were born. They are John Jr., Mary, William, George, Frank, Henry and Betsy. Being among the first settlers in the township, Mr. and Mrs. Stuhr endured many hardships in making a living from their farm.

In those days wild game was plentiful in Hampton township. Fresh meat could be had easily and within a short time by taking a short walk to the timber nearby where wild game including deer was easily shot. The road running from Hampton east across the bluffs was but a wagon trail at that time. No gravel roads were to be found in that part of the country. In some places the mud was so deep that the horses and oxen sometimes could not pull the loads through.

The home built on the farm by Mr. Stuhr was a one room log cabin with a loft and clapboard roof. A ladder led from the ground floor to the loft and in order to save space in the room below a low bed was pushed under a high one in the daytime and pulled out at night. These were called trundle beds.

William Stuhr received his entire education in the Mosher school now known as Oak Ridge. He went to school until he was nearly 22 years old. School was held only six months of the year at that time because the children were required to help their parents in the spring and fall with the harvesting and planting. Both boys and girls worked in the fields.

Mr. Stuhr mentions Henry Frels, John Wiltamuth, Nick Wiltamuth, Samuel Richardson and William Colegrove as being among his schoolmates. Among the teachers who taught him were Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Jane Edwards, Miss Jeanette Mosher and William Dow. He said that at one time some of the boys stole the stove in the school in order that they might go skating. They had a lot of skating. The stove wasn't found for several days and school could not be held without a stove. At this time the school did not stand where it does now but was located further west on the corner of Schaves land now owned by Henry Miller. When the new school house was built, the lumber was hauled by farmers from a lumber company in Davenport, Iowa.

William Stuhr was confirmed in the Zion Lutheran church of Hampton Bluff on April 15, 1870 by the Rev. Maniel Grover. When William was 16 years old his father died and much of the farm work was left for him to do. He said that when he was nine years old he plowed corn with a bar plow and one horse.

Mr. Stuhr was married on September 1, 1881 to Miss Anna Beling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Beling of Hampton Bluffs. The marriage took place in the home of the brides parents with the Rev. Louis Winters officiating. Mrs. Stuhrs parents at that time lived in the first house outside of Hampton now owned by Mr. Erickson. The house was part frame and part log and was plastered with clay. Mr. and Mrs. Stuhr, having no children, took Winnie Colegrove, the daughter of an old schoolmate of Mr. Stuhr, William Colegrove. She lived with them for a number of years and now resides in Los Angeles, California.

Mr. Stuhr has been a member of the Zion Lutheran church for fifty-nine years and has held various offices in the church. He was also commissioner of the Rock River drainage district for a number of years and director and treasurer of the Port Byron Independent and Crescent Telephone Companies.

Mr. Stuhrs health has been failing for the last two years. A year ago he became critically ill and was not expected to live but has recovered to such an extent that he is now able to be about. He does odd jobs about his home and goes for short drives in the car. He is well posted on subjects of the day, having a large radio to which he listens for hours at a time. He recently stated that he wouldn't know what to do without it.

From Log Cabin to Sod House

In recent years we have heard much of Americanism and the American way of life as though they were both static and standardized. Though anyone who has traveled extensively in various parts of our country knows that they are neither the one or the other. Politically our nation is made up of states but so far as the pattern of economic and social life is concerned it is even today made up of regions that are in many cases very unlike one another. Perhaps there is a fundamental Americanism which is essentially the same throughout the nation, but the American way of life in New England is very unlike that of the Deep South and in neither region does it bear much resemblance to that of the Great Plains, the spanish Southwest, or the Pacific Coast. The life of any of these areas moreover is very different today from what is was half a century ago. So it is plain that both time and place must be considered in seeking to determine conditions in any portion of America.

The cultural and economic pattern which, broadly speaking, is the life of the people of any region, grows from certain distinct roots. Some of these, as climate and geographic conditions live close beneath the surface while others are deeply rooted in the subsoil of history. From these grow a pattern of life which reaches full flowering and eventually produces fruits. It would seem that if these fruits produced by various regional cultures could be gathered and placed in a great wine press and the juice could be extracted the resulting brew would have certain distinct qualities. For in it one might find the wholesome but slightly acid touch of Puritan New England, the mellow sweetness of the Old South, the substantial body of the Middle West, the wild raw tang of the Great Plains and Rock Mountains, Plateau. The peculiar spiciness of the Spanish Southwest and the exotic flavor of the Pacific Coast all mingled in the peculiar blend that we call Americanism which lacking any one of these elements would not be the same.

The spot for the location of the home had been chosen with due regard both to the practical and artistic. Sometimes it was in a sheltered glen where it would be protected from the cold winter winds. More often it stood on a low tree crowned hill from which might be had a view of the surrounding country. If possible it was built near a spring which not only furnished a supply of water for domestic use but over which a spring house might be built where milk, butter, and other perishable foods could be kept cool in summer.

Migrating

On beyond the fall line to the foot of the mountains these settlers gradually extended then they jumped the first range of the Appalachian Highland into the great valley pouring westward through the Cumberland Gap or down the Ohio to occupy the great Mississippi Valley and eventually crossed the great river to settle Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, eastern Texas and Iowa. Before 1840 Missouri and Arkansas had been admitted as states and half a dozen years later both Texas and Iowa had become members of the Federal Union. By the time of the out break of the Civil War the edge of the great prairie plains had been reached and here this advancing agricultural population hesitated, reluctant to attempt to cope with regions so unlike any which it had known in the past. While certain portions of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky and some other states had fairly extensive areas of prairie the life of the American pioneers had largely been that of forest dwellers and was shaped and conditioned by the wooden lands on which they lived or which lay in more or less close proximity to their homes.

The occupation of the vast stretches of level prairie plains lying to the west was still in the future. Once the home had been erected however often with kindly neighbor help the pioneers task was only well begun. Unless he happened to be located at the edge of some

small prairie the forest lay all about so after building cribs, lots, and shelter for his domestic animals came the labor of clearing and fencing fields for planting. From dawn to dusk the settler toiled at the task of felling trees, splitting rails, and building the normal fences with stakes and riders to tie the panels together. All day long in many cases his ax sang a song of triumph over forest interrupted at times by the crash of falling trees.

Alson Jenness Streeter born January 18, 1832, in Rensselaer Co., New York. He was the first born of a family of eight or nine children. Some four years later the family moved to a farm in Allegany County but in 1836 they came to Illinois and settled at what is now Lee Center in Lee Center township Lee county. They built a log house on the edge of Inlet Grove which affords some protection from winter storms. And there young Alson spent the next ten years of his youth. The region of Illinois to which the family had come was the sparsely settled. Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Bliss are said to have moved into Lee Center Township in 1834. Mrs. Bliss was the first white woman in the township and the second in the county. For a year they had no nearer white neighbors than those in Dixon about ten miles away. But near by were camped some two hundred Indians awaiting supplies and government payment before moving to Council Bluffs. After 1834 the number of settlers steadly increased with arrivals from the east, some even from England and from France. The Streeters must have belonged in the category of squatters for the lands on which they had settled were not open to sale until 1844. By July 10, 1837, enough squatter families had established themselves in the neighborhood to warrant the formation of an association for government under a plan of seven articles for adjustments. In 1846 Alson went to school in Galesburg with $13.00 in his pocket. Knox Manual labor college with only 26 students and he had to rely on his own initiative in finding work. Janitor, then Saturdays free time cut down trees, bought shingles length blocks then split blocks with a "froe"; life simple and expenses small. Tuition in 1846 was $12 to $16 a year. Room in students hall was $6 a year board $1 to $1.50 per week. He cut cord wood for $1 a cord.

Chapter XVIII

Pictures and Letters of Those in U.S. War Service

April 23, 1943

Dear Folks, (Myrtle and Harry Frels)

Received your Easter card the other day, also letters from you, which I never have answered.

Well, I am really stuck out in the sticks now. This base is a new Marine Air Base, located in South East North Carolina, about 20 miles from New Bern, N.C. Our location is about 15 miles from the Ocean, but the base is located near one of the many small bays along the N.C. coast. As for my stay here it is rather indefinite. I plan to ship out to Orlando, Florida next Wednesday, for a six week course in ground station Radar at an Army school there. After my "vacation" in Florida I will probably be attached to a squadron here and ship out soon, I hope?

Our class, numbering 28 men came here from Corpus Christi two weeks ago. Of that bunch three fellows went to Florida next week and thirteen fellows were attached to a squadron of B-25's and shipped out. That leaves 12 of us left here. From the talk the squadrons leaving here are going to China. From all indications the Marines are going to spend this war fighting the Japs, while the Army handles the fighting in Europe. Personally I don't care who I fight just so I fight somewhere. The boys in these schools get pretty blood thirsty before they get out, almost everyone joins the Marine Corps for action and are pretty put out at having to wait around the country for a year or so.

Since my enlistment I have gotten to travel thru a good bit of these United States. You can't beat the life of an enlisted man in the Marine Corps. Especially when you get up in the enlisted ranks. Now I am drawing $116.00 per and every necessity is furnished. You can say your salary is clear.

A lot of the boys from these schools are applying for officers training and all of them are getting to go. Personally I can't see it, an enlisted man has too many advantages in the Marine Corps. Also Marine Lieutenants are shot like flies in the battle zones. From the casualty list on the Solomons Campaign there were as many Lieutenants killed as privates.

For the past two weeks I have done nothing but loaf. Usually play baseball in the morning, and in the afternoon I go out to the field and get me a three or four hour hop. It sure is a great life and believe me it will be hard to return to civilian life again and have to go to work.

The chow here is tops. All the butter, milk, coffee, sugar, etc. you want. There is as much difference between Navy and Marine Chow as there is between day and night. From what I understand the Navy Chow is better than the Army's so I pity the poor soldiers.

Today is Easter, which has been very quiet day here, I spent most of the day sleeping and I plan to go to a movie here on the base tonight "Free". Thanking you for everything you have done for me, I remain:

Love,
Don Frels

April 1, 1944
San Francisco, California

Dear Charles: (Pierce)

Today I seem to be in quite a jovial mood and too having the use of a typewriter gives

me reason enough to write you a letter. This may seem a bit out of the ordinary using a typewriter overseas. The truth of the matter is that I happen to be in our Squadron Offices tonight and feel like limbering up my fingers.

Your letter of February 29 was received and am very pleased to hear that I have a shipment of hair oil on the way. Also your letter of March 12 and the pictures of Henry was received. I am very grateful to you for sending me the pictures, as I am now proudly showing them to everyone. The shipment of hair oil will be welcomed and enjoyed. Just so long as I don't become too joyous.

Your report on your parties facinates me, and makes me a bit homesick. That will surely be a glorious day when I can again become a 1st class civilian. This life over here is inducive to great fellowship but that can be carried too far. Yes, my CO gave me quite a lecture. I wish I was free to tell you the whole and truthful story. They really have us over the barrel at the present time with their censorship regulations. In other words I am not exactly free to express my frank opinion.

Tonight our show was "Claudia". Have you seen it? I was very impressed with the show as was all the fellows. Shows out here really strike a person as most everyone always leaves the movie area in a daze.



Marine Donovan Frels
Master Sergeant Radar Technician

Our baseball team has been re-organized with me as manager. We are going great guns having won our last three games. The team is made up of Officers and enlisted men. I have now persuaded one of the officers to take over the management as it is hard for an enlisted men to pull many strings. One of the officers playing on the team went to Bradley Tech. and I played against him when I played at Augie. Our new manager is the author of the book "Love at First Flight". Have you read it? He is now writing articles for various magazines on Air Transport work in the South Pacific. His home is near Rockford, Illinois, and he is one of the pitchers on the ball team.

Today I received the very shocking news of Mrs. Leatherman's death. I was always aware of her poor health but death is still shocking. I have just completed a letter to Roy expressing my sympathies, which is quite a task. I see that I am about to the end of the page and the letter will have to end there. Please write again soon and I'll attempt to be prompt in answering. Will try to send you some pictures,

Yours,
Don Frels

September 27, 1945

Dear Folks, (Clara and Frank Payne)

I guess I haven't written often enough in the last few months for you to even know how I feel, or what I think, well, I'll try to bring you up to date.

I've just come from the Squadron area after bidding good by and good luck to 90 of my men who are being transferred out and leaving on the 10:30 train.

To go back further, the middle of June to be exact, I was called up to Headquarters at BAD #2, and asked if I would be the C.O. of the first Squadron to be organized at that base, said Sqd to be Pacific bound--direct! I accepted naturally, and after a few moments of conditioning of mind, swung into the job with enthusiasm, in spite of the fact that all of the four and five thousand men there were just as anxious to go home as I was.

We were to be ready to ship on August 1, fully equipped and ready to function, twelve officers and 261 F.M. The usual length of time allowed is six months!



Major Chester H. Payne
U.S. Air Force
Served in Europe

I chose my officers, all volunteers and men whom I had worked with at BAD #2 and they in turn chose, or sold the idea to the men who had worked for them.

The resultant assembly of officers and men constituted the finest group I've ever seen--every one a specialist, good clean soldiers and marvelous spirits. Then we went into further intensive training, physical and hardening, teamwork, further schooling, dentist, shots, clothing, rifle range, equipment packed and shipped to the ports and loaded on ships.

Then came V-J Day (thank God), we were taken off the shipping list with hundreds of other units destined for the same theatre of operation. Since then we've done nothing except wait to see what was to become of us, hoping against hope that we'd be sent on home as a unit, but that is not to be.

We are all being gradually transferred out until only one remains. Perhaps the squadron will be used as a means for shipping home high point men (there are many over here with three years or more of overseas service). There are other airborn squadrons here up against the same thing.

So it is with mixed emotions that I see these boys scattered to the four winds, for further service over here, when I know we could have done such a good job if given the chance. (I'm glad too that the war ended when it did, days, even months earlier would have been better.)

But on all the points that you judge a squadron, this one was tops, no desertions (in spite of shipping about to the Pacific), no one in the guard house, and all of the men pleased with these officers. Tonight before they left they gave me a big hurrah, and many of them shook hands and said I was the best and straightest C.O. they'd ever served under, that's when you realize that the hours you worked a day and night building up a good outfit was well spent, and that even 24 hours a day isn't enough to devote to the interests of the men who know you're looking out for their welfare.

By next week we'll all be transferred out and the 36151 will be a paper organization only.

So, it adds up to, it's one of those things, where do we go from here, there's still a lot of work to be done so lets get along with it.

While working with the squadron my own problems vanished, none existed, and I guess I neglected to write, anyway we all feel good, knowing each one of us that we forwarded the qualities that go to make up a smooth operating and happy organization, something like going to college, fun and lots of work which is lost but bigger jobs lie ahead.

We have good eats, plenty of sleep, see lots of shows, eight of us in a Nissen hut, swell bunch, tailor shop and club 50 feet away, the base ice cream float and black cown (I had a pint of delicious ice cream a while ago).

As things stand now I don't think I'll be coming home until after Christmas. (It'll be too cold there in Illinois anyway.)

In the meantime I am enjoying myself, you are never lonely in the army you know, we have plenty of shows, games, etc. I would like to get back to the States naturally, but I know I will eventually so won't fret about it.

It is getting late now so will close for this time, will try to write more often in the future. So 'til later the best of luck and health and write when time permits. Bye now---

Yours,
Chester Payne

Monday Evening, 2045.
29, November, 1943.

Dear Folks, (Clara and Frank Payne)

At long last I am sending you the key to the suitcase, I hope that it will go through the mail in this manner satisfactorily.

There is not much change here, in either the climate or the work. They are contemplating a big change in the setup of the organizations but as yet we are intact.

The plan calls for deactivation of all the Squadrons now on the post, ours included, so perhaps in the none too far future I will have a change in address, when that developes I shall write and tell you.

Outside of a slight cold I am feeling fine, get plenty to eat and find time for all the sleep I need. This English winter is just like a bad fall back home, rainy all the time, treacherous for colds, etc., we all wear our long handled underwear quite unashamed.

I wrote a letter to Charles about recreation around here, ask him if you may read it sometime, it will give you an added insight of what goes on.

I got my weekly ration from the P-X today, 7 pks. of cigarettes, 1 pk. of gun, two bars of candy, two razor blades, bar of soap, 1 pk. of cookies, coke and beer are not rationed, sold until out of stock. Magazines are hard to get but one will go the whole rounds so actually there is plenty to read. It gets dark so early that the evenings seem quite long. Late at night transportation disappears so if you are still out there's a good chance you'll walk home, and these English girls think nothing of walking six or ten miles back home from a dance, we have some awfully tired looking boys come limping in after such an affair, then too the chances are you'll spend half that time in a driving rain, it's enough to discourage even the bravest.

Going to close now and go back to the barracks for some reading. Until later the best of luck and health, write when you get the time, greetings to everyone, and bye now.

Yours,
'Chet' Payne

Monday evening, 2000.
December 20, 1943

Dear Folks, (Clara and Frank Payne)

I haven't written to you for quite some time now so will catch up tonight. Everything is fine, good food, this weather is very conductive to sleep, and now that the squadrons are broken up we do have more time for it. I have noticed that my trousers are getting tighter, a good sign that everything agrees. Even tho the English weather continues as it always was, that is, wet and rainy, we are not so conscious of it anymore, take it for granted I assume. Naturally we all got colds upon arrival but have now settled down to sniffles, for which we will settle, and probably keep until we leave.

I was going through some of my papers the other day and discovered the B coupons that I must have forgotten to send, in my mind it had already been done, so will send them this time for sure. If you cannot use them let Charles have some. I used his car when home last Christmas so might say I owe him a few. The A book contains coupons from eight on to twelve, the B book contains twenty-six coupons, you might check to see if any become lost in the mail, if so report it to the Postal Authorities and they can be found, it's not likely tho as our letters are sealed before we send them and only a few are spot checked.

I bought a new blouse the other day from the roving service QM store, it passes through our post every six weeks or so and carries a full line of officer's clothes, etc. It is a very nice looking piece of material, approx. $25, then also some woolen clothing, it seems that we all have a leaning towards wool in this climate, the hell with the appearance so long as it's comfortable. As you know the cold here really goes through you. We do have nice quarters tho, steam heat, good beds and plenty of blankets. The nights are quite long at this time of the year, some days it is not clear enough for the planes to leave the

ground, this does not prevent us from overhauling them tho so we keep quite busy all the time.

As yet I have not taken any time off but in a few days I am going to take a days train-ride just to see the country, or as much as can be seen in that time.

I got a nice Christmas present from Aunt Mae and Charles, a year's subscription to the Reader's Digest. I have also received a Christmas present from Bernice but dare not open it as it says not to.

I have a new address now as you can see. It entailed moving to another area, still within the same post but we are all dispersed. Our officer's club here is swell, a genial atmosphere prevails always, a good little bar with cold beer. The English beer is pretty decent when it is served cold, or maybe it's because I have been away from home so long. Also, in the evenings at nine o'clock we have sandwiches brought out, cheese, baloney, or toasted cheese, it goes fine with a bottle of beer just before hitting the hay.

Mickey Daugherty is still here, enjoying himself pretty well, he is still endeavoring to go to Officer's Candidate School, or to Pilot Training. I hope he makes it this time.

There is only one thing I miss over here, otherwise it is the same as any other place, with certain reservations of course, and that is my car. Having to depend on public transportation, and even jeeps, is not too satisfactory. That is speaking in terms of civilian conveniences, in the light of the usual Army rough life it is easy living, manys the doughboy who wished that was his greatest worry.

We get pretty good movies here in our G.I. theatre, even the theatre is modern, it compares favorably with any small one back home, it is free of course, change of show three times a week, good news pictures and comics. Our transportation about the post is by G.I. Taxi, 2 1/2 tonners, every twenty minutes or so, it is a mad scramble to get aboard, officer and enlisted man alike, it is so dark all the time with the blackout you may find yourself lost when only ten feet from your destination, many funny incidents occur because of that too, everyone generally has a fine sense of humor and get along great, make the most of it and are just as anxious to get home as the next one. There are exceptions tho, who like it here and want to stay, some have married English girls and have settled down altho the Army tries to discourage marriages.

Last week I went up for an hour's ride in a Fortress, out over the water and over several towns near here. It was a thrilling ride, laying on my stomach in the bombidier's compartment or nose, watching the white caps through the plastic nose, then picking up the wakes of ships, in the same manner as you locate a sand clam by following his trail. Then the big thrill of coming in for a landing, watching the ground come up at you, just hanging out in the front of the plane all by yourself, you instinctively draw back hoping thereby to keep from going right into the runway, and even that appears different as you whizz down it well over a hundred miles an hour, much faster than you ever traversed it in a jeep.

We see and are able to talk with quite a few English and Canadian pilots, they are a great deal of fun listening to, their speech and mannerisms, no doubt the feeling is mutual. It is a strange contradiction of the slow and easy way of life of the average Englishman, who seems to live by the axiom of "if we don't get it done today, tomorrow will do" to watch these English boys fly those fast ships and talk fast ships as naturally as if they had no connections at all with English methods, to sum it up let's say that they are a far cry from their home life.

Well Mom and Pop, going to close for this time and get out a letter to Bernice and then it will be time for sandwiches and beer in the club, ah-ha, watching you lick your lips makes it seem all the better, it is actually a luxury, that will give added zest I'm sure. So until later the best of luck and health, please send Wilson's address, greetings to everyone, and write soon. Bye now.

Yours,
'Chet' Payne

Sunday Afternoon, 25 June, 44.

Dear Folks, (Clara and Frank Payne)

I received your nice long letter yesterday and certainly enjoyed all the news from home - plenty happening there I should say. I don't have it here with me but since I have time to answer we'll write anyway. Also, a couple more of Sad Sack's troubles to add.

We are fortunate in getting so much nice weather, can actually take sunbaths now, and get sunburned too if one isn't careful.

Last Saturday I went to Liverpool to buy some shoes in the Officer's PX, also got a cigarette lighter, our ration of matches is very slim and seldom lasts more than two days. In addition to that I visited with some people I know, a girl who I dated a few times, we went boating on an excursion liner, saw a show or two, rode trams and looked at lots of the bomb damage, that is something alright. I had taken my raincoat and sun glasses both, knowing that I'd need one or the other, as it was the sun glasses were the order of the weekend. You know, the stores are all very well stocked, with the exception of our own well known trade names there isn't a great deal of difference between the two countries as far as the towns go. The streets are jammed, taxis and trams, bicycles, jaywalking, signal lights, bobbies, army trucks and soldiers, a few private cars, empty lots here and there where used to stand a building but since cleaned up.

Golly, it doesn't seem possible that Hank is a pilot on the B-24's already, seems that he was just managing to handle a car pretty well the last I remember. That is quite a job I'll tell the world, I've handled the controls several times on them, it's easy while in the air and a great deal of fun when just concerned with scenic flying but it takes a pretty darn good man to handle them under all conditions as he is doing. He should make a good engineer as well as a pilot, a rare combination.

Seb made first Lieutenant a month or so ago, that is a good break for a nurse, their promotions come slowly. I don't know when mine will come though, but it isn't too great a concern so I'm not worrying about it, there's lots of good men over here who aren't even Captains.

Seb also sent me a dandy little leather picture pocket folder with a tinted picture of herself, I wish you could see it.

We've had some pretty good indoor ball games here lately, I have been playing in the Officer's clubs league, the other night got a single, double, and a triple, played first base and scored a couple outs. It is fun to get good and dirty for a change, wear old clothes and loosen up the joints, they need it too!

Well gonna close for this time, be glad to hear from you again when you get the time. I like the picture you sent, is film hard to get now, it is over here.

'Til later then the best of luck and health, greetings to every one, and bye now.

Yours,
'Chet' Payne

Monday night, 13 November, 1944.

Dear Folks, (Clara and Frank Payne)

Haven't received any mail from you for ages, don't know whether to blame the poor mail service (which I use for hiding behind when tardy) or the weather you are getting. Oddly enough England got a bit of snow the other day, not here tho, just sleet driven by a terrifically hard wind. We have our blackout at a little after six o'clock, most of the nights are moonlit in spite of getting short squels of rain.

Today I received a letter from Vi Klassen who has been transferred to Juneau, Alaska, in the US Health Service, and likes it very well. You remember her don't you, the tall blonde girl who used to visit us with Marguerite, dated Charles occasionally. I told her to write to you folks that you'd like to renew your acquaintance with Alaska through someone as enthusiastic as she is about it, you should have seen the letter Vi wrote, I couldn't help but kid her about walrus meat and penguins, igloos, etc.

Incidentally I haven't heard from Charles for quite a while, is he still working in town, and Hubert? Where are you all planning to hold the gala dinner this Christmas, we are slated to have ALL the turkey we can eat over here too (exaggeration of course).

Yesterday we had a big football game here, our team is quite likely to be the strongest in the ETO, later scores will prove one way or the other, at any rate we've a great deal of rah-rah built up and face fog, rain, cold, and what have you to see the games, in the evening we had a dance at our club, took half the evening before the log fire to thaw out (due credit to a few Scotches).

Seb mentioned the possibility of getting a leave some time in the near future so I told her if she came anywheres near the Tri-Cities to be sure to spend a day with you, don't know how effective I was in convincing her but if she can make it show her a real good time, and hide my baby pictures!

The medical authorities have put us on a sulfa pill (one a day) program as an experiment to eliminate colds this winter, it apparently is pretty well assumed that some good is expected, no harm at any rate. We do have to watch ourselves closely here because of this damp weather, last week I had a bad sore throat and stayed home until it was better. The greatest danger is dressing heavily for work and lightly for recreation, whereas in many instances the amount of activity is just reversed, which in the Army isn't too unusual.

One of the officers who work with me on the night shift is W/O George Knowles, from Rushville, who's grandad used to make farm wagons, do you remember the product? He is a swell fellow and we spend lots of time talking about the 'old places', and, when imagination takes a good hold of us, make plans for flying our airplanes here and there, oh yes, that's part of the imagination, our having the airplanes, but our interest in common landmarks spreads the extra time on our hands fairly well.

Oh yes, there will not be anymore Bond receipts coming in the mail, every year all requests must be made anew, and this time I decided the devil with it, there is quite a few bonds for which I do not now have receipts I suppose but getting them from official records after the war will be possible I hope.

Where is Hank at now, I should like to have his address, it'll seem funny writing to him and finding him in the same technical strata, I'll bet this tho, that he will become one of the few really technical pilots, combining flying with a good idea of why and how.

We had fried chicken tonight for supper again (weekly), the food is excellent most of the time, and just like everyone else I put on a pound now and then, close to 170 I guess. Steam heat has been on for several weeks already, it can get doggone cold here in the hangers at nights.

How is Wilson and Betty getting along, haven't heard from them for a long time, not since they moved to New York, next letter to them tell them to write when they get a chance, maybe I should myself tho.

We see most of the good shows either in our own GI theatre or in town, good stage plays and vaudville. Tomorrow afternoon some of us are going to a movie in one of the Post's smaller theatres. Also, we have plans to go swimming indoors in the small gym, a half hour of handball, plenty to do if the weather was only more pleasant.

Well I guess I'd better close for this time, so until later the best of luck and health, write when you get the time, and bye for now.

Yours,
'Chet' Payne

Friday night,
1 June, 1945

Dear Folks, (Clara and Frank Payne)

Here I am back on the night shift again and with time to write letters, I have several from you that need answering. Everything is going along fine, same schedule, same people and same everything, we do not know when the changes that are due to come will take

place, maybe in a few months, in the meantime we have plenty of work right here.

The period key of this typewriter has lost its lettering so I'll have to use comas for both purposes.

I haven't heard from you in quite a while so do not know where Bud Erickson is, was he captured. I certainly hope he is safe somewhere, you told of leaving for Aunt Lydia's to visit in your last letter.

We have been playing indoor baseball, officers' leagues and competition between the Sites, incidentally the letters you send addressed to 'Maint Sec # 9' take approximately a month to arrive, whereas if addressed properly 'Site 9' they would arrive much quicker, there is really only one Maintenance Section, as there is only one Supply Section, but our homes where we live are called Sites. I live on #9, Night before last our Site had a really tough game and we lost it 4-2, I played first base, many were wild throws, errors beat us we know.

Here is a couple of pictures taken outside our barracks, the one by the No Trespassing sign is of Lt. Henry Murphy, my roommate and me, the other is of Lt. John Hunt, who lives in the room next to us.

The weather has been pretty nice here for the past couple of months, we very seldom take our raincoats along into town, Last Sunday our officers' club went on a picnic, two bus loads, way up into the hill country to some Lord's estate, took our orderlies, lunch, drinks, beer, baseball equipment, girls, everything along. Since it doesn't get dark until after eleven o'clock we didn't leave there until after ten o'clock. This Site is by far the best you can imagine, for instance last Saturday night we had a fine dance, excellent orchestra, Sunday a picnic, ball game, Wednesday night another baseball game, steak and ice cream for supper, Thursday night payday and sort of a party, and now I am on night shift for a whole month, darn it!

In April some of us went to the Isle of Man for seven day leave, here is a card that I wrote then but could not mail and since had mislaid, it was a pretty spot, and contrary to what I said about swimming we did get to go in one afternoon when the sun was so warm, we lounged on the beach all afternoon and got a bit of sunburn.

Seb wrote to me to say that she was able to visit with you for a little bit, not nearly long enough but that she enjoyed it a great deal, you must have made quite a favorable impression upon her, I imagine you have a letter on the way now telling me about it.

The fellows over here are all 'point' conscious, I suppose you know how it goes don't you? It doesn't apply to Officers tho as yet, and the Air Corps will not release many of theirs anyway, and as for me I'm Air Reserve so I'll be in for the duration, aside from that I have 48 for forty-eight months of service, and twenty for overseas service, making a total of 68 points, the enlisted men need 85 or better for discharge, we believe we'll stay here a while longer and then go back to the States, I hope so, Mickey Daugherty will be going back in several weeks with the ATC.

I will send you some newspapers tomorrow, also the Yank Magazine and the current Stars & Stripes newspaper.

Time to make a circuit of the hangars now so will close for this time, then I'll write a letter to Seb, so until later the very best of luck and health, write when you get the time and bye for now.

Yours,
'Chet' Payne

HEADQUARTERS
100th AIRDROME SQUADRON (sp)
AAF Station 590
APO 635

22 November, 1945.

Dear Folks, (Clara and Frank Payne)

Today is Thanksgiving Day, late afternoon, I'm finishing up some work I had in the Orderly room and will soon head for the barracks.

From the heading you can see I'm in still another outfit, and this time we all figure it is for the last change, we're coming home for sure!

These units are being used to get men home so we're 50% over-strength, rank of no importance, just points to qualify. My duty is Adjutant so I am right at home again, we're shaping up swell and should ship out of here on one of the Navy boats. Yesterday a number of my buddies who had a few more points than I moved out to board the Big E, Navy Carrier, for a four day trip to the USA, perhaps its next trip will see us aboard.

Today we had a fine turkey dinner, the Col. commanding our unit arranged for a private table for all the officers and we had a nice party. The weather here is foggy most of the time, the sun hasn't been out for weeks, but in spite of all that we're not too discouraged, just the thought of getting home is enough to start us grinning all over.

It does involve a lot of work but a fellow is better off working than not, and keeps you well occupied as well.

I feel fine, weight up where is should be, still no bad habits developed, and rarin' to get back home and perhaps go to work again, although I'll have over three months paid vacation coming.

We see about four movies a week, dances now and then, go out on the Army range for Skeet Shooting now and then, and just generally make the most of our time.

This is about all for this time, just wanted to let you know that we plan (of course it isn't necessarily the Army's plans???) to be home before Christmas.

So 'til later the very best of luck and good health, 'til later bye now.

Yours,
'Chet' Payne

To
Mrs. Oscar Cunningham
Barstow, Illinois
U.S.A.

Herbert L. Erickson

From
Lt. H. L. Erickson
0-10-16-914
Co. B, 36 Tk Bn.
A.P.O. 258 o/o PM
N V o N P
17 Dec 1944

Dear Aunt Amanda and Uncle Oscar,

A Merry Christmas to all of you there. I won't make it for Christmas this year by an ocean or so; will I?

I am O.K. and outside of a little cold I have nothing to complain about. The weather is foul here. It is always muddy and rain almost every day.

I have been to London on a two day leave and saw most of the sights that there was time for. Then last week I was sent on a detail to Wales. There is a lot of Picturesque country but it would be much more enjoyable in the summer I'm sure.

Chet is still over here, isn't he? If you write send me his address and I'll look him up if I get the chance.

I suppose everybody will come to your place for Christmas dinner. Give them all my greetings.

Your nephew,
Bud Erickson

V...MAIL

Letter from Herbert Erickson from Holland

February 20, 1945

Dear Aunt Emma and all, (Emma Henninger)

I received the package from you and Bessie's letter. Thank you for both. The army provides for us pretty well though. Sometimes we don't have cigarettes and things like that but they usually get them to us whenever they can.

The Dutch people treat us real well. We stay in their homes and they give us things to eat sometimes. It's not so cold here now but it rains a lot and is plenty muddy.

I was glad to hear Don got home. He had been gone quite a while.

I'm okay and can't complain.

Yours,
Bud Erickson



Lydia Erickson's Letter

Lt. Herbert Erickson
Killed in battle March 5, 1945
Buried in the National Cemetery
Nov. 16, 1949 at Keokuk, Iowa

Sunday
2-10-46

Dear folks and all:

On the 30th of January we wrote a letter to Pvt. Theo Beck, the only survivor of Bud's tank crew who has been in England General Hospital, Atlantic City, N.J. since March 1945 and yesterday we received a reply from him. His letter gives us some peace of mind as we will not need to wonder any more what became of Bud and worry that he might be a victim of Amnesia or maybe worse.

Please pass this around so I won't need to copy it again. I will invite Beck to come and stay when he can.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Erickson,

I am certainly glad that you wrote me as I have been trying to get your address.

You have my deepest sympathy in the loss which you have suffered. As harsh as the words seem it is best you know that Lt. Erickson perished in the tank. Of that there is no question of doubt in my mind.

At the start of the battle he was standing in the turret looking for targets. He was extremely cool under the fire being poured on us. I shall never forget the heroic example he set. He was hit twice while still continuing to search for targets. Finally he fell unconscious on the floor.

He was on the floor when a very short time later the tank was struck, repeatedly by an 88 mm gun.

My right foot was blown off and I somehow was able to pull myself out of my hatch. I came to on the ground and pulled myself away about twenty feet. There were no sounds whatever from the tank and it had started to burn. It burned rapidly and with tremendous heat which would account for the fact that no trace of Lt. Erickson was discovered. None of the boys suffered as all were undoubtedly killed instantly.

Let me repeat that the courage shown by your son while under fire was something that I shall remember for as long as I live. He lived and died as a soldier should.

Pvt. Ted Beck.

Copy of the letter received by Ericksons from Paul Reily on January 31, 1946

Mr. and Mrs. Erickson:

We have corresponded with each other several times through my sister Ruth but since my arm has improved I decided to write you myself.

I am on my last leave, from the army, now and will be a civilian February sixth. I am still totally deaf but am in good condition other than that. If my hearing returned I was coming out to visit you people and I still may although not in the near future. I have such a fine opinion of Herbert's family that I certainly look forward to meeting you. As you know we were together for three years. He, Capt. Kelly and I became like brothers to each other. There is no compliment that anyone could give him that he would not deserve. He is as fine a fellow as I have ever met and after serving six years in the Army I can truthfully say he was the best soldier I had ever met in that time.

I knew he and Lt. Yuck of our company were missing just before I was wounded. I was semi-conscious for about a month but did see Capt. Kelly during that time. When I became conscious I did not remember what he had told me about Herbert or Lt. Yuck. It was several months later that I got mail from Capt. Kelly and then he was not clear in telling me about them. The first time I came home on leave from the hospital I went to Atlantic City to see Pvt. Beck and also received a letter at the same time telling definitely about them. I can sincerely say I felt as though it were news of a brother of mine.

Capt. Kelly (now Major) is home also awaiting a discharge. He has a picture of the company after the battle for Rhineburg. Not many were left, 47 out of 112 men I believe. He probably intends to send you one, I'll ask him. Thank you for the many times you wrote and for the picture. Anxiously awaiting to meet you if I can arrange the trip,

Sincerely yours,
Paul A. Reily

Lt. Herbert Erickson - Gave his life in battle

Herbert L. Erickson, son of Mrs. Lydia Frels Erickson and Paul Erickson was born in Illinois on November 4, 1920. He was baptized there, and confirmed in the Lutheran Church in Volga, South Dakota. He graduated from Volga High School in 1937 and entered State College in 1939. He left college in February 1941 when the National Guard, of which he was a member, was sent to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, for further training. He was selected for officer's training and transferred to the Armored Force School, Fort Knox, Kentucky, in December of 1942. He went overseas in October, 1944. Lieutenant Erickson was posthumously awarded the Purple Heart medal.

A report as written in Life Magazine on March 12, 1945:

Since December the U.S. First and Ninth Armies had been building up strength behind the swollen little Roer River. On February 23, they let it go with a stunning night barrage. The Germans at the river were quickly overpowered. Beyond the river the rigid framework of their Rhineland defense began to break down. A week after the first gun had been fired at the Roer, the Ninth had arrived at the Rhine opposite Dusseldorf. The men of the Ninth exchanged shots with the Germans on the other side.

Lt. General Wm. H. Simpson, commander of the Ninth had been waiting for this drive to the Rhine. If the river was to be crossed by his army, the smooth crossing of the Roer was a battle rehearsal. For weeks the muddy little stream had been an obsession with the men of the Ninth. They prepared and planned to cross it early in February, in coordination with drives by the Canadians and General Patton's Third Army. But on the eve of the crossing the Germans opened the gates in the big earth dams of the upper Roer, partly flooding the cabbage land of the lower valley. General Simpson was forced to postpone the crossing while his engineers calculated when it would be possible.

The engineers, watching the flood diminish, told the general with crossing could be made on February 23, The Ninth began to get ready again. The men and tanks and portable sections of pontoon bridges moved up to the river. At 2:45 a.m. the barrage began and a smokescreen drifted over river to cover the crossing.

Before U. S. Troops crossed the Rhine at Remagen, the U.S. First and Ninth Armies shattered the main German defenses before the river with a mass of men and tanks. It was the most powerful demonstration of arms in U.S. military history. A thousand tanks were used in General Simpson's Ninth alone. The tanks worked in herds to break lanes through the German zone of trenches and fortified stone towns.

South of the Ninth Army the First Army drove into Cologne. Then one of its armored divisions rolled 20 miles up the west bank of the Rhine to the crossing at Remagen. The Ninth had not crossed the Rhine at the end of last week, but it was in position to do the Germans serious damage. Its artillerymen had set up 250 big guns along the river opposite Duisberg and had begun to shell all of the Ruhr Valley within their Range. This included the vast Krupp works at Essen, already almost flattened by air attacks.

A report as told in the newspaper "The Volga Tribune" of South Dakota on Thursday May 9, 1946:

The heroic story of how a Volga boy, Lt. Herbert L. Erickson, gave his life for his country, was told last week by Pvt. Ted Beck of New York City. Mr. Beck recently discharged from the army, served under Lieutenant Erickson and is the only member of the Lieutenant's tank crew who survived the battle in which Herbert was killed.

Lt. Erickson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul O. Erickson, lost his life on March 5, 1945 in a battle at Rhineberg, Germany. On that day the Germans had the upper hand in the fighting and only three American tanks were able to enter Rhineberg. One of these tanks was commanded by "Bud" as he is familiarly known in this community. Forty tanks were knocked out.

In order to appraise the situation and select the targets for his crew Bud continually exposed the upper part of his body to enemy fire. The American tanks were without infantry support. Bud was twice badly wounded by shrapnel but he fought valiantly on directing his crew and using his sidearms to shoot off the German infantry men who tried to climb the sides of his tank in order to drop hand grenades into it. Finally Bud fell unconscious and soon after that an enemy 88 millimeter gun began to blast the tank.

Pvt. Beck was able to extricate himself from the tank although his foot had been blown off and he had incurred other wounds. He lost consciousness for a few moments when he fell to the ground but was aroused by the heat of the burning tank and dragged himself about 20 feet away from the tank as he saw it nearly consumed by fire. German soldiers were excitedly milling around him as Beck finally removed his shirt to improvise a bandage on his leg. His foot was blown off between the ankle and knee. Finally the Germans picked him up and took him into a building to question him. He offered no information and they left him without providing care as they retreated from the town.

47 of 112 SURVIVE BATTLE

Of the three tanks that had entered the town two were destroyed. The third tank survived battle and when reinforcements moved up the commander of the third tank located Beck. One hundred and twelve Americans were involved in the Rhineberg battle and only 47 survived.

Lt. Erickson was a platoon leader and commanded an M-IV medium tank. He was a member of Company B of the 36th Tank Battalion, Eight Armored Division. The Division was a part of General Simpson's Ninth Army.

Mr. Beck is the son of a New York and Philadelphia photo engraving business. His father does a good deal of engraving work for the National Geographic and other fine magazines and the son intends to enter into business with his father. Pvt. Beck is a quiet, sincere young man and he expressed deep respect for his fallen commander. He spent the latter part of last

week in the Paul Erickson home, leaving Friday by plane for California for a month's rest before returning to New York.

STANLEY HAMMER HELPS FAMILY CONTACT BECK

Stanley Hammer was an officer aboard the ship on which Lt. Erickson and several members of his Division crossed to France from England in February, 1945. Stanley had saved a personnel roster with the idea that perhaps Bud would be interested in having it after the war. It was through the names on this roster that the Erickson family was able to locate Mr. Beck and learn exactly what happened on the day Bud was killed.

Another tank man and Bud were unidentified when their bodies were taken from the tank. On a bronze plate on both caskets was inscribed both names and "one or the other". They were buried side by side at the national cemetery in Keokuk, Iowa, on November 16, 1949.

The Henry Frels family in memory to Herbert, presented a beautiful large gold cross for the altar to Friedens Lutheran Church near Barstow, Illinois.

The Lutheran Church members and friends in Volga, South Dakota presented a fine pipe organ to the church in memory of seven men members who gave their lives in World War II one of them being Herbert, both churches belong to the Augustana Synod.

Germany
13 January 1945

Dear Frank and Clara, (Payne)

I received your letter of the 15th of December, tonight, and I sure was glad to hear from you and was waiting for your letter. Now I'll attempt to answer your questions.

I don't know just where the Hotel Nurnbere hof is, exactly, but I reckon I can find it. I'll take a few pictures of different places and send them home. That way you can get to see what the place is like. As for the whole city it's really a wreck. There was one bombing attack made on the city. It lasted 45 minutes. You can just imagine what even a city the size of Nurnberg, would look like after 45 minutes of steady bombing.

I haven't been right inside the old part of town, inside the wall but what I have seen of it there is very little left of it. The wall was very heavily damaged too. I haven't been up near the old Castle but I shall try to get up there. In fact, I didn't even know of it. I'm anxious to see it, now that you've told me about it.

I heard about Bud Erickson and I guess I wasn't so very far from him when he got killed. I don't know just how far. I was all along the Rhine River on the 3rd Army front. I shall send you a copy of the history of our Batallion. It might be interesting to you. It will give you a lot better idea of where I was.

I wish I knew just where Chester was in England. If I thought I could look him up and he'd still be there I'd take my first pass I could get and go to England --I suppose he's on his way home by now, with that much time in.

Speaking of Dinklesbuhl, I saw a lot of it. I was just outside of Dinkelsbuhl about 12 kilometers for nearly four months. It was a very nice town and it wasn't hurt very much. I guess they had quite a time taking the town but it was in pretty good shape.

I am going into Nurnberg tomorrow and I shall try to find that Hotel on Koringstrasse. I'm anxious to look it up. It may be what is now the "Grand Hotel". They have renamed a lot of places like that.

Well, that's all for now. I hope I've answered your questions good enough. It's hard to write about, but you can be sure I'll pay you a visit when I get home, and we'll have a nice little visit.

Goodnight for now,
Russell Leatherman

Nurnberg, Germany
November 25, 1945

Dear Aunt Clara and Uncle Frank: (Payne)

Well, I've been aiming on writing you ever since I've been over here and at last I've got around to it. I don't know exactly what I'm going to write about, but I'll scratch around till I dig up something.

I suppose you know that I am at the Palace of Justice Building in Nurnberg. It sure is a large building. It really is two buildings. Two of the three are connected together by an archway--passageway. The third building is separate, and behind its own stone wall. That building is the prison building. That is where the war criminals are kept. I really can't tell you anything about that building for very few people got to go in there. If I'm still here when the trials are completed I may be able to see the prison building and tell you more about it then.

The Palace wasn't hurt too badly by bombs, considering what the city (as a whole) is like. There are very few buildings which were not hit. There was only one small section of the palace building that was ruined. However, shrapnal has scared the building all around but not to badly.

I sure have been around in the past year, but not as much as I had hoped for. I haven't been very lucky so far as tours and passes are concerned. I'd given a lot to have had a lot of film and a good camera with me, where I have been though. I did have a camera but we couldn't get the film. Now I haven't even got the camera. I have one camera but I never have been able to get film for it. It is an odd size. It's a 5 x 7 I believe, anyhow I've put in my name for its size film but doubt if I'll ever get any. I've also put in for a 120 or 35mm camera. I'd really prefer the 35 mm. A buddy of mine has a 35 mm and it sure takes wonderful pictures.

I really haven't seen too many real points of interest. The most interesting was the Blue Danube. I don't know where they get the blue part though. One of the Goering steel mills in Austria. The great Rhine River (I didn't enjoy seeing it the first time I crossed it, ha, ha) and then there was Hitler's mother's grave and last of all this Palace of Justice. There were no doubt several other places that might prove interesting to talk about but not to write about.

I mentioned before about not knowing where they got the blue part of the Danube. It looked more like Rock River in the wet spring. It was more gray and really muddy. I did have one German tell me that the Danube is only blue to lovers who are sitting on the bank on a moonlit night. Well, could be. I didn't want to try that, to find out. Someday I'm going to come back and see if that's true maybe, ha, ha.

The Goering Steel mills were quite a sight. They were large enough to take in about all of the shops and mills in the tri-cities. The most interesting part was the fact that there was a lot more under the ground than what was on top of the ground. If they would have had the coal and raw products to work with there they would have been a lot harder to beat. They sure had all the machinery necessary to put the armour out.

As for the Rhine, I don't know exactly what to say about it. It's a pretty swift river. All I can say is "I'll sure never forget it". That is where I got into my first taste of combat. It didn't amount to anything but we sure sweat it out anyway.

The surprising part of the grave of Hitlers mother is that it's in a cemetery of such a small village. I'd have thought that she would have been buried in a large cemetery in one of the large cities but the village is about 6 kilometers out of Linx and is only the size of Barstow. I can't think of the name of the village right now, but we were just about 1 kilometer out of this village. I was in the place many times.

I have told you about everything that I can tell you about the Palace of Justice building. I really don't have anything much to add to this letter. Oh, yes! I suppose you are wondering if I've got to see any of the war criminals. Yes, I have seen only two of them real close. That was Hess and Von Rebonthrop. They look exactly as their pictures show them. I am also in hopes of getting their autographs. Several of the fellows that guard them have gotten their autograph. I hope I get to get their autographs--that would be a real souvenir wouldn't it.

Well I guess I'll shut off this gab for tonight. Tell everyone Hi. Write soon.

Love,
Russell Letherman

P.S. I hope you don't have too hard a time reading this.

9 January 1951
7 p.m.

Dear Uncle Frank and Aunt Clara, (Payne)

Yes, I am quite aways from Florida and it doesn't look like I'll be back that way for quite a while but I'm not the only one over here.



Mate 2nd Class Lester Frels
Aviation Photographer
Son of Mr. Arthur Frels

I heard about Grandpa Fred Frels operation but he came out of it all right--the last I heard he was at Dad's house recooperating.

Thanks for not asking any questions. Most people realize that we're not supposed to say much even if they aren't censoring our mail.

We have a pretty good barracks down here by the Photo Lab with only five of us living in it. Of course, there are photo supplies in here also but we have plenty of room and it's a change from having 12 in a hut.

Our lab isn't exactly modernized but it's the best we can do over here. Supplies are hard to get and a lot of our stuff is out dated.

The weather here gets much cooler than on Guam and I'm glad of it as the climate there was monotanous. The only change was the wet season and the dry season.

Remember that big bear hunt we were always going on when I used to come out to visit you. Well it looks like I might get on a bear hunt yet but this is a pretty big one in fact it's the biggest country in the world but we've still got the best.

I'll have to tell you about some of these islands some day when I get back and have lots of time.

My present address is: Lester Frels AF3 U.S.M.
Photo Lab
APO # 235 c/o P.M.
San Francisco, California

Take care of yourselves and thanks for the christmas card and letter.

Lester Frels

June 3, 1944

Hello from New Guinea:

Here is Sunday and I have just got back from the beach gathering cat eyes. They are a part of a snail and make very pretty ring setting or bracelets or necklaces. One doesn't get sun burned here because the sun doesn't shine often or long enough. Never have I seen so much rain, we never wear shoes, just boots and shorts. We have amature shows every nite and fights on Saturday. The chow is fair but milk and sugar is scarce. Candy, cigars, and pipes are next to impossible to buy. I have been taken off cooking by request and am now on the M.S. force. I sure feel fortunate on getting on police duty. I like it fine. One of

my duties is Sargeant of the Guard. I have 24 guards to post and have a truck to do the job with.

We have been taking trips in the jungle and mountains and swimming in the mountain streams but lately I haven't been treaking much. I was ill with diahrea and a temperature -- it sure weakened me. We have lots of activity here if the Japs only knew what is in store for them one of these days they wouldn't be any too happy. Well write when you can.

Love,
Arthur Frels

July 24, 1944
New Guinea

Hello Frank and Clara, (Payne)

Received your most welcome letter today thanks lots. It sure peps one up when the mail comes then and one gets a letter. That and a movie is about the diversion one gets around here.

Sure glad to hear all the news from or about my relatives and friends. Sorry about the letters being all censored out, it is very difficult to write a letter under the conditions that prevail now. Paper is very scarce here so I have been writing on both sides. I won't do it any more because it sure messed up a letter when they start cutting.

I am fine, I have become conditioned to the climate here and have high boots and a rain coat that is absolutely essential here. I didn't think it was possible to rain as much as it rains here.

I was talking to some mates that came in recently and they are mostly all upset for a couple of weeks when they first get here.

I just got one of my V-mail letters back that I sent my Dad. It traveled all the way to Moline, East Moline and then came back here. Some dumb postal clerk couldn't read I guess and sent it back to me.

I have seen a couple of grass skirts made by the natives here, the Aussies were around selling them. I thought they wanted too much money for them $5.00. Anyway you can't send them through the mail. Everything molds so down here that I don't get anything to send home unless I can send it by mail because we may do a lot of traveling before I get home.

About the only way we can stay even with the Aussies is have fountain pens or cigarette lighters to trade for their things, then we can put the price on our stuff in accordance with their outrageous prices. If they out trade us you bet they are going some tho.

We have plenty of matches here, the only thing I really miss is cigars, they are as scarce as hens teeth.

I like my new duties as M.A. fine, I find since I wrote last that I can't divulge any of my duties, that is probably what was mostly censored out.

We have a show every night and have fights on Saturday night.

I will probably be taking off down the left hand side of the street when I get back driving the fire truck, we drive on the left side here.

Well I hope I can get all these pages in an envelope--
Write soon.

Love,
Arthur Frels

January 18, 1945
New Guinea

Hello Clara and Frank: (Payne)

Received your grand interesting letter, so good to hear from you and that all are well. We had some rain yesterday and cooled off some, but it is sticky and hot today.

Malaria is running wild around here again, if I don't get it I will always wonder why. We take adabrin but it only prevents one from having malaria while you take it. If you have been bitten by a malaria infected mosquito you will have malaria as soon as you stop taking the adabrin and you can't take it forever.

I don't like to write a gripping letter everytime but unless I write a lot of stuff that isn't true I can't say anything else. This heat and mud and monotony sure gets one down. We had a special treat today, we had some fresh potatoes baked, each of us got two about the size of walnuts, "Hulled walnuts at that."

We are fed plenty to eat but nothing is fresh, no fresh vegetables, fresh fruit, fresh meat or butter.

I go to the show nearly every night, that is all the recreation we have. I received May's Christmas card today too, please tell her thanks. I haven't received the Christmas box yet I sure hope it doesn't get lost with that lighter in it, they are priceless out here, we don't have any matches on the base now.

I am sorry this letter is so dull and drab but there isn't much happening that we can tell about. I guess I told you our water is rationed now, maybe it makes me feel better to bitch but I just can't find anything pleasant to write unless it is --I am still living. Bye Bye for now.

Love, Arthur Frels



Cpl. J. F. Hohenboken
44th National Guard
Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Vernon Hohenboken



Pvt. Laverne Behrendt
Corpsman
Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Alvin Behrendt



Marine Corp Glen Dale Schmoll
Enlisted 1941
Son of Glen and Ellen Nero Schmoll



C.I.C. Richard Vandeveire
Son of Esther Gernant Vandeveire



Pfc. Wilbert Roy Gernant
Son of George Gernant

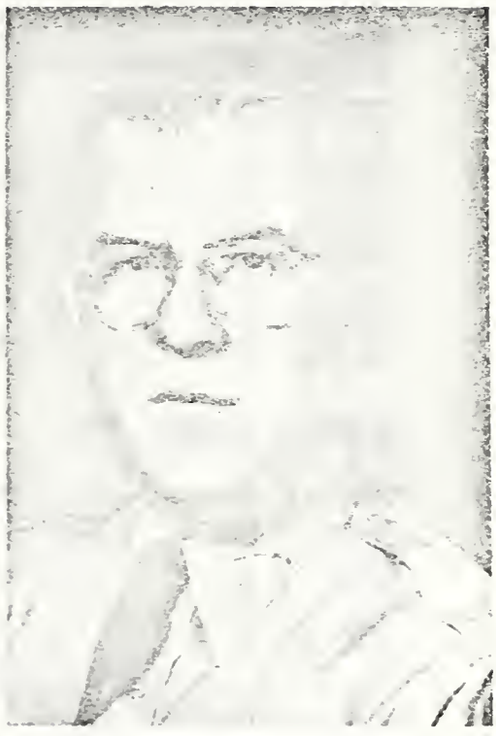


Pfc. Marvin Gernant
Son of Wm. and Martha Gernant





Mrs. Catherine Hauberg Sweeney, American Women's Voluntary Service and Lieutenant Commander Edward Cleveland Sweeney. Served with Rear Admiral E. Byrd in South Pacific and located positions for Air Bases and air routes and took part in the bombing of Iwo Jima and Okinawa



Lt. Col. George E. Painter
Chief, Industrial and Physical Security Division of Provast Marshal,Section, Hq. 4th Army, Fort Sam Houston, Texas



Lt. Verneil L. Hohenboken
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hohenboken



Ben A. Frels
Medical Branch of the Army
1st World War in France



1st. Lt. Wm. H. Hanford
Served in the European Theater
Received the Purple Heart
Son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Frels



Cpt. Wayne Heir
Tank and 87th Inf. Rgt.
Tenth Division
Grandson-in-law of Mr. and Mrs.
Henry Stenzel



Corporal Thomas Gapinski
Grandson of Walter and Bertha Frels
Served in Japan



Air Corps Harlan Vandeveire
Son of Esther Gernant Vandeveire



Lt. C. W. Roesner
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Roesner



Pfc. Marine George Sears
Son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs.
Maurice Gernant



Mrs. Eunice Mary Patricia Payne
Daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs.
Frank Payne.
In the Uniform of the British
Mechanized Transport Corps
1940-1944



Robert Taggart
Navy, World War II
Son-in-law of Lillian Gernant Morgan





Cpl. Pyrl R. Ratcliffe
World War II
19th Tactical Air Force
Son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs.
Henry Stenzel



Rodney Searle
Son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gerhardt
Served in Korea



Private Lowell D. Nelson



Cpl. Robert D. Anderson
522nd Engineers Depot
Served in France
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Anderson





Lt. Henry Frels
Pilot A.A.C.
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frels



Cpl. Melville Thatcher
Personnel Department
Son of May Frels Thatcher



Harry W. Mitchell



Frederick William Frels
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